CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

October 15, 1947

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

WE'RE TIRED OF THOSE LAWS 'FOR OUR OWN GOOD'

IN THE MIDDLE of a recent court hearing a Toronto magistrate made the astonishing discovery that it's illegal for an Ontario property owner to sell his own property unless he's a registered real estate broker or salesman.

Under the Real Estate and Business Broker's Act, passed by the Provincial Legislature in 1946, it is clearly set forth that the ordinary resident of Ontario who wants to dispose of his house, his farm or his lot must hire an agent or risk six months in jail and a fine of $1,000. Like most laws, this one was draughted by lawyers, and lawyers are exempted from its provisions. So are trust companies.

Officials of the Ontario Attorney General's Department hastily explained that the "intention" in drawing up the new legislation was not to deprive the honest property owner of the right to mind his own business. The intention was to protect prospective buyers of real estate from irresponsible and fraudulent sellers. In short, it was all for the general public's own good.

Viewed by itself, this preposterous statute could be dismissed with no more than an irascible snarl and the assurance that public opinion will force its speedy withdrawal. Unfortunately it represents something far more serious than a piece of amateurish fumbling by one of our many Governments. It represents a state of mind into which nearly all our Governments seem to be falling.

Nearly all our Governments are still clinging to the wartime habit of making quiet, unobtrusive and highly arbitrary laws and regulations "for our own good." It is particularly dismaying to find that a department of a Government as firmly committed to freedom of enterprise and freedom of the individual as the Government of George Drew has not been able to shake off the tendency to regiment business and the individual for their own good.

Personally, we're pretty weary of having our Governments treat us like Mortimer Snerd. In this we see probably unreasonable, and certainly ungrateful. We haven't the slightest doubt that it would be for our own good if somebody passed a law making it compulsory for us to wear woollen underwear between November 1 and March 30, and to carry an umbrella every time the weather forecast says "showers." Nevertheless we think we're getting old enough to come in out of the rain by ourselves.

Deathtraps on Wheels

WHILE thousands of sight seers were being ushered through a glittering, double tracked "Train of Tomorrow" at the Canadian National Exhibition, Canadian newspapers were clearing their front pages for the story of a disaster in which 31 passengers were crushed or burned to death in the wreckage of a CNR excursion train near Dugald, Man.

Most of the victims never had a chance. In the instant of collision with a steel main-line train the ancient wooden coaches in which they were riding crumpled and primitive gas lights set the rickety shambles aflame.

During the first stages of the subsequent investigation it wasn't clear who was to blame for the collision. It was clear what was to blame for the appalling death toll. Human lives were entrusted to equipment that was unsafe and obsolete 20 years ago. The Board of Transport Commissioners must share the blame for it had extended a wartime permission for the use of wooden coaches.

We think efforts to give us the Train of Tomorrow are to be applauded. But we'd applaud a lot louder if our railroads would just concentrate for a while on giving us the Train of Today.

An Old Russian Custom

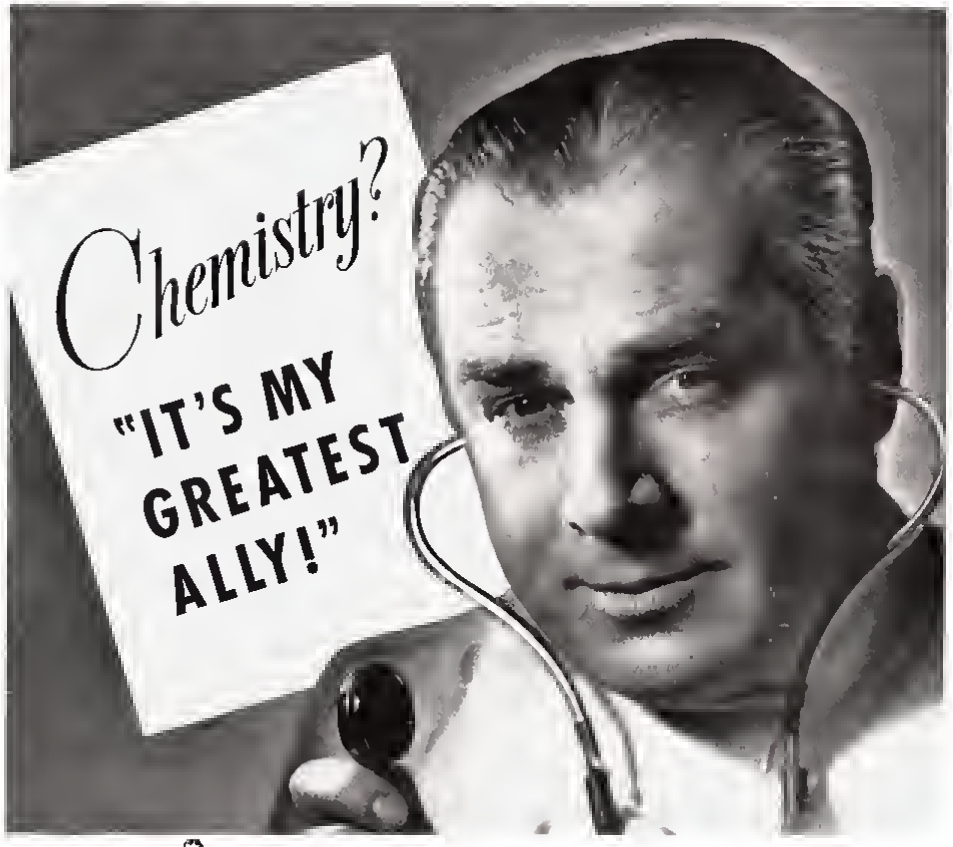
THOSE who are dismayed at the Russians' odd behavior in these days can find some comfort in Harold Nicolson's book, "The Congress of Vienna."

In 1814, as now, Russia was one of a Big Four who had beaten the would-be Dictator of Europe. Russia, says Nicolson, assumed "an attitude of arrogant secretiveness which caused dismay to her partners. . . . From the remotest corners of Europe, Asia, Africa and even America, reports began to pour in regarding the presence of mysterious Russian agents and the activities of energetic and overbearing Russian diplomatists."

Lord Castlereagh, the British Foreign Minister, was unperturbed, and undeceived by all these sinister goings on.

"The true interests of Russia," he wrote to the British Ambassador in Vienna, "dictate a pacific policy." Therefore he urged all British agents to avoid suspicion, not to credit rumors and not to allow "local cabals" against the Russians to shake the "main alliance."

Probably many a British Minister thought Castlereagh a naive dupe of Czarist conspiracy. But the peace he made endured without a major breach for a hundred years.





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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

TWO VETERAN readers of our veteran feature Parade the last issue of Maclean's must have been like a breath of a richer and somehow ampler past. There was that joke again. "In Halifax, one hot afternoon a Mrs. Bellows left on her balcony [illegible] wearing according to the press nothing more than a yellow straw hat, brown accessories and a corsage of snapdragons and cornflowers."

In one form or another this classic *gaffe* of society reporters has had Parade in almost continuous hysterics ever since the department made its debut on February 1, 1935. According to a not very careful statistical record about 10 per cent of all the items submitted to the department during the intervening 12 years have had a bride wore angle. For one heroic period of a year and seven months we had a man editing the column who was able to throw them *all* away. But as everybody feared at the time he proved too strong a character to remain indefinitely in the magazine business.

● About 20 contributions for Parade arrive here each day. Twice a month the editor in charge of Parade there have been six altogether digests the current batch of two to three hundred items into 670 golden words, sends them down to the composing room and then stumbles home to bent his wife. By the time he's finished sorting as interlocutor for a small battalion of send men, even his own jokes have lost their power to send her.

Some Parade editors have allowed a whole two weeks' batch of contributions to pile up before going to work. The current Parade man is too crafty for that. He opens them as they come in. When a particular item assaults his risibilities he hastily scrawls across its face "This is funny!" and files it away for D-Day. Experience has taught him that this is the only way to avoid dissolving into a hideous, helpless jelly of self-doubt and indecision on the brink of his deadline.

● Theoretically there ought to be valuable material for serial research in the column's 12 years of files. And there is in fact some evidence that the things which seem amusing to Parade's contributors today differ from the things that seemed amusing in the 30's.

"The very first item in the very first column dealt with the strange appearance of a number of small fish in an artesian well near Cimarron Alta. during the Christmas holidays of 1935. This item, we take it, was a sort of oblique statement of policy for life among the lower vertebrates continued to be a major preoccupation of Parade for the next three or four years. In the next few issues the original Parade man managed to wipe the tears of laughter from his eyes long enough to report that a cat named Smoke had recently attained an age of 20 years and five months in Regina; that an unnamed chicken in Fort William had been discovered to have been harboring a gold nugget in its innards, that a Western canary had produced six small canaries from five eggs.

● Now, of course, Parade is more mature and purposeful in keeping with the tenor of the times. Beneath that smile we think it fair to claim there beats a social conscience. If you doubt it we wish you could see the Parade man right this minute. He just came through the door, fell doubled up with mirth to the floor, and waved a newspaper clipping which began:

"The bride was tastefully dressed in a flowered sunbonnet and matching veil." When the Parade man was able to stagger to his feet again he borrowed a pencil and wrote firmly across the face of the clipping "This is funny!" He squared his shoulders and strode away.

● In a more serious vein, we call your attention to "If Atomic War Comes . . . " by Col. Wallace Goforth, on page nine. The author recently retired from the General Staff of the Canadian Army on which he served as director of weapon requirements and development during the war.

The Editors

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OCTOBER 15, 1947



In 90 years, 6,300,000 went to live with Uncle Sam.

Why Canadians Leave Home

By BLAIR FRASER
Maclean's Ottawa Editor

AT THE consulate reception desk the lineup was as long as the room was wide. As each man got to the head of the line he put the same question.

"How do I get a visa to live in the United States?"

To each the young lady made the same reply. He could have an appointment with the issuing officer in two months. Appointments for eight weeks to come were booked solid.

That U S consulate happened to be in Montreal, but it's the same everywhere. From Halifax to Vancouver Canadians are standing in line for the privilege of getting out of Canada.

And they've been getting out for a long time. Between 1851 and 1941, Canada brought in 6,700,000 immigrants and lost 6,300,000—mostly native Canadians—by emigration. All our costly transport schemes, all our efforts to assimilate the newcomer, gave us a net gain in nine decades of only 400,000 citizens.

Today's situation, and all it may look to the casual observer in a consular office, is not nearly as bad as the last boom period. In the decade of the 1920's more than a million emigrants left Canada; in the same 10 years about 200,000 Americans came to Canada to live and 100,000 Canadians returned home. Net loss to Canada —500,000 people or 50,000 a year.

Last fiscal year, 21,467 Canadians went to the States; 10,571 Americans and 8,121 returning Canadians came to Canada. Net loss for the year on paper was only 4,575. But that figure would be larger if there were any way of showing the "shooting" emigration to the U S.

Ever since VK Day Canadian *applications* for immigrant visas to the United States have run more 40,000 than 20,000 a year. About half of the applicants are turned down. There's nothing to prevent any of these people from going to the U S without a visa, as tourists, and simply staying on past the legal limit, hoping U S immigration officers won't catch up with them. Anyone can try it and perhaps thousands do—there's no way of telling how many.

By the same token, since half of Canadian applications are refused, those who do emigrate are not a cross section of Canada but a picked group. Those who get their visas fall mainly into two classes.

1. Educated people going to professional jobs. Only these and a few special categories like

Continued on page 8

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. A. WINTER

Maclean's asked Canadians in the U. S. why they left their native land. Here are their answers—blunt and straight

Fury on the Hoof

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON, JR.

LAST FALL three members of a Canadian National section crew repairing track east of Vanderhoof, B.C., were badly scared when a massive black bull moose stepped angrily out of the bush less than a hundred yards away from them and, with ears laid back, began to paw at the ground and chant out his high, low fighting call. The big animal paused menacingly between the workmen and two empty freight cars. Seeing no trees within reach the men threw their tools aside and sprinted up the track. Suddenly the brute bellied monster charged—not at the running men but at the nearest freight car.

Hurtling across the 40 yards of spacing at incredible speed, this half ton or more of enraged brute and muscle gained terrific momentum and crashed head on into the first car. The impact of the blow was so great that the front end of the freight was pushed four feet off the track. The animal was dazed for a moment. Then he savagely slashed his horns along the side boards of the derailed car, splintering and cracking wood and frame, until satisfied with his job he whirled about and trotted off into the bush.

About the same time a party of moose hunters up from the States parked their shiny new car on a back road some 200 miles south of Vanderhoof on the crew lines to explore out a swamp that looked like a good spot for moose. They slogged on foot through mud and swamp all day without sighting a moose and returned late in the evening to find their handsome car smashed beyond recognition. Fenders hood headlights and body were in such shape that a nearby rancher who saw the wreckage claimed it looked as if a train had hit it. But the car had been wrecked by a bull moose who left one broken antler imbedded between fender and hood.

Last year Chief Louis Squinas died as a result of injuries received from a skirmish with a bull moose near Anahim Lake. People up here couldn't believe that the grand and beloved old chief of the Anahim Indians had actually got it from a moose. For Squinas knew the animal as well as any man in the north. But his rifle had been a small bore and the bull had kept coming with lead even in his heart.

Following the Squinas tragedy several settlers reported being treed by moose near their homesteads and one unhappy farmer complained that for no reason at all a bull moose had charged and upended his model T Ford and damaged it beyond repair.

That story was even harder to swallow than the derailing of a freight car for we all knew what the model T can take but nevertheless the incident surely added more moose talk to this already moose-cantankerous country around central British Columbia.

All of this moose madness took place early in the moose running season, which started last year around Sept. 15 but seems to vary each season in accordance with the arrival of cold frosty nights.

It was in the fall a few years ago that Panhandle Phillips and I first heard stories of bull moose losing their sense of humor in October. We were up from Wyoming in search of a new cattle range and had travelled 225 mudhole miles west of the town of Williams Lake into one of the most dense by moose-populated areas on the North American continent, the isolated Anahim Lake district of central British Columbia.

The rugged 60,000-square-mile chunk of swamp pine willow and mountain, including Tweedsmuir Park, and stretching from the Fraser and Nechako rivers to the Pacific Ocean between the 50th and 54th parallels, is ideal moose country. Near Anahim vast interwebbing sloughs grass swamps bounded by black willows reach mysteriously back into a labyrinth of slow moving sloughs and lagoons and dark spruce jungles. Scattered here and there among the willow brakes and spruce swamps, small lily padded mud bottomed lakes add to the ominous monotony of this dank spidery land.

For some unknown Continued on page 57

'When a moose is after you, look for a tree!'



An angry cow moose can be the most dangerous animal in all North America

Illustration by GRASSICK

Continued from page 7

domestics are allowed in to take positions already waiting for them.

2. Manual workers with more than an average amount of sense.

By U.S. immigration regulations no manual worker, skilled or muskilled, may go to a prearranged job. Neither may anyone go in who is "liable to become a public charge"—most refugees are needs on that ground. A laborer, unless he has American relatives who will be responsible for him, has to show substantial assets—about $1,500 in most cases—to get an immigrant visa.

Net result: Canada tends to lose her thriftier and better trained people.

Up to last April there was a check on this emigre skimming. No Canadian could leave without a labor exit permit, and those whose skills were badly needed at home couldn't get permits. So only 10% of emigrants were then in the "professional and executive" class.

Now with labor exit permits abolished, partial figures indicate that "professionals and executives" are about a quarter of working emigrants. Not all are highly educated—"professionals" include chorus girls and athletes as well as scientists. But the percentage of the well trained does appear to be more than double what it was. Last year five per cent were college graduates; now the proportion looks more like 12%. Two thirds of all emigrants are under 37 years of age.

The Suppressed Information

THESE are estimates. It used to be possible to get fairly complete, month by month figures from the United States Embassy in Ottawa, with the total broken down into occupational groups. But because the "professional" category was overweighted with unlearned professions, and because the story coming out each month was deemed bad publicity for Canada, officials of the Canadian Government requested that the information be suppressed. It was done quite informally of course, just a personal word to the Ambassador here, a personal phone call to the State Department in Washington there. But it worked.

Now it is impossible to get any figures on emigration from any American officer, consular or diplomatic in Canada. Much of the recent material in this article came from Philadelphia, even though the same information was lying on somebody's desk right in Ottawa.

But no amount of suppression can disguise the fact that Canada is losing sons and daughters she can't well spare. Nor does it give any answer to the question: "What should we do about this hemorrhage of youth and talent? Why do so many Canadians went to spend their fruitful years in another country?"

In search of an answer Maclean's wrote to 400 Canadians who had secured labor exit permits within the last year or so. A great many more prospective emigrants were questioned in consular offices. Their replies fall into a pretty clear pattern.

Today, just as 20 years ago when Maclean's made a similar survey, the commonest reason was "more money." Only one of all the people queried was earning less than $40 a week in Canada. All the rest were making or expected to make a great deal more.

Before the war I was a fisherman on the west shores of Prince Edward Island and it was a tough old drag to live there," an ex soldier wrote. "Then I lived in Saint John, N.B., for three months after I got out of the service. It seems so hard to get a job there. I tried everywhere and all the work I could get was construction work, pick and shovel. We only could work on fine days, rainy days we lost, and all we got was 65 cents an hour. Can you imagine how a man and his wife could live on that, especially in the rainy season? Some weeks only two or three days.

"Right now in Maine I'm making $1.05 an hour with lots of overtime at time and a half, double time on Sundays. I intend to become an American citizen as soon as possible."

This was no exception. Continued on page 67

By WALLACE GOFORTH

IF YOU are among the 27% of Canadians who live in cities of over 50,000 people, or in smaller but equally vital atomic targets, then these words are written especially for you. But even if you are fortunate enough to be living on the farm or in an ordinary small town or village, they will greatly concern your future, even though they do not directly affect the safety of your life.

You have never seen an atomic bomb; you hope you never will. You have heard about five such bombs—exploded in New Mexico, Japan and near a remote South Sea island called Bikini. You know that only two of these bombs actually brought death and destruction to great cities.

Now one great nation is making atomic bombs as fast as it can and half a dozen other nations are trying to find out how to make them. Meanwhile the politicians are struggling to find some method of preventing this deadly menace from being let loose on the world.

What does all this mean to the average Canadian? What can we or should we do about the menace of the bomb?

In my view, until all nations permanently renounce force and violence in any form as a means for settling their differences and disputes, we in Canada cannot afford to ignore defense against the atom bomb until the danger of its use is imminent. If we allow the years to roll by with only a chosen few in the armed services, in government and in scientific laboratories—like those at Chalk River—to think and plan our safety, then we will be too late to do anything about it.

Even if four out of five—or nine out of 10—enemy aircraft loaded with atomic bombs were intercepted and destroyed before they could reach their targets, it would only require 25 such aircraft, out of 250 to break through and drop their superlethal eggs over a selection of Canadian cities. The enemy's objective would then be attained, as far as this country is concerned.

The only province left untouched by the potential attacking wave of the future would be Prince Edward Island. The Maritime cities of Halifax, Sydney, Glace Bay and Saint John would be destroyed. So would Quebec City, Shipshaw, Arvida and Shawinigan Falls, Montreal and Toronto are too large for complete destruction by a single bomb, but their vital central areas would be gutted. Ottawa and Hull would become blackened ruins, with one air burst bomb dropped over Confederation Square as would Hamilton, London, Windsor, Kitchener-Waterloo, Copper Cliff-Sudbury, Fort William-Port Arthur, and Chippewa.

Winnipeg would be hit rather harder than any other Canadian city. It has round and flat. Most of its buildings are frame structures. Most of its roofs are shingles. It has the Continued on page 66

There IS a defense against the Bomb, claims this writer, and it's time we did something about it.

IF ATOMIC WAR COMES . . .



IT TAKES TWO



By ALEC RACKOWE

RAN heard her crying when he came back from the pay phone at the end of the long corridor of Mrs. De Ruyter's rooming house.

He stalked Fleur leaning against the wall that was scribbled with phone numbers despite the stern warnings in black and white. The clerk at the apartment hotel had told him Miss Fleming was out. She had left word she would not be back until late. Was there any message?

Ran said: "Just say Mr. Stevens called."

He'd been disappointed but not surprised because Fleur had said she might be busy. Fleur was out of the muddle most of the time and sometimes she worked into it. Sometimes out of sheer politeness for him to accept dinner dates. But Ran wasn't afraid of anyone beating her time. He was Number One on Fleur's list, parade. There was no doubt of that.

The radiator near the pay phone hissed comfortably. Ran tightened the belt of her tweed dressing gown almost to her knees and went down the corridor, head dark hair shining, the cleft in his chin subtly prominent, his grey eyes clear.

It was to the room nearest of the room next to his that he heard the girl crying. Not loudly but quite distinctly.

Ran stirred at the door. The occupant he knew was Mason M. who got the 8-8 40 spot on the morning, but up at the bath. Ran had the 8-40 8-40 spot and he knew Mason M. to be a lady who used nice smelling bath salts and left the bathroom clean as a whistle.

He'd never seen her. Not to recognize. It may ran. She could have been any of several girls in and out of the corridors of Mrs. De Ruyter's old fashioned apartment house. Mrs. De Ruyter's partly old girl with a youthful make-up and frankly dyed hair gave rooms and lessons in her studio apartment at the rear. Most of her roomers were students of music or art, but a few were business people. Like Ran Stevens. But what Mason M. did was something Ran never thought about. She was just the girl next door and 8-8 40 on the bath list.

HE HESITATED. The sobs continued. Ran frowned and lifted one hand from his pocket. He knocked, grinning, at himself. It was none of his business, but what on earth was there for anyone to feel so sad as that about in all the world as lovely as cooking with gas on the stove?

The sobs stopped abruptly. For a long moment there was silence, broken only by the distant voice of some Jenny Lind going up a scale like a jeep. Then the door opened.

Ran had to look down. The girl who stood in the doorway was barely beyond the tiny stage. If she hit five-two she was going well. She wore a woolly robe that covered her completely. Her pale gold hair was piled on top of her head and pinned to keep it there. There were tear stains on her cheeks and her small nose was shiny.

She looked up at him with violet eyes that seemed much too large for her face.

He said abruptly: "Got enough handkerchiefs?"

Her rather nice eyebrows lifted and Ran said: It is best to be properly equipped for floods."

The eyebrows went down. The violet eyes got almost black. Ran said: "You're Mason M. I'm Stevens R. The R stands for Randolph. I bank next door. By right of that I interrupt your weep."

The big eyes got even bigger and darker. A tiny frown appeared between the smooth-etched brows. Ran hastened to ask: "What does the M stand for?"

She said: "Mary," and Ran sighed exaggeratedly. "I thought the cat had got your tongue for a moment."

Mason M. didn't smile. She merely looked at him. Ran queried: "Bad news from home?"

She shook her head. Ran asked, "Fresh out of folding money?"

"No!"

"Boy and girl *kaput*?"

"Of course not!"

She sounded quite impatient, but with her voice it was a nice sound. Low and quite deep for so small a girl. Ran goggled at her. "Then what on earth is wrong?"

The pale moss on top of her small head quivered with the movement of her chin. "Nothing. I was just crying."

Ran blinked. "But you don't just cry. You've got to have something to cry about."

Mary shook her head. "No you don't. I was having a good cry that's all. It helps."

Ran said feebly: "This is something new to me."

The ghost of a smile touched her red lips. "You wouldn't understand."

He grinned. "Female psychology stuff, hey? Relieves the tension and all that sort of thing I take it."

Mary said: "Uh huh," on a long drawn breath. Ran said: "I'm glad there isn't any dark sorrow clouding your young life, but just the same I don't get it. The weeping, I mean."

"It just is," Mary said and Ran laughed.

He was about to make the three steps to his own door when something made him ask: "You had your dinner yet?"

Mary said: "No, I—"

Ran broke in: "Slap on a pair of galoshes and let's eat together."

Her voice was uncertain: "I was going down to the drugstore later."

"Drugstore," Ran said with utter contempt. "Darking out one door and in another. What sort of act is that in a city like this? With nights to see and stars to smell! With life pulsing up and down and our fellow cell mates crawling outside Carnegie Hall up the street and yearning. Dan I you want to, no?"

She laughed at that. A full throaty flood of sound. "All right, but I pay my own."

Ran looked around, then beamed at her. "I hear no objections from any quarter. Not on a Thursday. Ten minutes?"

"Five," Mary said and Ran threw up his hands in admiration.

IT WAS snowing again when they went out. The lamplights touched the gleaming sidewalks and disappeared, fell on the February slush in the gutters and laid a film of white momentarily on the dirty greyed ridges.

Ran snuggled his chin into the collar of his polo coat. He put his hand under Mary's arm and helped her across the icy street.

The sidewalks were crowded. Shops and cafés blared amber light and neoned color. Mary was so small that Ran was afraid some hurrying pedestrian would walk right over her. It amused him. He laughed and Mary peered from under her scarf and laughed too. She was such an odd little figure. Nothing like Fleur. Not exciting, not really any thing. Just company for an otherwise dull evening. Ran was glad he had asked her to eat with him.

They had dinner in a café west of Seventh on Fifty-sixth. Down three steps, narrow and long. Jammed with people. But the dinner was *table d'hote* and cheap in comparison with other places.

They had *puree mongole* all thick soups somewhat startled being mongole. But it was good. They had goulash with broad noodles and kale. Mary had ice cream for dessert and Ran had apple pie à la mode.

Over their coffee and cigarettes they talked. Ran grinned at Mary. "Nothing like a nice warm meaty joint on a night like this. Doesn't give you a chance to dwell on your troubles if you have any. Me I haven't." He quirked an eyebrow at her. "Just look interested and I'll give out with 'I've Got Plenty Of Nothin'!"

"You don't sing," Mary said.

Ran shuddered. "It is good you're 8-8 20 and not 8 20-8 40 on the bath line and have to wait outside. You'd be reassured. I'm an off key basso. Do you?"

Mary smiled at him, her elbows on the table. "I'm a would be actress. No parts yet but I get a spot now and then on the radio."

Ran said: "Now what d'you know? Practically in a kindred profession. I'm with Stamen-Stone Advertising. You do anything with us?"

"Your Mr. Broker has my name but he's never called me."

Ran gestured. "I'll jog Bob's memory. Keep your platters ready. You've cut some?"

"I've some of the shows I've been on." Her silky lashes swept up. "What do you do at Stamen Stone?"

Ran grinned. "I'm big." The grin deepened. "Anyhow I've got a job there and I know where I'm heading. Just at

Continued on page 42

All Ran wanted from life was money, lots of money and glamour. He settled for mere, much more. You'll understand when you meet Mary

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM TIMMINS





Davien's Attlee looks well fed, unruffled.



Davien's Molotov is negativ immutable, always inscrutab

Caricature in Clay

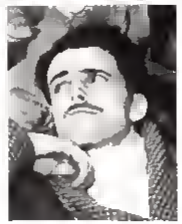
A British cartoonist adds a third dimension and a touch of the grotesque to his work. Result: a "sculptoon"

EVER SINCE he was a small boy, when he made enemies of his parents' friends by drawing them as they played bridge, Geoffrey Davien's main interest has been caricature in varying mediums. He has caricatured in ink, in color and in oils. His latest and most successful medium, the sculptoon, is shown in the examples on these pages.

Davien, a 32-year-old ex-RAF photographer, perfected the three dimensional caricature when he was stationed for a time in New York. In studying caricature in oils, he discovered that it was difficult to assess shades and lighting in features when they were exaggerated and he hit upon the idea of making a small model in caricature as a guide. The first model was executed in fire cement with an ink bottle for armature or core. Soon Davien began making models for their own sake and found clay the best modelling medium.

Davien's finished caricature is a photograph of the original model which he takes himself, lighted for dramatic or humorous effect. He usually adds a slight cartoon element to the finished picture and the result is a "sculptoon." He carries the whole process through personally from the building of the armature to the developing and printing of his photos.

Sculptoonist Geoffrey Davien



Sculptoonist Davien doesn't believe that a sculptoon necessarily has to be comic. He feels that it can be developed into a revealing form of portraiture. The added license allows a more vital and piercing impression of character as well as features.

Canadians will currently see a Davien dramatic sculptoon of James Mason in advertisements for the film, "The Upturned Glass."



Food Minister John Strachey is worried





Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel, holds a lone candle to Britain's gloom.



A puckish Morrison bears flowers to Downing Street.



Sir Stafford Cripps, austere as England.

Cross Country

THE DOMINION

THE EDMONTON war bride wanted to help her family back in London. She knew they'd not live in pay duty or surrender ration coupons for a gift food parcel so she went shopping. At a store she found a six pound parcel for $1.85 ready packed for shipment. Then came the shock to mail this slight morsel of nourishment to a hungry England would cost $1 more than half the cost of the contents.

She paid, and on till thousands of others across the Dominion this year. For the parcel desks at the post offices Christmas came early for every time Britain took in another notch in her austerity belt, a fresh flow of food packages came from Canada. In 1946 the Post Office handled 16 million pounds of packages for Britain, but the shipments this year are running far ahead of that. They're even greater than the wartime flow of parcels to the overseas forces.

Many of the parcels are going to relatives or to friends made by servicemen when they were overseas. A large number though go to needy families whose names were brought to Canada by Lady Reading, head of the British Women's Voluntary Services. When she toured the Dominion last year she passed out names in groups like the RIDE, the Canadian WVS and other church and welfare groups. The Toronto WVS has passed out names of 1,400 British families to benefit from who undertake to ship a parcel every month or six weeks.

There would be many more shipments if the postage rates were not so high. Some shippers sending low-priced staples have discovered to their embarrassment when they filled in the customs declaration that the postage cost more than the contents. The rates were criticized in city councils and newspaper letter columns. One suggestion was a one-dollar rate for 20-pound parcels (the largest that may be sent) instead of the present $2.50. Another proposal Continued on page 81

For $5 Everett Crowley went to jail (see p. C 1)





For British housewives, utility wear (left); for export, Spode (right).

No Sleep For British M.P.'s

ONE MORNING in 1938 during a Hitler crisis period I phoned a friend of mine and suggested lunch. "No," he said, "I have read all the morning newspapers and have decided to stay in bed and wait peacefully for the end."

I must say that when 8 o'clock came this morning I would have felt in much the same mood for one hour's sleep is not enough even in these austere times of shortages. All of which requires a short personal explanation.

In a moment of misguided optimism the Baxters had booked rooms at Bournemouth-on-Sea for a fortnight's holiday to synchronize with the beginning of the long Parliamentary vacation. Unfortunately we had not reckoned with the unruly and unpredictable character of the month of August. In 1914 Parliament sat on August Bank Holiday to hear Sir Edward Grey announce that Britain was at war with Germany. In August 1931 Parliament was recalled to deal with the crisis caused by going off the gold standard. In August 1938 the M.P.'s were ordered to stand by while the Czechoslovakian pot boiled perilously to overflowing. In August 1939 the good ship Empress of Britain carried many of us to Canada only to bring us back in time for the declaration of war. So to this year of peace 1947 we just continued to sit in order to debate the economic crisis which had burst upon this troubled island.

As if to mock the stupidities of man the weather has been flawless. One golden day succeeds another calling us to the open road and the sea. I can only remember once other English summer like it — that was in 1940 when the winds were so still that our little boats were able to bring away almost the whole of the British Army from Dunkirk. From then until the end of the Battle of Britain the beneficent sun seldom hid its face from us.

But the warmth which makes the out of doors an earthly paradise can do the very opposite with the crowded debating chamber of the House of Commons. At four this morning the scene at Westminster would have been worth the attentions of a roving camera. On the base of a statue on one of the doorways a Socialist M.P. lay sound asleep as if he had been sacrificed to the gods. On the terrace a dozen members sat on the benches and watched the first glimmerings of dawn. In the canteen a loyal staff served fish and chips to those suffering from night starvation.

Up in the chamber, as tempers rose with the temperature, the Tories ended by the little band of Liberal survivors, hammered away at the Government which was led with spirit but obvious physical fatigue by Herbert Morrison. He is a great character: the son of a cockney policeman, who lost the sight of one eye when a baby but can see more with the other than most men if they had eyes at the back of their heads as well as the front.

But last year he was seriously ill with thrombosis and it is cruel to see his alert mind trying to rise above the weariness of the body. "You are killing Morrison," said a Socialist M.P. to me as he passed on the way to the Division Lobby. We took the news calmly for there is little mercy in politics when the battle is at its fiercest. Yet this particular battle was one of the strangest that I have seen in my 12 years in Parliament and perhaps we had better try to explain what it was all about.

The Colorless Mr. Attlee

AS YOU know, the British Government decided about halfway through July that the long-threatened economic crisis had arrived and that emergency measures were necessary. The stock market took a bad tumble, drastic cuts in our imports were announced. Hollywood was told that we would take 75% of their earnings in Britain, all foodstuffs beyond the bare ration would be stopped and everything possible would be diverted from the home market to export.

All this was announced to a crowded House by Mr. Attlee who utterly failed to rise to the occasion. You might well ask why a Prime Minister should have to be an actor or even an orator when dealing with unpleasant facts and figures. Unfortunately the House of Commons is like the theatre where an actor has to have gestures and movements which convince the audience that he is really the part that he is playing. I have no doubt that fires burn in Mr. Attlee's soul but they do not inflame his mind. He was precise, uninspiring, meticulous and tidy. His supporters who greeted him with a cheer became ominously silent and finally there were Continued on page 81

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Up, St. Laurent

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

THREE MONTHS ago Right Hon. Louis St. Laurent was telling friends he was definitely through with politics. This decision of his was well known, and generally regretted but generally accepted. But apparently there were some among his friends who kept on arguing, always harping on the theme of his duty to his country, his race and his party.

Lately the rumor is that Mr. St. Laurent has hearkened to these persuaders, changed his previous decision and agreed to stay in politics. If this rumor is true, and it seems well founded, then the uncertainty goes out of the Liberal leadership race. St. Laurent could be Mackenzie King's successor without even the form of a contest.

Mr. St. Laurent is 65. If he won the next election he'd presumably stay in office only one term. Thus his leadership, though it would crush any hopes still cherished by aldermen like Hon. James Gardiner, would be no drawback to such younger possibles as Abbott, Claxton or Garson.

Meanwhile St. Laurent would be a godsend to party strategists for the immediate future. It would give them a chance to get rid of the deadheads in the present Cabinet without losing the senior men of ability and prestige: men like Ilsley and Howe, who could probably be persuaded to stay on through one more election. With St. Laurent and with nobody else (except Mackenzie King) the Grits could go to the people once more with their forces intact.

* * *

DAN McARTHUR'S resignation and subsequent reinstatement as CBC news chief was no more off. It was the first outward sign of a battle that's been going on for a long time inside the CBC: a battle between the creators of programs on one side and the administrative bureaucracy on the other. So far it looks as if the creative side is winning.

As far as reporters can learn the incidents which led McArthur to resign were trivial in themselves. But they were part of a basic division of view and a division of authority and status that has never been satisfactorily defined. The real issue on which not only McArthur but the whole program staff were ready to fight was the right of creative producing radio men to more responsibility and more freedom of judgment and initiative than they'd been getting.

McArthur is one of some half dozen key men in the CBC who have always fought for the integrity and independence of the corporation. In years past this integrity used to be seriously threatened. Before Dave Dunton took over as CBC chairman and when General LaFleche was in the Cabinet, attempts at interference by the politicians were frequent and direct. Almost all of them failed but CBC men still remember the night General LaFleche telephoned personally to the control room of a CBC studio to order cancellation of a program which he thought politically inopportune.

When Dunton came in in 1946 he put a stop to that kind of thing. Today's tensions are all within the CBC itself and most of them take one by one are fairly petty—program directors' attempts to get promotion for someone they think worthy, allocation of expensive office space, facilities of one kind or another. But in the eyes of the program men at least, the cumulative effect has been a frustration of originality in producing good radio programs.

SO FAR as current disputes are concerned there's a lot to be said on the bureaucrats' side.

Their objective has been to bring order and uniformity into CBC organization. To the program men this often looks like trying to hammer creative minds into a rigid mold. But it is only fair to recall that five years ago the trouble with CBC was that it didn't have order enough. Affairs were run so loosely that in the end it amounted to a scandal. Today a strictness is partly a reaction, perhaps a somewhat exaggerated reaction, against a free-and-easy style which was equally exaggerated in its day.

Both sides recognize that some degree of regulation is necessary. Somebody somewhere, along the line will have to see that there's a reasonable equality in budgets of various departments and regions, a reasonable uniformity in CBC methods across Canada. But this can only be done by men in whom the producers themselves have full confidence.

CBC's trouble is that so far as the bureaucrats are concerned this confidence is lacking. Program men are convinced that the administrative side as it is run now, shows neither understanding nor appreciation of how a producing mind works.

This personal mistrust is deepened and embittered by the memories of years past: memories of the LaFleche regime. When it was a choice between fighting or letting the CBC become a political tool, the program men fought. The bureaucrats they claim were often ready to bow and say "Yes sir."

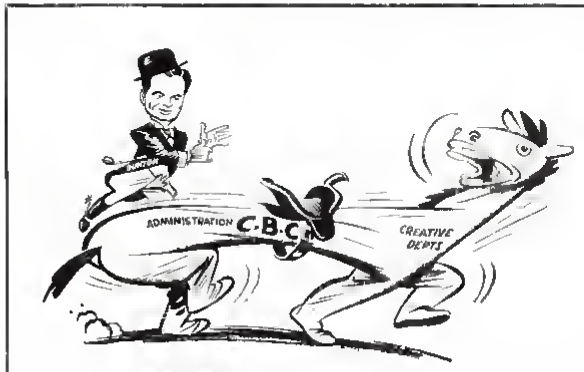
Fortunately for the CBC, chairman Dave Dunton enjoys the personal loyalty and confidence of both factions. In the week between announcement and withdrawal of McArthur's resignation he got for the first time an unreserved statement from each side. When McArthur came back to the job it was with the assurance to himself and to the many program men who backed him that [illegible] which issue would be thoroughly threshed out and administrative changes made that would be acceptable to all parties concerned.

* * *

THINGS ARE moving so fast in our American dollars situation that it is risky to write anything one week lest it be obsolete the next. Important internal decisions are imminent but at this moment they have yet to be made. But there are some basic facts which will not change no matter what expedients are adopted.

The first is that Canada compared to the rest of the world is basically healthy economy. Most countries are suffering from real, irreparable shortages of goods. Canada has lots of goods: our shortage is of some body else's currency.

Even that shortage could be avoided at least for a while by diversion of exports from Europe and the sterling countries to the U.S. and Latin America. If



Fortunately Chairman Dunton enjoys the loyalty of both factions

Canada wanted to help the rest of the world and the future look after itself she could make a quick killing on this present high market and postpone most of her dollar troubles for a number of years.

But such a long term policy of CBC wares is ethical. That would be unwise as well as unpatriotic. We have to find some way of taking advantage of our essential interests without betraying our friends, our allies and our traditional customers. We must have to find some way of overcoming permanently this chronic internal weakness. Times like these are the difficult challenges and opportunities which will always have to meet. The theory of international exchange and currency is well enough, but if ever, in future we can't earn nearly absolutely as being able to convert pounds or francs into U.S. dollars. Sometimes our trading with both we will have to be broad, [illegible] closer to balance and by mercy of globe, [illegible] imports, invested dollars on a temporary [illegible] by Canada and Continued on page 86

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



Wills That Won't

With freak wills, bad wills, contradictory wills, some people can cause trouble even after they are dead

By LAWRENCE EARL

ON THE eighteenth day of June five years ago James Henry Archer a Toronto man felt the onslaught of a seizure he knew might be fatal in a matter of minutes. With trembling hands he emptied the cigarettes out of the package he carried and on the inside scribbled the words that disposed of his $17,000 estate. He had the presence of mind to call two witnesses to add their signatures to his. Then he died.

Meticulous in all other things Archer had delayed until the last possible moment the drawing of his will. Like many another mortal he had a secret fear that the very act of writing it would in some mysterious way shorten his life. More than half of all Canadians die before they get their last legal wishes down on paper—half delaying factors would build death at bay.

Of course, thousands of men and women do execute wills in good time, but not because they are less reluctant to face the end. The very care one must take to have his last wishes known often cycles the same secret spiritual craving that grows in another who never gets his will written. The latter hopes to postpone death by ignoring it. The former strives to have the stamp of his authority felt from the grave.

It is a frail vain and often unsuccessful snatch at immortality for a legal loophole sometimes frustrates living, with utmost when it is too late.

After Fletcher Quinton died in Toronto his wife Kathleen was shocked to find that her freeman husband had bequeathed her just one dollar while the residue of several thousands went to his sisters Annie Agnes and Gertrude. Distraught, she consulted a lawyer. He examined the will grimaced commiserated and took the case to Surrogate Court. Under the Dependants Relief Act law only in British Columbia and Ontario, the judge ordered that she be given the amount she would have received had freeman Quinton died intestate without a will. This Act provides that the dependents of one who dies without adequate provision for them may apply to the court for relief which at the court's discretion may be provided despite the terms of the will.

"The three sisters" ruled the court, "have never done anything by which they could hope to share so generously in the estate."

Thus Kathleen got her dollar—multiplied 6,000 times—and thereby frustrated an edict from the cold cold ground.

Sometimes however much mere outlandish stipulations in wills are perfectly valid in law. A rose in point in that of Rip, a seven year old wire haired fox terrier, whose mistress Mrs. Marguerite Spratt of Victoria left into the use of her stately mansion for life with such added privileges as the right to sleep in the late Mrs. Spratt's satin upholstered bed and bathe in the luxury of her tiled bathroom. In addition Rip was to be attended by a trained nurse who was to be paid $75 a month. That will was quite legal.

What then is the thin line that separates the wills that pass probate (court approval) without question from those which do not? The answer can be found only in years of study—and even after that by the application of constant and watchful eye.

For instance take the will written by the Italian-born headwaiter of a well-known Halifax hotel six days before he died. It was scribbled on cheap notepaper and its text in full read:

In case of my dead my wife Jenny she's the boss of over wat I leeve.

The will was duly signed and witnessed—but was it legal? It was. Though the headwaiter's language was tainted and cloudy his intent was perfectly clear. The will was probated. In due course Jenny became the boss.

By way of contrast is the supreme *faux pas* made by an Ontario lawyer who should have known better. His error was merely that of witnessing his father in law's will.

Not serious? It was to our hero—for in Ontario, as in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan neither a witness to a will nor the husband or wife of a witness can

Continued on page 79

THEY TAUGHT ME TREASON

PART II

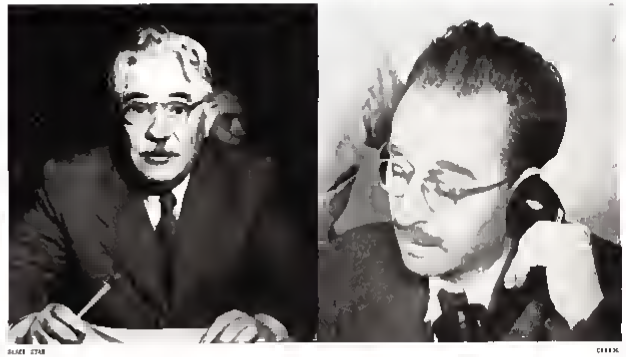
By JOHN HLADUN



Tim Buck (top Canadian Communist, sent his bright young men to Moscow finishing school.

Manuilsky ordered Hladun a new name.

Sims, Moscow-trained Toronto oldermen.



At Lenin University, the world's Communist elite learned history, economics, philosophy—and how to kill capitalists

IN THE year 1931, after four years as a Communist Party worker in Manitoba, Western Ontario and Alberta, I attended the International Lenin University in Moscow as one of 20 students from Canada.

Each year 6,000 fledgling party leaders from nearly every part of the five settled continents were brought to the big grey stone building at Vorovsky No. 25, 15 minutes' walk from the Kremlin, to spend nine months absorbing party dogma and learning how to convert dogma into action after they had returned home.

Their instruction included precise directions for "peaceful" attacks on non-Communist political institutions and on religion of all kinds and for the penetration of trade unions and cultural organizations. It included target practice with many of the weapons which were standard equipment in the students' respective countries of origin.

I was in Calgary when Harvey Murphy, a fellow Communist with whom I had been working as an organizer in the Alberta coalfields, told me that he and I had been ordered to report to the party's national headquarters in Toronto to pick up our transportation for the first lap of our trip to Moscow.

Murphy preceded me to Toronto by a few days. When I arrived he met me at the station looking a bit glum, and told me the party was in the middle of a financial crisis and our expense money might be held up a while. Meanwhile he took me around to meet Tim Buck, the party's national secretary and the man who had recommended us to Moscow for special training. I found Tim intelligent and sympathetic; at 27 I was saturated with party fervor and in my eyes Buck was a great and idealistic man.

The Travelling "Conservatives"

TIM TOLD us not to worry about the money and sure enough, a few days later, the word went around that a shipment had come through from New York. We were never told the precise source of the money nor the precise amount, but the guesses began at $25,000, and from the casual way in which the "shipment" was discussed at party headquarters it was apparent there had been many others.

Just before we left Tim gave us a special briefing. He told us that since there were no diplomatic relations between Canada and the U.S.S.R. we would have to obtain our Soviet visas in Germany. We'd be taking an indirect route through England, France, Germany and Poland to lessen the danger of being spied on. While en route we must not talk about the party or the revolutionary movement. We must not carry any papers or books that would suggest Communist affiliations or sympathies.

"During the trip you may be engaged in conversations on politics," Tim said. "In such cases you must always appear to be Conservatives. This is of the utmost importance. The discovery that members of the Communist Party of Canada are being sent to Moscow for secret training would be fatal to the party in Canada."

In each country lying on our route, we were to be met by officials of the national Communist Party or of its international parent, the Comintern. These officials would identify themselves by presenting carbon copies of our special identification papers. Tim handed each of us a typewritten bill of sale from a clothing store, dated at Toronto two months earlier and recording

Continued on page 72



"If anything happens to him it will be your fault" said Miriam.

LET MY PEOPLE GO

By HUBERT EVANS

Even the woman he loved seemed part of the past he hated as Cy fought to make a dream come true for his tribe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SCOTT



HOW many times do I have to tell you?" Cy Hecate demanded. "You know we want Rachel to talk only English. Now cut it out."

He slammed his books on the table, strode across and took his child from Old Paul's knee. "You go to your mother." He pulled down the two-year-old's frivolous wisp of dress and gave her a gentle spank to start her in the direction of Miriam who was at the sewing machine at the far end of her grandfather's big living room.

Old Paul, thick-shouldered, squat as a toad, blinked his eyes with blankness. The muscles of his massive jaw clenched stubbornly.

Well, it had to come. These weeks since he had been back up coast from Vancouver Normal, Cy had seen that. He might have spoken more kindly if the day's teaching had not been so exasperating. And that was mainly because elders like Old Paul refused to use English themselves and were dead set to keep the children from learning it. And now there was going to be trouble in the house.

Ponderous, unyielding as a totem carving, Old Paul stared straight in front of him. For months now he had had the shakes, and his hands cupped by age to the curve of axe and paddle—and canoe pole handle—lay palms up on the chair arms, trembling. Very slowly he reversed them, hoisted himself out of the low chair and shuffled past Cy never looking, never speaking, and out the door.

Cy followed as far as the sewing machine. "What was he telling her this time?"

Miriam looked up with mild pleading in her brown eyes. "Oh, it was nothing. Only our people's old story about the porcupines and the hunter. You know the one." She found his hand and fondled it in both of hers. "I used to love him to tell it when I was little. All the end he'd do the porcupines rain dance. It made me laugh." Then softly. "Don't be cross with him. Think of it as one of our people's fairy stories. That's all it is."

"That part of it's all right. But he knows we want her to have good English. He's got English enough when he wants to use it." Her arms bare almost to the shoulders, were so smooth and brown and warm. He stroked one of them as he went on. "I know one thing. We've got to find some place of our own before the little fellow comes. If we stay in his house much longer there'll be one hellish bust up. Young couples should have a house of their own anyway—right from the first. White style."

"But grandfather's so old!"

"Now look, Miriam. You know that's not why he works on you to stay. He wants it this way because it's how our people always did it. He's like that all down the line. The native language, native food, native ways." His handsome face darkened as he chanced to see a wizened hairy head dangling on a string from the doorjamb, shoulder high, so that anyone passing must brush against it. "When did he put that foul thing there?"

"Why—why it's been there for days." Miriam answered reluctantly. "You just didn't happen to notice."

"I suppose he's stuffed Rachel full of that nonsense too!"

"No. No, Cy. At least I don't think so."

"If ever he does—"

Please, Cy. Don't be mad," she coaxed. "Swamp grass probably old medicine man stuff like you say, but he honestly believes it helps his heart-sick." It can't hurt anybody, and you never know." He drew away his hand and started for the door. "Cy, don't you do that." Apprehensively she watched him snatch the charm and toss it out the door.

"That's one more reason we're getting out of here," he said grimly, coming back to her.

Miriam was disturbed. "You're funny sometimes. Honestly! All this fuss over a piece of swamp root. I don't see why."

I know you don't," he thought. Old Paul and his kind hut seen in that. Too many houses in the village like this one with old people moaning on a leanage which darkened the tongues of the young so that they felt awkward and strange on the steamers and when they went among whites. In Vancouver and Prince Rupert, too many old customs, old superstitions, blind loyalties to the past jealously preserved to imprison his people. "We'll, he had come back here to end all that."

YES, Miriam told the truth. She did not see. So few of them did. But it was not their fault. What chance had the elders, dimmed them to see? A deep protective pity made him take her hands and draw her close against him. If he had only told her this thing he'd had from the first. But she never had been the daring kind and he had hesitated to strip away too quickly many of the old unworn beliefs. The time had not yet come when she dared to walk alone.

In Vancouver, among white friends, she had fancied she had put all this behind her. But here, back in her village in that old house with this old man—even for Cy himself, who had caught the vision of his people walking upright and free in this land which had been theirs long, before the first whites came, the tight had not been easy at first.

The quick fervor of her arms, the intimacy of her pliant ripened body made him long to shield her. The new life without her had stirred last night and there was heightened allure in the touch of her, a glowing communion from her to him which enhanced his desire for her which was always there. She was his and he was hers. It would take time to lead her completely out of the bondage of the past but at any rate she and Rachel and the little fellow were going to be free.

"My Miriam," he whispered, his cheek against her smooth black hair.

You won't go on making trouble with grandfather will you?" Pleaded. Her voice was gently pleading, anxious.

I'm sorry. I'll watch myself. I promise."

Unwittingly she turned his face to hers, her eyes fiercely, yet wondrously intent. "Won't do!" she whispered.

And Cy Hecate, teacher of Kitsilas Indian Day School, failed completely to notice that it was in the Kitsilas tongue, not in English, that she had called him sweetheart.

TOMORROW was Old Paul's big day, and as Cy got the crescent from under the house and went to the beach he passed close to the old man as he cut squealers for the five-fathom canoe he planned to steam tomorrow. Cy halted in line with its high-arched brow and admired its lines. Some said it was as good a canoe as Old Paul had ever made, and he was famous for his canoes. It was said that one of his was in some black cost to be run. This would probably be his last for the shakes and spells of terrifying, painful sickness had hampered him so sorely of late that he had told Miriam he would never quite finish it.

Cy could feel the slow, old eyes upon him. "I like it," he said.

Old Paul accepted the praise without comment.

Cy teased the bitter taste of the chips still crisp from the hewing, walked down to the bay and stared at the spruce log he had promised that morning to pack into cordwood to heat the stones for the steaming. Miriam's calmness had melted the hard core of resentment in his heart, and he felt a satisfying glow of complacence. After all he must not be too hard on the old man. These things take time for the roots went deep.

Working, bareheaded, in the stirring sunshine of the late fall afternoon, young Hecate now and then looked down the curve of village beach. Here and there other men were sawing wood in front of their homes and where a wedge of geese flew toward the river flats they looked up in unison. Somewhere at the far end of the village another canoe was in the making, and the adzes blows on the hollowed cedar came drumlike across the unruffled water. An old woman, Miriam's aunt, walked stiffly up the path to her house next door, her cedar-bark basket bulged with the season's eating roots, leaning heavily on her cane, digging stick.

During these months in Vancouver, whenever they felt homesick, he and Miriam had talked of it like this. Here life kept to its slow, time-tested rhythm. No nervous haste, no shallow frenzy of attainment, no restless, no loneliness or bitter poverty. Here everyone was known. Within the wider protective families of the clans were no unwanted children, and the old and feeble had honored places beside the home fires. This was his village, these his people. Holding fast to what had value in the old, reaching for the best of what was new, life could be satisfying and full-rounded here.

Keep the best of the old, take the best of the new. This was how it had to be. Surely, in time, even Old Paul would come to understand.

As the block of spruce started to drop, he swung the long saw free and saw Rachel toddling down the path, her black

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Shuster (glum) and Wayne (that madcap) start a script



Six days later they're still grinding out laughs. Five manhours go into each minute of puns and gags

Below: They air their "Album of Familiar Material"



Frankie and Johnny

Wayne and Shuster, Canada's top yak merchants, refused to move to the U.S.—so the U.S. moved to Wayne and Shuster

By TRENT FRAYNE

A COUPLE of comics called Wayne and Shuster have recently been exposing themselves to 40 million potential radio listeners in two countries, a fact which becomes noteworthy largely because no other entertainers operating from Canada ever have been let loose on so many people.

At least four listeners of the 40 million are known to have heard the Canadians caper on one or more of the 120 NBC radio stations and 30 CBC outlets in Canada which carried their midsummer night's schemes, and since all four had access to the public prints we know exactly what they thought about the whole thing.

All of this came about when Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster, whose RCA Victor show from Toronto last season drew a listening audience in Canada second only to that of the hockey broadcasts, attracted the attention of the National Broadcasting Co. in the United States.

Toward the end of the 36-week Victor commitment Wayne and Shuster were confronted by NBC's national program director, Tom McCray, who went to Toronto to watch them rehearse and perform. McCray offered them a three-year contract, and suggested they move to New York immediately and do a 13-weeks' sustainer for NBC. They declined. They didn't want to move.

"All right, you figure it out," said McCray, "then give me a counteroffer by mail."

Wayne and Shuster figured it out. Why wouldn't they make their broadcasts from Toronto if they wanted to know. They could use CBC facilities which could pipe the program into NBC channels for distribution in the United States. McCray telephoned to accept the proposal. NBC had arranged with CBC to use the Wayne and Shuster Show as a summer replacement for the William Bendix program, Life of Riley, at 8 o'clock on Saturday nights and CBC would carry the broadcast too. The boys signed the three-year contract which, incidentally, depends on NBC's renewing its option at the end of each year. Terms they describe as "fair but nothing colossal" permit them to do their RCA-Victor Canadian show again this winter, for which they had already been signed.

Whether they would eventually forsake Canada for the more lucrative fields in the United States depended largely on the reception the show received this summer. It was, in fact, out of the early returns that Wayne and Shuster became aware that at least four people had heard them and it might be charitable to say that the early returns were mixed.

Newsweek magazine, for instance, described their work this way: "NBC reached up to Canada for this new term of comics. Unfortunately the network seems to have reached too far. For though Wayne & Shuster try to keep up the current popular pace of satiric humor they miss out for one good reason. They aren't very funny."

The entertainment world's weekly magazine, The Billboard, on the other hand, compared their satire favorably with that of matchless Fred Allen, then concluded its 500-word review of their first airing like this: "If the comics can retain their freshness and inventiveness, and bring up their poorer offerings to the level of their best, they may be on the U.S. airlines for a long time to come."

The weekly entertainment newspaper Variety, noting a ring of familiarity about the whole thing ("the show borrowed a little here and a little there"), nevertheless remarked that "there's an strictly professional aura about them. They know their way around the gag, their timing and delivery are Grade A."

The New York Times, which once mysteriously called the Canadian Army show our Army's greatest showing since Dieppe, also noted familiarity about the Wayne and Shuster offering and decided that "the repartee was suggestive of the uninspired banter of any one of the local afternoon shows (disc jockey babblings) none of which has any pretensions of network circulation."

While it is true that even their staunchest admirers will admit that Wayne and Shuster have their faults, not many were prepared for the assaults of Newsweek and the Times, and most of them leaned toward the Billboard's review as the most accurate.

Wayne himself pointed out Webster's definition of humor: "A changing and uncertain state of mind; a caprice; whim; fancy."

"The changing and uncertain state of mind was changing and uncertain when Newsweek's man heard us," philosophized Wayne, "he had probably just read Time's circulation figures."

What People Laugh At

THE "FRESHNESS and inventiveness" that appealed to the Billboard, at least, are the ingredients which have won Wayne and Shuster their Canadian audience. Their material on the NBC-CBC show followed the format of their Victor efforts and typical in the first broadcast was a song for which they created the music and lyrics. After three or four verses of highly original words concerning the disadvantages of appearing as summer replacements, the script calls for dialogue, with short orchestral breaks, and it reads this way:

Johnny: Yes, hats off to the summer replacements. The fearless people who keep radio moving in the summer months. Why do they do it? What is the strange force which helps them carry on?

Frankie: Yes, the Greeks have a word for it.

Ork: Chord

Johnny: *Effacetsio*

Frankie: The French have a word for it.

Ork: Chord

Johnny: *Esprit de corps*

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WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

By E. MICHAEL SALZER

NEARLY ALL countries of Europe are short of men today. The aftermath of every war means millions of disappointed young women cheated of their birthrights of home and family because some of the best men never returned. But nowhere else is the men famine so apparent and the problem of husbandless girls of marriageable age so acute as in Germany.

More than five million German men are missing from their homes. Two million died in battle, almost three million are missing, an unknown number are still abroad in prisoner-of-war camps, some are totally disabled and others are awaiting trial for their war crimes. In some German towns women outnumber men two to one. And only one in every four German girls between 20 and 35 can hope to find a husband.

Throughout the Reich I have found a grim game of musical chairs in progress in which *Frauen* and *Fraulein* in pursuit of a little ersatz happiness get at least a fleeting taste of domestic bliss only to be left behind again as their temporary partner moves on. Thus, almost as remarkable as the absence of men is the number of pregnant women one sees in the streets and working in the fields, and the thousands of illegitimate children born every week.

Unless sometime from now they succeed in marrying men many years younger than themselves, about five million German women will remain spinsters. Unless radical legislation is introduced to safeguard the rights of illegitimate children, several hundred thousands will grow up in misery and shame, deprived of their father's name and dependent on their mother's meagre income or on public charity. The irregular life and promiscuous intercourse of young people has led to an epidemic spread of venereal disease. Amateur prostitution has gripped thousands of girls, who don't earn nearly enough in their ordinary jobs to be able to pay for the little luxuries of life which are only obtainable on the black market. Family life is deteriorating as divorces threaten to outnumber marriages. Easy temptation of a carefree bachelor's life makes family responsibilities irksome for men whose future seems nebulous and whose main concern is to survive. Disappointed love affairs account for four out of every five suicides and every other murder appears to have been motivated by jealousy or sexual outrages. Lack of a stable home and normal family life can be cited as one of the main reasons for the increasing crime wave among German youth.

Politically Dangerous

IF ONE cares to listen to the voices of the bishops and priests one begins to realize that the accumulated effects of all these direct and indirect results of the men shortage are leading to a demoralization of the German people which is bound to have dangerous political consequences.

"If things go on at this rate for 10 years Germany will be ripe for another Nazi-solution," a pastor in a Hanoverian town told me. "Only then it will be worse than ever, and it is going to be quite bloody."

Hitler himself, whose aim was to double the population of Germany in a generation, glorified the gospel of motherhood for the sake of Greater Germany. In youth camps he drilled German maidens into willing partners in the silent sin of the "Ordensburgen" or Führer schools. There were virtual stud farms to perpetuate the elite of the master race. German girls were enlightened to promiscuity. Their sense of morals was perverted in their teens. Virginity was not the first qualification for a desirable Nazi bride. Free love was encouraged.

A large proportion of German women now in their twenties have been through the mill of the BDM, the "*Bund Deutscher Mädchen*" where they were carefully trained to fit into the Nazi scheme of things in

Continued on page 59

Sex morals have gone down the gutter in Germany, where marriageable girls outnumber the eligible men four to one

The intriguing story of the eccentric brothers Casavant —and the organ whose tones are heard around the world

Musical Frères

By HUGH KEMP

IF CANADA'S exports were rated by their cultural values instead of in dollars and cents, it is quite probable that the list would be headed by the pipe organ. More specifically the Casavant pipe organ from St. Hyacinthe, Que., a burly industrial town 30 miles south of Montreal.

To those whose ears are educated to the shadings of the open diapason or a dulciana, the name of Casavant stands among the dozen great organ makers of the world. Since the early days of the firm in 1837 (Upper and Lower Canada were enjoying rebellions of the time) the name of Casavant has been inscribed on more than 2,000 pipe organs and sent abroad on four continents.

The ownership of a Casavant organ is one thing held in common by Kalamazoo, Mich., Salisbury, Rhodesia, Hollywood, Calif., and Tokyo, Japan.

There are 400 Casavant organs in the United States alone. New York's Park Avenue has several, the opera house in Boston has one, Detroit has 25. The small cities and towns of the U.S. have them too, from Oshkosh to Woonsocket and from Memphis to Bloomfield Hills.

In Canada, more than 90, of all pipe organs in use now were made by the firm of Casavant Frères.

The first Casavant organ was built just 110 years ago. The builder was Joseph Casavant who, at the age of 30, quit blacksmithing at St. Hyacinthe and went to Ste. Therese, some 20 miles north of Montreal, to the college of the Reverend Abbé Ducharme. There he traded labor for book learning and came across his first pipe organ—an unfinished single manual pedal model, begun earlier by a transient mechanic.

Joseph fell heir to the tangle of pipes and to a European book on organs which was in the seminary library. Earlier in life he had learned to play the only piano in St. Hyacinthe.

He piddled with the organ successfully, returned to St. Hyacinthe when he was almost 40 to set up Canada's first pipe organ business. It was strictly a one-man enterprise—he even felled his own trees to provide the required lumber. In 1837 he put his first instrument into the church of St. Martin. Three years later installed the first organ at Bytown (now Ottawa).

Joseph lived above the workshop of his tiny plant. When he erected an organ he had to cut holes in the factory ceiling, poke the 15-foot pipes up into his kitchen.

He married when he was 42, and had two sons, Clover and Samuel. The boys were brought up strictly along the terms of "a spiritual testament" which their father wrote in the form of daily entries. He felt that the leading evil of the day for young people was the practice of buggy riding. He was shocked by the fast life in the United States, opined that French Canadians who went there were in for a bad time. "Beware, my children," he admonished his sons, "in America you might have a bad end."

Violins Were Sinful

TO JOSEPH, the pipe organ was God's only chosen instrument. Perversely, his younger son Samuel took to the violin in his teens. The father declared this "an instrument of the devil" and banished Sam to the attic.

In eight years the elder Casavant built 15 organs. The last was finished in 1866, the year before Confederation. Eight years later the old man died, leaving his sons pretty well fixed.

The Casavant boys, who had both apprenticed in their father's factory, decided after his death to take up where he had left off. In their early 20's they studied organ building in Europe. In 1880, back in St. Hyacinthe, they set up the firm of Casavant Frères and sent out a circular letter skilfully plugging their European experience.

In its first three years the new firm made only one organ a year, for local churches, upped production to two a year for the next two years and then raised it to three a year. Then came a crushing big offer in 1885. They were commissioned to build a four manual, 82-stop organ for Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal, and were given a large cash advance and six years to do the job.

This order was given... *Continued on page 62*



Steven Steet is Casavant's key man and a great organ master.

MIRROR IMAGE

Anderson was a long time learning that you can't show a man his shortcomings by playing the fool yourself

By NORMA BIXLER

THE Ballinger lane was long for the house and outbuildings sat far back from the main highway, almost down to the Anderson land on the lower slope. John Anderson turned the small truck through the open gate into the Ballinger farmyard. He could see King, his great Irish setter, sleeping on the platform outside the barn doors at the top of the long sloping drive. He whistled, but the dog didn't come. He laughed to himself as he pulled his long frame out from under the wheel. The old tramp had worn himself out with his wanderings. That must have been why Clem Ballinger had phoned Mrs. Fothergill to send him over with the truck for the dog.

When he was at the base of the drive, Ballinger came out from the shadows of the barn—Ballinger, a full head shorter than his tall blond neighbor, but a powerful man with his old felt hat pulled down over his eyes. Ten, 15 years from now John would call Ballinger by his first name and they would be nearer of an age, for Ballinger was not an old man, but now his 38 to John's 24 was a wide gap.

John whistled again at the base of the drive, but the whistle dribbled. The dog hadn't moved and Clem Ballinger didn't either. The muscles of John's stomach cramped. Then Ballinger's shaggy sheepherd came out of the barn behind his master, and nuzzled his nose against King's body, whimpering.

"I'm sorry about this, John. Found him in the field with a dead lamb," Ballinger announced. "Had to shoot him."

John stood on the slope, his big brown hands opening and closing. The nausea in his stomach came up higher in his throat. Ballinger shifted his feet and chewed on a blade of grass but his craggy, furrowed face stayed up. The younger man moved up the slope at last and dropped down by the dog. Up here King didn't look asleep. His eyes were open and a thin smear of blood from the bullet wound matted the reddish gold hair on his head.

The shepherd pushed in and at the movement of John's big hand Ballinger called him away sharply.

"He never killed a sheep."

Ballinger shrugged and his deep-set black eyes under the hat were watchful. "You can't take risks about some things, John. He was in the field and the lamb was dead."

"He never killed a sheep. See, there's no wool on his teeth." He rolled back the lower lip and showed the older man.

But Ballinger only shrugged again.

John sat back on his heels and looked up at him, speaking carefully. "Any farmer knows that like as not a guilty dog clears out and an innocent dog sticks around to see what's going on. You had no call to shoot him."

Ballinger's voice rose... *Continued on page 32*

Ballinger looked silly, spilling oranges and squawking.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. WINTER



THE LOST SOULS OF OSSOSSANE

By J. HERBERT CRANSTON



Excavation begins where Huron mourners wailed.

ON A black night in June 1636, in what is now a flat treeless pasture in Simcoe county, Ont., the bones and rotting cadavers of 500 Huron Indians were buried in a deep pit by their kin after more than a week of weirdly elaborate pagan ceremonies.

It was the feast of the Dead—the most macabre of all Huron rituals.

The hinterland wail of 2,000 sorrowing relatives floated across the clearing as the bodies or bags of bones were tossed into an immense grave and covered over with beaver robes. There they rested for 111 years.

Then in the hot month of July, 1947, a little group of eager archaeologists once reminiously dug the corpses up again.

By the end of the month the diggers were burned to black as the Indians themselves, and were knee deep in skulls, femurs, fibulae, vertebrae, teeth and all the other odds and ends of bony structure that make up the human frame. It was an archaeological treasure trove.

The digging, which will continue next summer, is in the hands of Kenneth E. Kidd, deputy director of the Royal Ontario Museum's ethnological collection. Mr. Kidd is no stranger to the neighborhood. His brilliant and careful three years of excavation of the ruins of the ancient Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, Ont., is now being followed by the restoration of that "Abode of Peace" where the Jesuit missionaries to the Hurons dwelt for 10 years while Iroquois warriors made constant death raids on nearby villages.

The finding of the giant graveyard near the site of the old Huron village of Ossossane is a triumph of detective work on the part of Frank Ridley, builder and contractor from Islington, Ont., and amateur archaeologist. His main clue was the narrative of Father Jean de Brébeuf, Jesuit martyr, who wrote an exciting on the spot account of the grisly Huron burial service just three centuries ago—when the Indians were just a step removed from the stone age.

Ridley's deductions led him to a field in the Daoust farm in Tiny Township. Today it is a bare commonplace field. But in Brébeuf's time it was a ghoulie drenched in mystery, the most hallowed spot of the Bear Nation of the Huron tribe, the meeting place for the Feast of the Dead.

This feast, also called the Feast of the Souls, was held by each of the four Huron nations every 10 or 12 years. The people of each tribe gathered up the remains of their relatives who had died in the interim and took them across country to the principal town, where they buried them with fantastic ritual in a common grave.

Ossossane was the chief village of the Bear Nation. It was also the headquarters of the Jesuits in their ill-fated attempt to Christianize the savages in the years between 1625 and 1650. Here were played the first great scenes in the religious tragedy which ended with the martyrdom of the five black robed priests and the destruction of the Huron tribe by their implacable enemies, the Iroquois.

The year 1636 was a feast year for the Bears, the first in 10 years. The barbarian ceremony greatly impressed Father Brébeuf, and he left a vivid and full account.

Each family saw to its own dead with great care and affection. If they had dead relatives in any part of the country they spared no trouble to go for them. They took them from the cemeteries where the bodies had either been placed on elevated platforms safe from ravenous dogs or wolves, or else in shallow graves. In each village a Fair Day was proclaimed for this ceremony. The corpses were covered with the finest fur robes obtainable. Placing the dead on their shoulders, the men of the family marched back to the villages where they had lived, the others following with loud cries of grief.

Continued on page 27

500 Huron skeletons are being disinterred from a macabre "pit of the dead" in a pleasant Ontario pasture



General view of bone pit. Note skulls protruding from clay.



Toronto co-ed Audrey Lucas dusts a 300-year-old skeleton.

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The Lost Souls of Ossossane

Continued from page 24

Father Brébeuf thought the practice commendable. He wrote: "After having opened the grave they display before you all those corpses on the spot, and leave them thus exposed long enough for the spectators to learn at their leisure and once for all what they will be some day.

"The flesh of some is quite gone," he continued. "There is only parchment on their bones. In other cases the bodies look as if they had been dried and smoked, and show scarcely any signs of putrefaction. In still other cases they are swarming with worms. When the friends have gazed upon the bodies to their satisfaction they cover them with handsome beaver robes quite new. Finally after some time they strip them of their skin and flesh which they throw into the fire along with the robes and mats in which the bodies were wrapped. As regards the bodies of those recently dead, they leave them in the state in which they are, and content themselves by simply covering them with new robes."

Bodies Hung On Poles

The bones when well cleaned were put partly into bags partly into fur robes loaded on the shoulders of the men and covered with another beautiful hanging robe. The whole bodies were placed on a litter and carried with all the others, each to his cabin where the families made feast to their dead.

The bones of the dead were called *Atiskea*. The Hurons believed that men had two souls "both of them being divisible and material, and yet both reasonable." One of these separated itself from the body at death, yet remained in the cemetery until the Feast of the Dead, after which it either changed into a turtle-dove or went away at once to the Village of Souls. The other was bound to the body and remained in the pit of the dead unless someone burnt it again as a little child. The perfect resemblance of the living to the dead was accounted as proof, and is the reason why the bones of the dead were called *Atiskea*," the souls.

A day or two before setting out for the feast at the chief village all of the souls were carried into one of the largest cabins of the village where one portion was hung to the poles of the cabin and the other spread out through it. The captain of the village gave a magnificent feast in honor of a deceased captain whose name he bore.

Four peculiar things were noticed by Father Brébeuf at this feast. The presents which the relatives made and which consisted of robes, porcelain rollers and kettles were strung on poles along both sides of the cabin. The captain sang the song of the deceased captain in accordance with the latter's wish expressed before his death. All the guests had the liberty of sharing with one another all the good things which they had and even of taking these home with them contrary to the usual custom of feasts. And at the end of the feast by way of compliment to him who had entertained them they imitated the cry of souls, and went out of the cabin crying *haee, haee*."

The Feast of Souls at the main village, Ossossane, was to take place on the Saturday of Pentecost, but it was postponed until Monday. Seven or eight days were spent in assembling the souls from the outlying villages and from morning until night the living made presents to the youth in honor of the dead and held contests of skill.

Monday noon Brébeuf and his fellow priests were warned that the ceremony was about to begin. The packages of souls were taken down and the relatives again unfolded them to say their last adieus. The tears flowed afresh. The daughter of a renowned chief who had recently died combed his hair and handled his bones with great affection. She put beside him his package of council sticks, i.e., the books and papers of the country. On the bones of her dead children she placed bracelets of porcelain and glass beads and washed them with her tears. The procession to the pit was led by a man carrying the body of the old chief. The men and then the women followed, each with a soul package.

Brébeuf described the bone pit and the surrounding areas as being about the size of the Place Royale in Paris and half a league from Ossossane. The pit in the centre was 10 feet deep and about 26 feet in diameter. Over it stood a scaffold, a sort of staging very well made, about 38 feet in diameter and from nine to 10 feet high. Above this staging there were a number of poles laid across, with cross poles to which the packages of souls were hung and bound. Since the whole bodies were to be put in the bottom of the pit, they had the preceding day been placed under the scaffold, stretched upon bark or mats fastened to stakes about the height of a man on the edge of the pit.

The whole company arrived with their corpses about an hour after mid-day, and divided themselves into different cantons according to their families and villages. Their parcels of souls were laid on the ground like earthen pots at a village fair. They unfolded also their parcels of robes and all the presents they had brought and hung them upon poles. As many as 1,200 presents remained on exhibition two full hours so that strangers might witness the wealth and magnificence of the country. About 2,000 in all were present. At three o'clock each one put away his articles and folded up his robes.

"The Confusion of the Damned"

Suddenly each captain gave the signal and from all around the great circle men came running with their packages of souls "as if to the assault of a town!" They ascended the stage by means of ladders and hung the souls to the cross poles, each village having its own section. The ladders were then taken away and the rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to the chants announcing the presents which were made in the name of the dead to certain specified persons.

Next came the lining of the bottom and sides of the pit with fine large new robes, each of 10 beaverskins, in such a way that they extended more than a foot out of it. Some climbed down into the pit and brought up handfuls of sand in the belief that this would make them successful at play. Forty-eight robes lined the pit, and each entire body, besides the robe in which it was wrapped, had another and sometimes two more to cover it.

At seven o'clock the whole bodies were let down into the pit. The priests had the greatest difficulty in getting near, and of the scene Brébeuf wrote: "Nothing has ever better pictured for me the confusion there is among the damned." On all sides was the confused din of voices of people "who speak and did not listen." Ten or 12 men were down in the pit arranging the bodies

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They put in the middle of the pit three large copper kettles, which Brébeuf wilfully remarked, "could only be of use for souls." One had a hole through it, a second had no handle, and the third was of scarcely more value. That ended the day's doings.

The Indians passed the night on the spot. They lighted many fires and slung their kettles. Brébeuf and his companions withdrew to the village for the night with the intention to return at dawn when the bones were to be thrown into the pit.

"A Picture of Hell"

They almost missed the final act. Rising while it was still dark, they had just set out from the village when they heard a great outcry. An accident had hastened the program. One of the ropes which was not securely tied, or was perhaps too heavy for the cord which fastened it, fell of itself into the pit. The noise awakened the company, who immediately ran and mounted in a crowd upon the scaffold and emptied indiscriminately each package into the pit, keeping, however, the robes in which they were wrapped.

"As we drew near," wrote Brébeuf, "we saw nothing less than a picture of hell. The large space was quite full of fires and flames, and the air resounded in all directions with the confused cries of these barbarians. The noise ceased after some time and they began to sing, but in voices so sorrowful and lugubrious that it represented to us the horrible sadness and the abyss of despair into which these unhappy souls are forever plunged."

By the time the missionaries arrived nearly all of the souls had been thrown into the pit. Everyone had made haste in the fear that there might not be enough room for all the bones. Five or six Indians were in the pit arranging the bones with poles. The pit was filled to within two feet of the top. The robes which bordered the edge of the pit were turned back over the bones and the remaining space was covered with mats and bark. The pit was then heaped with sand, poles, and wooden stakes, which were thrown in without order. Some women emptied dishes of corn on the pile and the following day several cabins of the village threw nets full of corn upon the top.

Fifteen or 20 Christian Indians were entrusted to the pit along with the pagans. "We send for their souls a *tie profundis*," wrote Brébeuf, "with a strong hope that if divine goodness does not stop the course of its blessings upon these peoples, this least will cease, or will only be for Christians." And will take place with ceremonies unheard of in the ones we saw are foolish and useless. They are even now beginning to be a burden to them, on account of the excesses and superfluous expenses connected with them."

The rest of the morning was spent in giving presents. The greater part of the robes in which the souls had been wrapped were cut into pieces and thrown from the height of the stage into the midst of the crowd for anyone who could get them. Sometimes it happened that when two or three got hold of a beaver skin, and none would give way, that the skin had to be cut into useless fragments.

Of the balance of the 1,200 presents 20 robes were given the Master of the Feast to thank the nations which had taken part in it. The dead distributed a number of them by the hands of the captains to their living friends. Some served only for show and were taken away by those who had exhibited them. The narrative goes on to say that "The old men and the notables of the country, who had the administration and management of the feast, took possession secretly of a considerable quantity."

Brébeuf concludes his account with an observation that has not lost its point in a century accustomed to motor hearses, elaborate services, expensive coffins and banks of flowers. It was only the rich who lost nothing from the rites, he reported. "The middle classes and the poor brought and left behind whatever they had most valuable" and suffered much in order not to appear less liberal than the others in the celebration.

Many bone pits have been discovered in the northern half of Simcoe county in the past 150 years. Pioneer farmers uncovered them while clearing the forest and plowing the field. Amateur scientists of other days, abetted by curiously seekers, dug into these ossuaries and rifled them of their contents. Skulls were carried off as souvenirs and the other bones were thrown about in the open finally to disintegrate.

Luckily the bone pit of Ossossane village escaped that fate. Archaeologists had known of its existence for decades from the Brébeuf account, but few knew exactly where it was. It was opened in 1859 and 1883 and a few bones found in it belonging to Indians who must have been of very large stature. William Stutt of Wyevale told me that as a boy he had visited the pit and seen skulls lying around. He had seen the owner of the farm, John R. Dubeau, a big man, take an Indian jawbone and place his own jaw completely inside it. It was not known then that this was the pit mentioned in the Brébeuf narrative.

Rediscovering The Bone Pit

In the 1880's the pit lapsed into obscurity and its site was forgotten until Ridley rediscovered it two years ago.

From his knowledge of Indian building methods Ridley was able to locate the long-sought-after village of Ossossane. It stood on the Dubeau farm between the sixth and seventh concessions of Tiny township. It is surrounded on two sides by steep ravines 60 to 70 feet deep. From these sides it was impregnable. At the bottom of one ravine is a rushing little stream which provided Ossossane with its drinking water. Palisades protected the village on all sides.

Father Brebeuf in his description of the Feast of the Dead said that the bone pit where it was held was half a league, or three quarters of a mile, from the old village of Ossossane. What simpler than for Ridley to draw a circle three quarters of a mile in radius with Ossossane as its centre, and search along the circumference? The pit could only be on a spot where the soil was very light since the Indians had nothing but the most primitive of digging tools. That eliminated all the clay land. The ravines and the wet lowest lands below the cliff were also out. Only a narrow arc remained to prospect. Before long a depression was found on the Dubeau farm which looked as if it might be IT.

This hole was about 30 feet across and five feet deep. Quite evidently it had been used by successive farm owners as a dump. It was no surprise when later the archaeologists came across the bones of a horse and a sheep, both unknown to the Hurons.

Ridley got in touch with his friend and tutor in things archaeological, Kenneth Kidd, who journeyed north from Toronto immediately. Securing permission from Farmer Dubeau to dig in his pasture field they sank a

Continued on page 30



A skillful copper [illegible] and [illegible] stagger[illegible] to keep [illegible] inside [illegible] the bowl in a [illegible]

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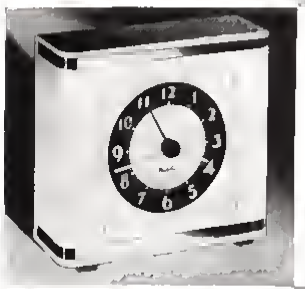
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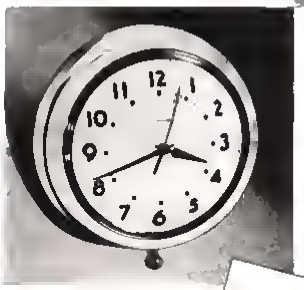




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Continued from page 28

trench from a few feet outside the supposed burial pit and turned at its centre. A few hours' work proved that Hibben's hunch was correct. He was a genuine bone pit and apparently had been scarcely disturbed by earlier diggers.

It was an exciting discovery, but it was kept hush-hush. An option was secured on the land surrounding the pit and a 10-acre area was purchased by Sir Ellsworth Havelle, who presented it to the museum.

Five Foot Squares

First thing done this summer when the diggers arrived was to set up tents to house the bones and other things taken from the pit and also to provide dressing facilities, lunchrooms and shelter. The field was next surveyed and laid out in five foot squares with a wooden peg at each corner. Then dig commenced at a distance of 60 to 80 feet from the edge of the depression. Kidd was anxious to discover what traces still remained of the scaffolding which originally surrounded the pit, and to which the bones of the dead were hung at the time of the feast.

Removing the dark topsoil, which had been plowed again and again over many white pioneer days, the archaeologists were soon in light-yellow soil. At that level trowels were used to lift the sand in thin layers. Near the edge of the pit dark patches, circular in shape, began to show up. These were post molds, marking the spots where wood had decayed in the course of three centuries. The pattern of the stakes which had supported the scaffolds was soon definitely located at a distance of 27 feet from the centre of the pit.

Next the dark earth was lifted from above the bone pit. At this level was found the burial previously mentioned, complete with burnished bones began to show. First in sight were two skulls, then suddenly bones of all kinds, shapes and sizes in endless number and confusion. Leg bones stood in perpendicular groups. Soon it was evident there had been many bundle burials.

Armed with trowels with which they scraped away the sand of centuries a half inch or less at a time, and brushes with which they carefully dusted off uncut crannons and other items as they lifted them from the tangled mass, Kidd and his helpers kept on with their gruesome chore day after day.

It was slow, tedious work. Each bone or fragment of bone, as it was separated from the sand, was carefully placed in a numbered bag indicating the five foot square in which it had been found. The sand itself was shaken through sieves in hope of discovering beads and other small specimens. It took a worker a whole day to uncover a five foot square. The day's work done the bags were placed in a truck and driven to Midland where, in a shed behind Huronia House, the new North Simcoe Museum of Indian and Pioneer Life, further work was done during long evenings cleaning and classifying the bones, beads and other relics.

One of the first and most interesting discoveries was a big white conch shell about one foot in length and seven inches in diameter. It was whole, sharp spike and all, except for a hole which had been punched in the bottom to allow the spiral to escape. Kidd explained that the shell probably came from somewhere along the southern Atlantic coast. The Hurons were great travellers and traders.

Another exhibit was a piece of beaverskin, three by four inches in size. The leather still had considerable strength, and the hair on the skin was a tawny brown.

There were hundreds of beads of all shapes, sizes and colors. Some of these were Indian-made out of conch shell, the treasured wampum of the aborigines while others were trade beads brought out from France. The latter ranged from tiny blue glass globes to long red shiny tubes two and a half inches long, and a fifth of an inch in thickness.

The Bones of Children

One of the prizes which came to light in the last week of July was a hard and shiny skull, completely green in color. It had evidently come in contact with sort of copper precipitate which accounted for the green color and the strange hue. To the side of the head was firmly attached a piece of woven cloth, also deep green in color.

A piece of beaverskin, one foot in length by three or four inches in width, to which was fastened a piece of

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Continued from page 30

patterned cloth was also found. To Kidd this indicated that the Huron Indians of Ossossane were weavers.

Kidd was rather surprised to find that most of the bones in the historic pit were those of children and youths. Bones of aged men and women were definitely in the minority. Some bones were so tiny they must have been of prematurely born or newly born infants. A great epidemic of smallpox is thought to account for the children's bones.

"Most people think the aborigines had far better teeth than we have," Kidd remarked. "That is not true of the teeth we have found in this pit. Cavities are the rule rather than the exception. Some of these chaps must have had a terrible toothache.

On Friday, Aug. 8, the last day of this year's dig, the most interesting of all the discoveries made in the bone pit occurred. A copper kettle was found, quite probably one of the three mentioned in Brébeuf's story. The kettle was broken in a score of pieces by the pressure of bones and earth from above. Kidd was delighted to come across this kettle, for it would seem to verify the theory that this was the Ossossane bone pit described by Brébeuf.

On Saturday, Aug. 9, the half of the pit which there had not been time to excavate was carefully covered with lumber, and preparations were made to fill in the area which had been taken from the pit. In this way the remaining bones will be protected against weather and will be all ready for next year's operations.

And what is the value of all this ghoulishness at Ossossane?

Well, Kidd points out, it is the only way we have of discovering the physical characteristics of the people who inhabited Ontario before the white men came.

The bones of all 500 Indians will be transported to Toronto where a physical anthropologist will seek to determine the height, weight, dimensions of head, length of arms and legs and condition of the teeth of the average Huron man and woman.

"You never know what you're likely to come across," Kidd explains. "Modern architects got the principle of building skyscrapers with receding towers from discoveries archaeologists made working among ruins of great structures erected by the South American Indians."

And what will happen to the wandering souls of the Hurons when science is done with them?

Kidd doesn't know yet, but if he has his way they will be returned to the bone pit and reburied.

"After all," he says, "they were human beings like ourselves."

And so, a summer or two from now, a modern version of The Feast of the Souls may be re-enacted as the pastors lead of Simcoe county and the Aisaiken of the Bear Tribe of the Huron Indians returned to the resting place where, three centuries past, the wailing villagers of Ossossane interred them in the pit of the dead. ★

Mirror Image

Continued from page 23

a pitch angrily. "Farmers have been killing dogs they found in fields with dead sheep for more years than you've lived, John Anderson. You got to protect your flock first. Can't go up and look for wool in their teeth first. I had a right to shoot him. He had no business in my field."

"Sure you had a right to shoot him but you had no call to. You got to use your own head, Ballinger, not take the opinion of some old-timer. You're an unreasonable man." The words were decent but as the young man said them they sounded like a curse.

He carried the dog to the truck and laid him carefully in the back and drove away.

Between the dog and John Anderson there was a peculiar bond. The dog had been a pup when John was a senior in high school—which made them friends of eight years standing. But what John remembered now was not those earlier puppy years.

This peculiar closeness came from the morning a year ago when John got off the train in Centerville and found King on the platform to meet him. John hadn't expected anybody. The Red Cross had found him on one of those little bloody islands in the Pacific with the word that his mother and father had been killed when their car overturned.

After that, Jason Gavit, the county agent, wrote that he had found a hired man to run the farm and that he, Gavit, would keep an eye on things, and that Mrs. Fothergill would go out as housekeeper.

So John hadn't expected anybody on the platform. Gavit and Mrs. Fothergill were there, too. But John saw only King, the great dog rising soberly from his haunches where he had ignored the cinders and steam from the train's arrival. The dog hadn't leaped and taxpayed about but had come across the platform with restraint and only the fierce pressure of his muzzle against John's hand had given him away.

This year it was as if King had been an Anderson, known the Anderson turn of speech, learned from John's father and mother as John's own speech had been learned. When John talked to King in the fields in the barn on the porch after supper, the dog turned head lifted to him and there was knowledge in the deep brown eyes, knowledge of a past and a conclusion. King's death broke the continuity and John knew bereavement was beyond mere grieving.

Later June Fothergill was waiting for him on the porch when he came up from the orchard, the spade caked with earth. She stood there, busy cedspare hue upon rolled up around the arms she crossed in front of her, her hips thin straight line. She knew of course. Everybody on the line knew. Susan Ballinger talked too much. But all she said was, "Supper's ready."

She had thought it would be a good sign if he ate, and she watched him anxiously as he sat down. He ate what she served him, but it was like a man stoking a stove that needed coal. The big frame needed fuel and he stoked it. Mrs. Fothergill couldn't eat.

Ballinger is an unreasonable man, he said once and Mrs. Fothergill sighed. These Andersons had their reasonableness. He got it from his father. Old John Anderson always said that if you just used your head and thought things out you'd come through all right. He didn't care whether anybody else ever did things a particular way, if it was reasonable it would probably work. That's why Gavit and Andrews had been so close. Anderson would always try what Gavit could prove to him was reasonable, like the shelter belt or contour plowing. And the farm was evidence of his faith. A healthier, more solid farm you couldn't find in the county. Now here was John, just like his dad. From another man it would

Continued on page 34

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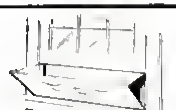
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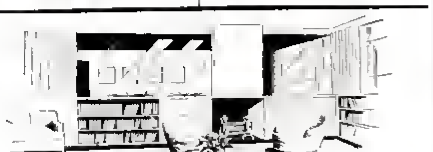
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Continued from page 12

sound well to him. Bellinger rolled unreasonable because he'd shot his dog. Coming from John it made Mrs. Fothergill uneasy.

After supper he sat restlessly on the porch. When he got up Mrs. Fothergill thought he was going to help with the milking but he got out the car again and drove away.

The sun was setting and purple shadows were filling in the space between pump house and barn when John turned into the Ballinger yard again. Ballinger was coming out of the house, a milk pail in each hand and Susan Ballinger, a small dumpy woman, stood on the kitchen steps behind him. John got out of the car and waited. Ballinger put down the pails and came toward him. He stopped a few feet away from him.

The two men stood there briefly, the stocky figure rooted to the ground feet apart, the taller one supple as a sapling. Then John hit him, not awkwardly as you might expect from a reasonable man, but swiftly and well. Ballinger fell but got to his feet bellowing and his wife screamed and screamed on the back step. Ballinger's fists came in hard but John bent and weaved away from him and then closed in swiftly.

It was over in a minute. John's head were not fighters but he had been taught in a deadly school. Ballinger lay on the ground spent, his arms flung out and his nose and one eye bleeding. Susan Ballinger knelt beside him still screaming and John drove away.

Afterward when they fined him $300 for assault and battery he paid it without a word. Jason Gavil standing nervously at his side. But outside before he got in the car, he turned to Gavil and said, "It was worth every cent of it."

When Gavil drove out to the Anderson farm the next day Mrs. Fothergill told him not to worry. "Best thing that could have happened," she assured him. "He had to get it out of his system some way. You'll see."

But Mrs. Fothergill wasn't so sure as the next week passed. John was too quiet, she said, and Jason Gavil agreed. John had never been a gay one, but he liked people, liked to talk with them in his slow reasonable way, and people always listened to him just as they had to his dad. Now he didn't talk much even to Gavil and Mrs. Fothergill just kept on working and working from dawn to dusk. Of course it was spring and a farmer could find plenty to do, but this wasn't natural.

THAT'S why Mrs. Fothergill wasn't sorry about the gander. John came into the house just before dinner and got his rifle. As he jammed in the shells and closed the breech Mrs. Fothergill asked, "Something after the chickens?" That struck him funny and he chuckled a little but he didn't say anything just went out and down along the orchard at the left of the house. He walked through the pasture and the wood lot, where his land began to abut the Ballinger farm and came out at last to the cornfield in the lower forty. He leaned on the fence for a while watching.

Ballinger's gander and three of his geese were in the cornfield where the tiny shoots rose a couple of inches to the air barely marking the rows. Systematically, each of the four worked down a row, giving the soft green shoots a jerk and then gobbling greedily at the half-spent kernel of corn which the jerk uprooted. There was a wide patch where the thin green hosts had disappeared.

They heard John as he climbed the fence. The gander faced John, his wings out and down, hissing angrily. The geese, copying him in a phalanx behind him. John walked casually down the field until he came nearer to the angry gander then he raised his gun and shot the bird. The geese scuttled through the fence into the Ballinger land, squealing and hissing, and John picked up the gander and dropped him over the fence. The big bird was heavy and warm in his hand.

John bore no particular malice toward the gander. For as many years as he could remember, they had always lost some of the new corn to Ballinger's geese when they planted corn in that field. His father got so that he'd go over to see Ballinger before he planted and say half jokingly, "Time for corn again on the lower slope, Clem. Better watch those geese."

He didn't even have any particular feeling about Ballinger and the wasted corn. It wasn't that Ballinger was high-handed or mean. The farmer always meant to keep the geese out, always tried calling them out whenever he caught them at the corn. But farmers didn't fence geese in, like chickens because they had to have room to roam and they always came home at feeding time. He fretted about the corn now and then, but the geese were too stupid to learn. You couldn't train them like you could a dog.

A dog. John was back now at King back in the long lane of his own loneliness. He was a little ashamed of getting so over a dog. He couldn't explain even to Jason Gavil. Yet it wasn't because Clem Ballinger had killed King that he had shot the gander. At least he didn't think it was.

This was the way it seemed to him. When the unreasoning of a man like Ballinger brought him to such a climax that he could shoot King, then Ballinger had to be shown somehow that his unreasonableness was wrong. The plan had come to him whole as he watched the geese in the field on his way home. Ballinger behaved like the geese. By glory he'd see that way, too—held up a mirror for Ballinger.

So he dropped the gander over the fence and even seemed a little gay at dinner when he went home. To have a plan gave things some sense again.

An eye for an eye was not outside the boundaries of Mrs. Fothergill's law. But a gander for King was outlandish. Still a man had to work out his own salvation. She even beamed a little when John praised her cooking. First time in days he'd seemed to know what he was eating.

Susan Ballinger kept quiet about the gander. They just went over to the other side of the village and bought a new gander and Clem Ballinger put chicken wire all along the lower part of his side of the cornfield. He should of done it years ago snorted Mrs. Fothergill when John told her.

Clem Ballinger came down to lean on the fence when John was picking the cherries, a cautious puzzled look on his brown, weathered face. The two trees were a part of the old orchard, big for cherry trees and twisted and old. Ballinger 10 years before had planted the new orchard up nearer his house, but the fruit on these two trees was still plentiful and he enjoyed them when he sprayed the new trees. The rest of the orchard was a tangled, spent jungle. The branches of the two old trees hung well over the Andersen fence and it was in these that John was picking.

John's head was up in the branches as he stood on the ladder and the other farmer couldn't see his face. Clem Ballinger tried to keep quiet—like a man not knowing what trap speech might spring on him. But shock unmasked him. "Figurin' on a cherry pie John?"

John stuck his head down from the tree. The sun patterned the leaves of the cherry tree across his face, a smiling, guileless face. "Guess there'll be more than one cherry pie out of this batch, Ballinger," he said cheerily.

Never saw the trees more loaded. He gestured with one hand full of the red ripe cherries. "Try one over there on your side of the fence."

Clem Ballinger looked as if he thought cherries tasted like poison ivy means. "How are your own trees doing?" he asked pointedly.

"Fine, just fine. Could use a few cherries. With the tree up by the house and these, I figure we'll have more than enough. Did me a good turn, whoever planted these trees so near our fence."

You could have had all you wanted for the asking. Ballinger's voice sounded sorrowful.

"Wouldn't think of it," said John earnestly. "Won't need a one that doesn't belong to us."

Ballinger sighed deeply and went off toward his house.

"We don't need them," said Mrs. Fothergill flatly when John brought the cherries home.

"Then you can give them to some lady that does," said John just as flatly and he went out to the barn. Mrs. Fothergill sighed much as Clem Ballinger had and stared after the straight stiff back.

But the fence was something else again. John spent one whole grey afternoon prowling around in what they called the wood lot. It wasn't by the usual meaning a wood lot at all but the first shelter belt in the country, that old Anderson had planted with Gavil's and the government's aid 40 years before. Catalpa trees in the shelter belt had provided all and more of the fence posts the farm needed for four years; the red cedars had grown into noble trees; the Chinese elm and the hackberry were tall and solid; a lilac hedge that ran from the road between the Ballinger and Anderson farm and as far down as the old orchard.

When he came up to the house, he went to the phone and rang Ballinger. "That shelter belt fence is broken down pretty badly," he began abruptly. "Don't see why we both can't go down there and walk the fence, Ballinger." It took a minute. "Don't want to wait till fall. Cattle in those trees could do a lot of damage. Olson and Deaton have got the wire in now. Better get it while we're the chance."

Ballinger must have been protesting because John drummed impatiently on the kitchen wall while he waited. "Sure I know you were all short handed during the war and you told Dad you wouldn't pasture along the shelter belt. But that's pretty valuable property now and cows have a habit of getting out every once in a while. Good fences make good neighbors, Ballinger." He pronounced the platitude with satisfaction.

After supper he drove into town and came back with the wire. Before he went to bed he watched the climate pick up in the east with something that was almost like glee, Mrs. Fothergill thought.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it had just rained a nice rainy spring rain but it was a drenching downpour that kept up most of the day. Ballinger called after breakfast to put it off but John laughed. "A little rain won't hurt us," he insisted.

All morning they worked. Ballinger started out in glum silence but John hummed along cheerfully. John's side of the fence all stretching along the shelter belt gave fair footing but Ballinger slipped along in the mud in the glum fields. The wire pulls were

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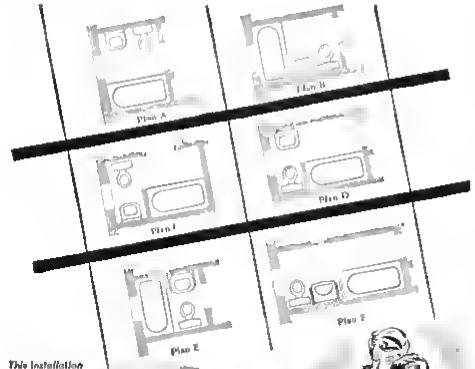
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wet and slid out of his hand sucking his thumb.

"Nothing else to do on a day like this anyway," John assured his companion along about noon.

Had harness to mend and the tractor plugs to clean, granted Ballinger. "Need them faster than we need this fence. I told you I'd keep the cows out."

But John only wagged his head wisely. "Good fences make good neighbors. Every farmer knows that."

They finished in the middle of the afternoon. Ballinger gathered up his tools in silence and turned on John. "Always thought you Andersons were as good neighbors as a mad ever had. But by gosh John," his voice rose in anger, "you're turning into the most unreasonable darn fool I ever saw, dog or me dog!"

He strode stubbornly away through the gate and never looked around when John threw back his head and laughed.

THE NEXT day was Saturday, a clean sunny day with a slight edge of coolness. After dinner John and Mrs. Fothergill made ready to drive into the village for shopping. John was in fine fettle, talking sheep in a great rain full of sly humor and an infectious chuckle. He made Mrs. Fothergill nervous. He had been four hours at 24, she would have felt his forehead to see if he had a fever. When he parked and helped her out, she hesitated about leaving him. She watched him walk up the street toward the barber shop. Then she saw Jason Gavit come out of the drugstore toward John and she turned to toward the grocery store herself.

Susie and Clem Ballinger were coming out as she entered. The man carried in his stumpy little woman a big bag of groceries so his arms She got to him in time and relieved her lips together when Susie spoke to her.

Jason Gavit stood waiting for him relieved at the sight of him smiling.

"Good news today, boy," he said. "We're going to start up on the shelter belt planting again. I wish your dad was here to help me. He got a lot of stock to those shelter belts. It hurt him as much as it did me to see the war put a stop to them."

John grinned at him affectionately. He could remember all the evenings on the porch when his father and Gavit had planned out a county safe from the winds safe from the dust. It made him feel good to hear Gavit still riding their hobby.

"I've got old man Asher to come around. That windstorm last spring ruined us all this and finally converted him. We're going to have a meeting Wednesday night to talk it over. Tell you what, you come along and talk to 'em. After all you've got the finest shelter belt in the county. Tell 'em what your dad had about it."

"Sure, I'll come."

Mrs. Bliss brought Cliff Bess around. Said she saw a row of those Russian olive trees in a shelter belt out in Oklahoma last summer and they were the prettiest trees she ever saw. Said if she had to have a whole shelter belt to get them then Cliff would just have to plant him a shelter belt.

Cliff laughed delightedly but John didn't respond.

Can't do a Russian olive from out and so did Jud Isborn's. We oughtn't to let The Bassets go planting them," he said.

Gavit looked surprised.

"And John people plant what they want within limits. You can't go telling them what to do, or there won't be any shelter belts at all. Say you get two or three winters that aren't too cold. Those trees'll be okay."

John shook his head stubbornly.

"You ought to figure it all out carefully so we get the biggest possible benefit not just let people meander off doing what they please."

"Come, John, it hasn't been that bad. There are some rules to it. Guess you can't remember back to when we started and we tried just what you're saying. Wouldn't have been hardly any shelter belts if we hadn't changed."

But John put a hand up on the drugstore step prepared for argument. "But it doesn't make sense, Mr. Gavit. Stands to reason—"

"Reason!" exploded the county agent. "Why, John, that's just what it is—reasonable—to let a man do the fool things he and want to do it. That way, he'll really do a job. What a gullible you [illegible] you can't see that?"

"Nope," said John. "I'll tell them Wednesday night. They've got to find the best program and stick to it whether they all like it or not."

"Then I'll thank you to stay home," said the man crossly. "Why do you think I spend my days traveling around these county, talking, explaining, getting folks to co-operate? To have them all scared off by a stubborn young fool? Reason?"

His voice rose. Clem Ballinger, coming along behind John, stopped to listen tentatively. He still carried the bag of groceries.

"Reason? You don't act as if you knew what reason was. Mrs. Fothergill must be right. You're turning into an unreasonable young fool. What the heck's got into you? Don't know what your dad would say." His words had grown louder and louder as a man's will when a cherished scheme is threatened. "An Anderson acting like an unreasonable young puppy!"

The words hung in the air between them while John stared at his face shocked and frozen. In the silence, Ballinger guffawed nervously. John turned to look at him as if he didn't see him then tossed sharply on him, Ballinger began juggling the bag of groceries looking for a place to put them.

"Gavit, you're a witness," Ballinger shouted shaking the bag around until oranges rattled down on the sidewalk. "You're a witness I never touched him, I never said a word to him."

John might have hit him. He was close enough. His big fists were opening and closing. He might have hit him in spite of Ballinger's yelling and Gavit's law, "John, boy," that was like spoken sadness. But in a brief second of clarity he saw Ballinger, big but sillily looking jumping around, spilling oranges and squawking. Seeing him, for a dangling sliver of time, he saw himself picking her as he didn't want, pulling a gander he didn't want making a fool of himself. The big fists began to relax. Because he could just perceive that Ballinger was seeing the image of himself in a mirror. A reasonable man gone heywire was frightening, dangerous like clouds raising fishes in unnatural phenomenon. He couldn't convert Ballinger by scaring the life out of him. But by glory he'd done a darned fine job on himself, twisting himself out of shape. No Ballinger could do that to him—a man could only do it to himself.

He drew a long deep breath of freedom and turned on his heel away from Ballinger, kicking an orange on the sidewalk. He saw it roll, bent and picked it up and dropped it in Ballinger's bag grinning. "Narrow escape, wasn't it?" he said.

Then he took Gavit's arm. "Now this shelter belt business. Tell me again how you figure it. If it's reasonable it'll probably work out." They walked away down the street. ★

Let My People Go

Continued from page 19

straight hair in the sunshine lustrous as a raven's wing. She teetered over the uneven footing of the chips and Old Paul squatting on his heels reached out to steady her then sheltered her between his knees.

The old man beside his canoe and the child squirming to smile up into his face made a disarming picture. She must have brought some childish present from the house for Cy saw Old Paul take something from her hand. Old Paul stared at it then spoke sharply to her in Kitcise.

Cy laid the crosscut along the log and went over. "Please, grandfather." His voice was controlled. "Let's not have any more trouble."

Old Paul's jaw clamped sullen as a child's. "She found this. I know you. You threw it out of my house." He turned the swamp reel in his shaking hand.

Cy swallowed hard. "I had my reasons."

Old Paul glared. "I know your reasons."

"No," Cy contradicted. "No. I don't think you do."

Under their parted lids Old Paul's eyes followed the flight of a gull across the water. He watched it circle and land. "You want to make me die."

Cy reached and took the child away from him. "That's crazy talk."

"Not one man of this village tried that trick since I was a young cedar." The old voice was rasping with a great contempt. "Better you go back to white people where you belong."

The stupid accusation stung, but Cy knew he must be reasonable about this for Miriam's sake. "You think swamp rot helps your heartsick, don't you? Well, of course, that's foolish. But I'll tell you what, Miriam and I both think you should see a doctor. I'll pay the boat to take you out. And I'll pay for the hospital when you get there."

Old Paul straightened his arms, his legs, his back, then stumbled himself before he shuffled over the chips and leaned against his canoe.

"I wish you would," Cy urged. "Miriam is worried and so am I. How about it?"

Old Paul's face was stiff as one of the old Kitcise wooden dance masks as he shifted around the canoe a high bow and, with contemptuous deliberation picked up his handsaw. He plowed by in the canoe and he got that far. The muscles of his rather small frame rose and fell like the gill covers of a struggling fish. "Go back to the white man, you know your tricks. But you will fail. You cannot make us different." He tucked the saw under his shaking arm and started slowly toward the house.

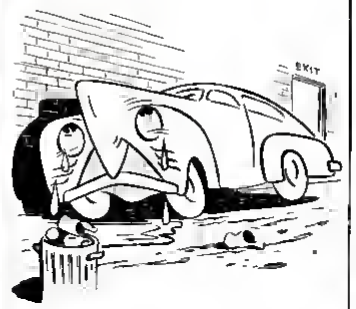
Standing very still and straight holding the child Cy Heads followed the angry old man with his eyes. What could you do with people like that? What could you do? He watched old Paul past the crippled plum tree past his wife's white gravestone, watched him go under the house to leave the tools, then clinging to the boardwalk hand himself up the steps and out of sight.

CY WENT back in the log. He sat crouched on a sand patch, gave her a few cockleshells to play with and started sawing fast ruthlessly finding in the harsh bite of the crosscut some outlet for his frustration. If only the old man would reason, if only he would be rational and argue you might feel you had a chance. But most of these Indian people were like deep beds of boulders blocking the path. No matter from



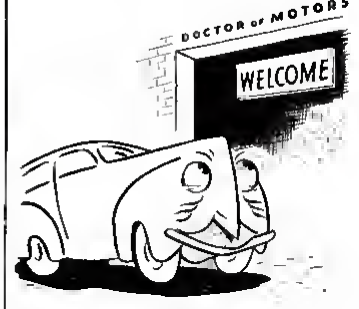
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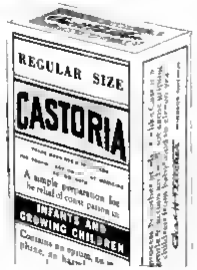
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which direction you came at them they gave you no point of attack, no handhold.

"Different!" her thought savagely. "I'll say we're different!" But why? Why should Indians be different? There were too many whites who wanted that. Take on those government farms they got sometimes mailed him to fill out. "Last Birth of an Indian." "Death of an Indian" even his and Miriam's marriage certificate read "Marriage of Indians." Indians were people too, but it seemed as if there was some conspiracy to set his race apart from Canadians forever.

And, in the long struggle for full citizenship, Old Paul and all he stood for were as great a handicap as any. From where he worked Cy could see the modern schoolhouse the Government had built. White teachers were scarce, and the Government had spent hundreds of dollars helping him through Normal. But here he was, wasting precious schooltime teaching the Cree Ones rudimentary English they should have learned at home. And all too often, thanks to ones like Old Paul, they only scoffed the English words he managed to teach them and went on thinking in their new useless language. Yet when he tried to correct all that Old Paul treated him like a betrayer of his race.

For a long, long time Kitchie had had a succession of missionary nurses, yet there beyond the wild crab apple clumps stood the dispensary cottage, empty since the war years. And no minister to the historic mission house because the church had none to send. For two full generations the whites had taught and ministered and nursed them. Now they must learn to help themselves. Until they did, what ground had the Indian races for resisting protest against being treated as minors, as wards of the rest of Canada?

Yet in this village, and in other villages were boys and girls intelligent enough for leadership. But for the language barrier and their bondage to dead custom and stupid superstition which the Old Paule imposed, these kids could go anywhere, do anything. Why shouldn't his people raise up their own teachers, nurses, doctors—yes and Indian Agents? These kids were as bright as they came—Model School had shown him that. All the Old Pauls in the world could not hold them back forever. Miriam sat fully upright and rigid as would have him compromise with what Old Paul personified. But even for her he never would. For he knew, with passionate, rebellious certainty, that these elders with their blind loyalty to a mind past must be forced to let his people go.

SUPPER was ready when, carrying the sawn-up load Rachel let the house. He washed her face then leaving her playing in the living room, he went out back for gasoline to coal the spruce pitch off his hands.

He met Miriam coming from the woodshed with some sticks of dry cedar. "I'm hurrying up the potatoes," she said. "It will only take a minute."

But presently she hurried out the back door, pulling her red sweater around her shoulders, and started quickly along the woods path.

Cy was surprised. Hey! I thought supper was—" Something further in her manner disturbed him and he set out to the woods path. "Hey! Hold on. What's the big idea?"

"I'll be right back," she called over her shoulder and began to run. Then hearing his feet on the path close behind, she gave up and faced him.

"What's up?" he insisted, alarmed by the tension in her eyes. "Miriam, look at me!"

She plucked a bracken frond and twisted it nervously in her fingers. "Grandfather's not feeling well. Make fun of it if you want to but—"

The flash of fear, the haunting uncertainty in her eyes, made him speak sharply. "You let him scare you—" So that was the old man's trick, eh? Even before she was old enough to think rationally about such things he had poisoned her mind with this evil heritage of superstition. Now behind her husband's back, he thought he could trade on it. Well, he was not going to get away with that. "You're not getting him any swamp root. I'm telling you. Anyhow, he's got that other piece. Rachel gave it to him and I saw him stuff it in his pocket."

"He says you spoiled that. What you did took all the good out of it." Miriam flung the words at him and tried to run, but he held her by both shoulders.

"But I tell you that's all the baloney!"

"You said that. I didn't say it!" Her scared voice was sharp with disavowal. "Let me go. You hear me? Let me go!"

Her rounded shoulders, struggling to pull free roused him to a strange, deep anger—not at her but even at the old man but rather at the fear reaching from the past to take possession of them. The rebellion and the bitter thoughts which had come to him just now out on the bench rushed back to fortify him. For too long the old man's dull hostility and contempt had made him feel murderously ineffectual. But now the whole thing was out in the open where he could lay hands on it and fight it. "No, Miriam. I tell you no. You're not going."

She had stopped struggling but the fear and unreasoning defiance in her eyes stabbed him. "If anything happens to him it will be your fault. I'm warning you." Her indignation wilted and she began to cry. "Let me, Cy. Please. You never know."

"I know all right," he told her bitterly.

Weakly, as if afraid of his touch, she tried to draw away—but he slipped his arm around her and led her back to the house. Only then was he yielding in her body now. Hospital is the place for him, he said. He should start tonight.

As they came up the back steps they could hear Rachel still in the living room. "Grandpa, grandpa." she kept saying with grave, wondering curiosity.

They hurried in. Old Paul must have fallen as he came out of his room, for he was sprawled out on hands and knees near the heater. His head hung almost to the linoleum. As they ran to him he flung it as far back as his straining neck that his distorted face was toward the ceiling.

They got him to the sofa. With vague, dilated eyes old Paul stared at a past them, Cy could not tell.

"Look my tongue. Gone dead." The words came in a bubbling gasp. He rocked forward and as he threw himself back, hard, like an animal fighting a trap he let it fall helplessly for them to see. Miriam began to sob. "What can we do?" Cy muttered helplessly.

Presently when the torture of his air hunger lessened Old Paul sat up straight working his big head like a man straining to listen. Oh!" he shouted so strongly that Cy was startled. "Grandfather?" Miriam reached up and clung to him.

But the old man seemed neither to feel nor hear her.

"Oh," he shouted, even more strongly this time.

Cy knew that to his prime Old Paul had been a famous hunter of the

Continued on page 40

"But how will that make my husband's shirts last longer?"



Brand new housewife discovers how engineers help protect clothes!

"YOU PEOPLE are so *fussy*! What earthly difference can four ounces of soap more or less make to my wash?"

"Just this. Tests by Inglis engineers prove beyond any doubt that it takes this kind of precision engineering to make washers that get clothes really clean without wearing them out.

"But—my goodness! I thought that all washers worked just about the same.

"Oh no! Some clean very fast but wear out your clothes. Others don't wash fast enough to get the dirt out. Our rigid standards are set to fit a washer that not only gets things clean, but is easy on clothes at the same time.

"That's all very well, but my mother told me that the wringer is the worst thing for wear and tear on clothes.

She was thinking of the old type wringer. Our wringer is amazingly gentle and still removes loads of water. And it is safe, too. A tap on the safety bar used *both rollers jump apart and stop!* No need to worry about zippers, buttons, or your fingers.—"

Mmm . . . I guess you *do* have to think of everything to make things like that . . . and he fussed about how you make them too!

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What this lonesome lass lacks is—

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More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Continued from page 38

mountain goat and now it seemed, by some dark magic, that the years had rolled back and he was lost in a mist among high crags and was straining all his remaining faculties to catch the reassuring echo of his own voice. His frowning concentration made it seem unusually real. Then in dazed perplexity he shook his head and fell back on the pillows.

For what seemed minutes he lay there staring upward with a numbed, disgruntled resignation. Slowly the wrinkles of his forehead furrowed and he stared into Miriam's face with belated recognition. "Where is it?" asked Old Paul.

"I—I didn't get it," she confessed tearfully.

"You see, there was not time." Cy found himself explaining. Somehow it seemed important that the old man believe that. Cy spoke loudly, as if the old man were deaf or at a distance.

"But I'll go now," Miriam hurried on. "I know right where some is growing."

She tried to withdraw her hands, but Old Paul's cold fingers clamped her wrist.

Sight and hearing were failing Old Paul now, but it was as if Cy could feel him trying to rally, to project his stubborn personality through the mists which were closing around him. For Old Paul, too, this last struggle was in the battle of their wills.

"He's dying—dying fast," was Cy's thought. "But he won't give in to me. He won't let me have my way—ever."

"You know what he wants," Miriam burst out. Then swiftly, with a protective urgency which was almost fierce: "There's a root of it just past the first salmon pool. Under those three big cedars. Run!"

Cy saw the agony of supplication in her eyes. "I'll call the neighbors."

"Get it! Cy, you hear me? Get it!" she cried in terror after him as he ran out.

MIRIAM'S old aunt was coming from the smokehouse in the house next door. He shouted the bad news to her. All right, he would get it. Either way it could make no difference now.

But couldn't it? As he raced along the woods path the broad leaves of the devil's-clubs rasped against his legs. Already there was dusk under the high arches of the cedars and the moist night breath of the forest felt chill on his face. No difference when she had been conquered by the ancient, shapeless fears? No difference to how Rachel see and in the days to come... to how the little fellow know? He who had outgrown all this.

But if he did not bring the root Miriam would think his unbelief had killed her grandfather. How could she think it! Wasn't it sheer coincidence that this should happen so soon after he had thrown out that other swamp root? Of course it was. And yet . . . and yet . . . Panting, swaying, he made himself keep on the path.

But of his own past the ghosts of memory came slinking back: the sinister implications of tribal myth and folklore which the old storytellers for centuries had impressed upon the young, the retribution, the dark revenge, the looming fears with which old customs had fastened its bonds on each succeeding generation. For years he had prided himself he had shaken free of these, yet now they were adding to the turmoil of his mind. Was Miriam right? Was it true you never could be sure?

From behind him, thin at first, came the ululating primitive distress of women's voices. Swiftly mounting, then dropping, swirling like a flock of frightened birds folded back on itself by stormy gusts, the dread dissonance sheared through the forest hush. A great fear clutched him. It was the age-long lament of the wailing women. Old Paul was dead.

Now he must go back and face them all. He started, but seeing the people black around the door and steps he dared not go in. At the edge of the woods he sank down on a stump, head in hands.

Dusk had seeped into the clearing when Miriam found him there. She did not run toward him. She came on slowly, as if uncertain of herself, of him.

"They want you," she said. "Come now. You must go in."

He looked up dully. "And listen to their lies? Hear them say I killed him?"

She touched his hair. "They won't say that."

"Won't they, though? I know them."

"They don't know what happened."

The night breeze was cold. She shivered and drew her sweater more snugly around her. "They never will."

"But you believe I killed him." There was nothing of accusation in his voice, only a great and tragic pity, for her, for him, for all of them. The keening voices soared, and once again the past was reaching out dead hands for both of them. Still so much to escape from, still so far to go . . .

Miriam knelt then and folded herself into the shelter of his arms. "You? You'd never do that. You couldn't. But other ways—sometimes I don't know what I really do believe. I try. I want to—oh, you'll help me. Hold me tighter—tighter—how I need you!"

With a new and tender understanding, humbled by the realization that even within himself the long fight was not yet won, he held her trembling body close to his. "I need you too." Her cheek was wet upon his lips. "For you are braver than you know—braver than I ever knew."

Passionately, not speaking, they clung to each other. Then protectively he led her toward the old ones waiting in the house. ★

Know Your Way Around Maclean's?

Try to find the shortest possible word that can be formed by adding letters on both sides of the letter groups listed below. No plural endings or verb forms are permitted. (For example: The best solution for No. 2 would be BANK or BAND, etc.)

Score one point for each word that is not longer than the one given in the answer list on page 52. A score of 14-16 is excellent, 11-13 good.

1. —ME—
2. —AN—
3. —CI—
4. —IZ—
5. —FA—
6. —AC—
7. —NA—
8. —SM—
9. —MS—
10. —AN—
11. —IA—
12. —AI—
13. —ZL—
14. —IC—
15. —NA—
16. —LM—

Canada's Finest IN THE SERVICE OF THE PUBLIC



The Telephone Operator

Her nimble fingers and agile mind serve to help span the great miles to link continents, to allow the friendly voice of a neighbour to enter our homes. Cheerful, calm, patient, her most distinguishing asset is her amazing efficiency—efficiency so smoothly able that although we call upon it many times each day, we are seldom aware of it.

People like this, some of Canada's finest, are in the public's service—at your service.

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

One of a series of advertisements in tribute to those Canadians in the service of the public



It Takes Two

Continued from page 10

present for Mary. Ran drew this and that, gathered here and there. But someday I'll have a couple of accounts to handle and vice-president'ing my stationery.

Mary was looking at him with wide eyes and Ran stopped. "Pretty loud horn, hey?

"No." Her hair hung about her shoulders now and it was nice hair. Thick and curling. "You know what you want. That's good."

Sure. Ran crushed his cigarette in the saucer. "I had two years in the Army. When the odd moments of fighting and being too dead scared to think about anything weren't happening that was all I did. Dream about what I was going to do when, as and if I got back. It's proceeding according to plan. Johnny Stramen there's been very generous with reminder. Johnny got me my job. I like it. Like the people I meet and work with."

"That's a lot."

"Most." Ran drained his coffee. Particularly in what I'm after. Contact man. I expect I'll have my two big accounts before I'm thirty. Then I'll be making enough to live the way I want. To have a swell apartment, get to all the openings and all the bright spots with the most beautiful girl in New York beside me. Are my Muses."

Mary smiled. "Have you got her picked out?

"You bet. Not quite ready and willing, but she will be when the time comes."

Mary's eyes were warm and friendly. "I'm sure she will. Your family likes her, of course."

"Haven't any." Ran said leaning back. "My parents died when I was a kid. My Aunt Clare brought me up with the rest of her brood on West 104th Street. They moved out to the coast during the war so I'm on my own, which I prefer."

He dropped the match into the saucer. "So much for Stevens, R. How about Miss M? You're not New York?"

Ohio. A little town you never heard of. Near Massillon. We've a farm."

"Nice, I bet."

"Are dreaming." A dimple showed in her smooth cheek but her smile was shadowy. "I'm the youngest and I was always a dreamer. When I got to High I took dramatics so you can tell which way my dreams went."

East. Why not West?"

Mary gestured with small, well shaped hands. "I'm not the type that wins beauty contests and goes to Hollywood. But Helen Hayes isn't any bigger than I am, nor Ruth Gordon."

And Katharine Cornell is just a trace and wraps got a swell one. So you came. You had it all dreamed out. Like me." Ran grinned at her. "We'll make it perfect. Some day Fleur and I will come around all decked out for your opening night. It'll be a remark but we'll throw a party for you later in the Penguin with everyone of importance there. Shirks." He thrust his hand out across the table. Mary put her little one into his. She had a nice, firm grip.

THEY walked back to Mrs. De Ruyter's in the snow. They looked into shop windows and snickered at prices. It wasn't the same as when Ran walked with Fleur. Mary didn't look with hugged eyes at Mary and women didn't pause to inspect what she was wearing.

They were still jogging over the way the elevator rattled when they stopped at Mary's door. Ran said, "Pleasant dreams, fellow dreamer."

Mary opened her bag and took out a crumpled ball. "My sheet."

Ran took it. "Honest, too. I think I'll adopt you for a sister. Keep a brotherly eye on you. Okay?"

"Okay." Her nose wrinkled at him. Ran said, "Two knocks on the wall. Means 'okay.' One knock. Means 'help, help.'"

Mary said, "Good night, Ran. And thanks."

"We'll do it again soon." Ran heard her door close or he opened his. There was a bit of paper on the carpet. He picked it up. One of the other call mates had taken a call for him. The penciled scrawl said: "Call Elroy."

Ran went out into the corridor again. He could feel his heart beating. Even when he wasn't with Fleur he felt the excitement she created in him. He went to the phone, dropped in the nickel and dialed. He asked for Fleur and a moment later her silky voice was saying, "Hello. Where've you been?"

"Dining a gal. What did you expect?"

"Pretty?" There was a quick jealousy in her voice that made Ran smile inside a reassuring blanket over the hot coals of uncertainty he often felt.

He said, "Look at your mirror and see if you have to care. How was your dinner date?"

The drawl was back now, smooth and lazy. "The food was good. I thought about you all the time, Ranny."

Right and proper. What about tomorrow?

"All right. I'll be here around five. You come up when you can."

"Fine." Ran said, "I'll let you get some sleep. Night, Fleur."

He felt fine when he finally got into bed. He swatched off the light and on an impulse he turned to the wall and rapped twice. Immediately the two raps came from the other side. Ran smiled and drew the covers over him. Everything was going swell. His dreams were going to come true. He hoped Mary would too.

He lay in the dark, thinking of Fleur. The sound of her voice was in his ears, the sight of her so exquisitely lovely before his eyes, just as it had been ever since he had met her.

IT WAS in the ornate offices of World Metals Stamen. Stamen's biggest account handled by Johnny Stramen himself. Johnny had gone over to have a conference with Arthur Anderson, who was not only World Metals' vice-president in charge of advertising, but also the son-in-law of Japhet Astwood, millionaire chairman of the board. He had said, "Come along to Metals with me, Ran. It won't do you any harm to meet Anderson and listen in."

Arthur Anderson was a smooth-looking man in his forties with greyed temples and clothes that really fitted. Looking at him Ran was sure that was how he wanted to be. Successful, contented, known.

The office had pretty pine walls and hickory furniture. Johnny and Anderson had gone into the portfolios Ran had carried over. They'd discussed the new campaign and Ran had spoken only twice. To make a suggestion that Johnny received with a nod, that Anderson considered, his dark eyes on Ran for a long moment, and then had said definitely, "Good. I'm sure the old man will like that."

Johnny and Anderson had gone off a little later to see Japhet Astwood. Ran had bundled papers back into the portfolios and left Anderson's private office to return to Stamen-Stone.

It was when he came into the outer office where Anderson's two secretaries sat that he saw Fleur. It was late September and very warm. Her blue dress set off her eyes, her bright Titian hair. Ran had never seen anyone so lovely.

She was asking for Anderson and the secretary said, "He went out. I'm not sure if he'll be back immediately or not, Miss Fleming."

The secretary had looked at Ran and so had Fleur. He'd recognized her because she was the eye-appeal of World Metals ads.

He'd said, "They've gone up to jabber with the Big Boss."

Fleur had said, "I won't wait then."

Ran had held the door for her. In the corridor he'd said, his heart pounding, "I'm with Stamen-Stone. I'm Ran Stevens."

They'd had coffee in the shop downstairs. They'd made a date. Ran could hardly believe his luck. He was crazy about Fleur. He had been from the moment he saw her—but that she should feel the same about him.

"My girl," he murmured into the dark. He shook his head rabelowingly and fell asleep.

He was pretty busy the next day but he found time to drop into the casting office and tell Bob Hroker about Mary. Bob, short and bespectacled, nodded. "I remember her. Little girl with a grey sander good voice. Special."

"Just like a sister." Ran said blithely.

Bob grinned. "Didn't think she was your type. Casanova."

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"One in the orchestra, please."

It's *Smart* to own an Olds



Look at that car! Low, graceful lines. Oldsmobile's distinctive smartness... made to order right at home in the Yacht Club atmosphere. And once you take the "helm" of an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive* you'll feel more than ever like the skipper of a luxury cruiser. For steering is just about all you do. There's no gear shifting. That's done automatically through all four forward speeds. There's no clutch pushing—not even a clutch pedal in the car! And Hydra-Matic Drive gives this new Oldsmobile all the smoothness of a skimming sailboat—all the flashing action of a speedboat at full throttle. Keep in touch with your Oldsmobile dealer and some day you'll take command of a smart new Oldsmobile of your own!

Oldsmobile

WITH GM HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

*Optional at extra cost



KNITWEAR for busy bobies



BUNDLE BABY into CORTICELLI knitwear for warmth and bodily comfort. Let him tumble about—the garments hold their shape and appearance and they're easily tubbed. Made of finest quality Botany wool, in a delightful variety of youthful styles, patterns and colours



Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
KNITWEAR
FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN
6 MONTHS TO 6 YEARS

Manufacturers of the famous CORTICELLI Spool Cotton

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You'll keep her in mind, Hauge, [illegible]. Sure thing. We've always new [illegible] coming into our soaps. I'll get her."

"Thanks, mum." Ran swung out of his glass-fronted cubicle. He smiled at the stenos in the banks of desks down two thirds of the big room. They smiled back at him. He was at peace with the world. He had given a pal a lift and he was going to see Fleur.

Build-himself-a-fire-Sammy-Lee-Jim-Bob-an-hour-after-five. Ran fidgeted nervously in his cuff but he was grateful to his boss just the same. "There were three other executives in Johnny's cypress-panelled office, and Johnny brought Ran into the discussion. The older men listened when he talked. They were friendly, interested in what he had to say.

He told Fleur about it when he got to her apartment in the quiet and fire from an expensive hotel. It had turned bitter cold after the snow and Ran took off his coat and went over to the fire that burned under the low white mantel in the Adam living room. Fleur came from inside, fastening a gold plaqued bracelet about her wrist.

Ran turned from the fire, his throat tightening as it always did when he looked at her. She was tall and long-limbed. Her flaming hair was swirled upon her lovely head, caught in an impeccably smooth knot behind her right ear, sliding every strand in place. Her eyes were as blue as the Mediterranean seen from the Riviera. She wore a black suit with jet buttons.

As she came to him, her red mouth smiling, Ran could hardly breathe. He held her close. Fleur moved her head. "Not now, darling. You'll spoil my job."

Her kiss was light. "You relate."

Ran told her. It was a descent of the skipper. Fleur letting me meet everyone. I'm learning what makes every department tick. Stepping it up against the day I'll need the experience. It's a great day and it's coming."

"Sure it is," Fleur said. She rubbed her cheek against Ran's. "You're going to be a big number in advertising, Sam."

"Sure." Ran agreed more lightly than he felt. "But I wish I were a little bigger now. Making a lot more than I am. Even half what you must make. I'd drag you to the altar, woman."

Her long fingers with the immaculate nails curled about his. "There's time, darling." And meantime, there's us. She smiled up at him, her lashes half-masked. "Let's eat dinner-at-seven, then we can come back and be alone."

"Swell." Ran said huskily. It was one of the things he was eternally grateful to Fleur for. She didn't ask him to take her out in the glittering spots where it was good for a girl like Fleur to be seen. But he wished he could afford to believe it with her.

THEY had their dinner in the small dining room and went up again. He sat before the fire. Fleur nestled against him and Ran told her all the things he'd dreamed of—that he would like them.

It was late when he got back to Mrs. Hayden's. He washed up and got into bed, clicked off the light. He looked at the dark of the wall near his head, thinking suddenly of Mary next door. He smiled and lay back and then he heard the soft double rap. Almost like a question. Okay? He lifted on his elbow and rapped back, solidly, exuberantly. O-kay.

He didn't see Mary in the next few days. Not even in the mornings because she had had her bath and vacated the bathroom before Ran got up. He knew she had been to Stanes Stene because Bob told him and because of the "thank you" note he found under his door. Bob had given her a spot—a very small one on an afternoon show. But at night, no matter when Ran came in, there'd always be Mary's knock.

He was busy with his job all day and sometimes pretty far into the evening and there were the classes he took at Columbia, two nights a week. And Fleur. He saw quite a lot of Fleur those next couple of weeks and his dreams were nearer than ever and there was no room for anyone else.

It was as March blew in on a whirlwind of snow and sleet that Fleur had to go out of town. Ran was disappointed and disturbed when she told him. They were just winding up the batch of trouble that was World Metals' new campaign and he had looked for a quieter time with evenings free to be with Fleur.

She smiled up at him, cupping his cheeks with cool hands. "I'm glad you're not happy, Ranny. Miss me, huh?"

"You know I will." Ran grumbled. "Do you have to go?"

Fleur laughed and crossed the pale green broadloom to get a cigarette. "It's my living, darling. When it calls I go. And Atlantic City's not hard to take in March."

"How long?" Ran asked dismally. Fleur lifted her wide shoulders. "Who knows? Work a week."

Ran was disconsolate when Fleur had gone. She wouldn't write. She'd told him so. "I'll be back. Don't you worry."

But he did. Fleur was so lovely, so desirable and somehow he couldn't believe he was sure she loved him. He couldn't help worrying.

Mary was a great help though. She kept Ran from feeling too low. She had dinner with him the day Fleur left. It was a frisky and they took a walk in the chill, fitful wind of the clear night. Ran told Mary about Fleur and his fears.

Mary scoffed. She said loyally, "Of course she loves you. Why shouldn't she? You're never so good looking [illegible]." When Ran hooted Mary said stoutly, "You are. And you're kind and decent and—and swell. She'd be crazy not to."

It gave Ran a warm comforting feeling. He didn't say anything, just pressed her mittened hand more closely to him. He'd never had a sister, but he thought if he could have one he'd choose Mary.

She helped the weeks spin away. It was Mary who proposed that they go and see the two museums on either side of Central Park. When Ran stared—they were having breakfast in the cafeteria on Saturday—Mary said, "Have you ever been?"

Ran grinned. "Nope. I'm a native son. We never see the sights."

"They're worth seeing," Mary said. "Common."

They were worth seeing, all those places people come thousands of miles to see and New Yorkers never think about. The time passed so quickly that Ran had no chance to brood jealously about Fleur.

He saw Mary almost every night, rapped a double-knock 'good night' to her when he went to bed. They sat in the topmost balconies to see all the good shows, scrounged tickets to big broadcasts. Mary was a grand companion. She was. Ran told himself just the medicine he needed to keep him on the beam until Fleur came back.

THERE were jonquils and pussy willows in the florists' shops when Fleur called him at the office one sunny windswept afternoon. Her voice was

Continued on page 48

FIGHTS 5-FOOT DRIFTS IN EMERGENCY CALL

Patient rushed to hospital despite year's worst blizzard

When safety's a must ...it's "Prestone"! ANTI-FREEZE



[illegible]

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

1927 - ~~$7.75~~	1935 - ~~$3.95~~
1931 - ~~$6.50~~	1938 - ~~$3.75~~
1932 - ~~$5.75~~	1941 - $3.75

1947 - $3.75 PER GALLON

PA347

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY LIMITED
155 SHERBROOKE STREET EAST, MONTREAL 4, CANADA



PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
TRADE-MARK

Kodak

Outside...inside...any time it's snapshot time—with a Kodak Film in your camera



PICTURE TAKING FOR EVERYONE—with all it adds to life—has now advanced through another revolution... the greatest "popular" step forward since George Eastman produced roll film and the simple hand-held camera almost sixty years ago

The new revolution, like the first, is basically an advance in film. Kodak Research, which through the years progressively built new abilities into films, has now produced superb *full-color* films—Kodacolor for most roll-film cameras, Kodachrome for most miniatures. In addition, it is providing synchronized "flash" in new Kodak cameras.

Snapshots outdoors or indoors, day or night, in any season *full-color* as well as black-and-white ... it all sounds so wonderful you might think it hard. It isn't. It's picture taking as usual, nothing really new to learn. Consult your dealer.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO 9, ONTARIO



Kodak



Had your health checked lately?

Q. Why see a doctor when you're well?



A. Health is more than an absence of disease. A medical examination permits your physician to determine whether you are as healthy as you can be... *and should be*... to live and work at your best. Or if you are below par, the doctor can often catch and correct trouble *before* a breakdown occurs. Most people should have such examinations once a year. In certain cases, and for people over 65, more frequent checkups may be desirable.

Q. Are "Fifth Column" diseases threatening you?

A. Diseases such as high blood pressure, cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments and diabetes may develop to a dangerous state without any warning symptoms. But they can be detected by your physician, helped when necessary, by blood tests, urinalysis, X-ray, fluoroscope, electrocardiograph or other diagnostic aids. Annual examinations will usually lead to the discovery of "fifth column" diseases *in their early stages*, when modern medical science can do most to control or cure them.



Q. What about your daily living habits?



A. As part of your physical examination, the physician will probably check your daily living habits. He may ask about the amount and kinds of food you eat, whether you are getting sufficient rest and exercise, or how you use your leisure time. Knowing your daily habits and your attitude toward life may enable him to devise and guide you to better mental and physical health. By faithfully following his instructions you can do a lot to help assure yourself a longer, happier life.

To help you protect your health by observing sensible habits and simple precautions, Metropolitan has prepared a leaflet on selecting foods and one on general health habits as related to age. Write for your free copies of leaflets. Address your request to: Booklet Dept. 107-M, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
New York

Frederick H. Ecker, Leroy A. Lincoln
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — PRESIDENT

Canadian Head Office, Ottawa

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sultry and lazy as ever. "Hi, darling. I'm back."

Ran's mouth was dry. "I thought you'd never come. I'll see you tonight, Mary."

"But tonight I'm dead tired and I've still my things to get ready for the dances."

"Tomorrow then!"

"I'll call your guest as soon as I get settled." When Ran was silent Fleur breathed, "Love me?"

"What do you think?" Ran asked roughly and Fleur breathed, "That's all that matters, isn't it?" By

Ran told Mary at dinner that night that Fleur was back. Mary looked up, her vivid eyes dark. "I'm glad. Ran. There's nothing wrong is there?"

"No. It's just

He slid a finish. Mary's silky lashes flicked red. "Why don't you marry her? Quick, Ran."

Ran grimaced. It startled him somehow. "I don't. And I make so damned little in comparison."

"What does that matter? Don't ask her. Tell her."

"Maybe... you've got something there." He smiled at her. "You're pretty swell to me, Mary."

"Why shouldn't I be?" Mary asked. "You're a swell guy."

Ran thought of what Mary had said while he waited feverishly for Fleur in mail. He couldn't take this waiting and indecision much longer.

When Fleur did call her mind was made up. He phoned Mary and broke the dinner date they had. Mary said briefly, "Of course, Ran. It's all right. I'm not brute."

Ran dressed carefully that evening. He put on his new pin-striped flannel suit, donned his grey tweed topcoat and set the snap brim cockily on his shining dark head. He went out into the corridor looking much more assured than he felt. He paused in her passed Mary's door, but there was no sound from within and Ran went on, wishing she had been there to give him assurance.

Fleur was as lovely, as immaculate as ever in a navel blue frock with wide sleeves and tight glittering wristbands. She came to Ran swiftly, her face lifted in his. She let Ran find himself thinking as he kissed her, different somehow. A little older than he remembered. Tired maybe. He knew her work was tough.

He said masterfully, "You and I are going out tonight. I've things to tell you and we're stepping beforehand. That an order."

Fleur smiled her wide, red-lipped smile. "Where?"

"Somewhere danceable. Your choice."

"The Penguin," Fleur said. "Wait until I change into something that will slay them. I've got to look as smooth as you. You're a good looking guy, did you know?"

She disappeared. Ran looked after her remembering that Mary had said that. "Must be," he said aloud and took one of Fleur's cigarettes.

When she came back she had on a white sequined dinner dress and her mink coat over her shoulders. She took Ran's breath away.

Ran had never been to the Penguin's place comparable to it. The foyer was jammed with people waiting to get past the velvet rope. Ran checked his hat and coat and swallowed as he moved with Fleur to where the head waiter stood aloof chart in hand.

Fleur merely lifted her white gloved hand and the head waiter's supercilious face broke into a gracious smile. He said, "Good evening, Miss Fenning." The velvet rope came off its brass hook. Ran found himself following Fleur's swaying body. Past jammed tables. Women in evening dress and glittering jewels. Men in black and white and rust in the colorful groomed perfection of London made for age suits.

When they had settled behind the small wall table the gold printed menu wasn't any more reassuring. Ran felt far from comfortable. But Fleur stood up, her smile inviting. "Let's dance, Ranny."

It was nice. It was crowded, but Ran thought, It's part of it. Part of being successful. I'll get used to it when I can have it. And I'm going to."

He had meant to tell Fleur while they were eating. He had been certain she knew what was in his mind. But the opportunity didn't seem to present itself and Fleur didn't help him. She pointed out all the notable people. She smiled at him, perfectly assured while Ran fidgeted, knowing people were looking at them. People who were utter strangers to him. And he couldn't help thinking that the bill was going to be whopping. As much as he made in a week.

He frowned. He stubbed his cigarette in the ornate tray and lifted his dark head. He said, "Fleur..."

She didn't answer. She was looking past him and her blue eyes were wide and—yes—frightened. Ran turned his head. A man was coming toward them. A big man wearing a carelessly expansive shepherd's plaid. The only person in the place whose face was familiar to Ran. Arthur Anderson of World Metals.

RAN got to his feet as Anderson stopped before them. Anderson didn't look at Ran. He looked at Fleur and there was no smile on his face. Fleur said, in a voice Ran hardly recognized, "Hello, Arthur. I thought you were in Montreal."

Obviously." Anderson said. "I came up to town. I called you but you weren't in and I came here. I'm sorry I did."

Ran stared from Anderson to Fleur. He felt a sickening stir at his stomach. Fleur said quickly, "Sit down, Arthur. Please. Don't make a scene."

Anderson said quietly. "I have no intention of making a scene. I can't afford to." He took a chair from the next table and slid it under him. Ran sat down too, his lips tight. He said, trying to keep his voice steady, "Suppose someone tells me what this is all about."

Anderson looked at Ran then. His eyes were dark, filled with anger and a weary distaste. "I believe it was understood between Fleur and myself that she wasn't to do this—sort of thing."

Fleur said, "Arthur, I—"

Ran drew his breath sharply. "I didn't get it. Are you—are you saying Fleur's your girl?"

Anderson looked at Fleur but she was sitting with a bright hard smile on her face. Her eyes did not meet Anderson's or Ran's either. Anderson turned to Ran. There was no anger in his eyes now—only pity. "I'm sorry, kid."

Fleur said, "Oh Arthur, please go away now. I—I'll see you later."

Before Anderson could answer Ran said, "No." He looked at the older man, swallowing. "I didn't know Fleur was your girl. I thought—"

"I know." Anderson said gently. "It is any solace, son, I'm a bigger fool than you can possibly imagine. I've been and I'm not young enough to be excused."

Ran got up, beckoning to the waiter. Anderson said, "I'll take care of the check."

Ran shook his head, his lips trembling. "You can't."

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The Browns stopped trying to beat their budget...

The Browns—like everyone else—have problems of family financing. If they are young and newly married the immediate needs seem most important. As they grow older the future looms ahead of them, and many wish they had made greater provision for protection and independence.

This question of a reasonable balance between spending and saving has been the constant study of Life Insurance men for many years, and this has led to the formation of Life Insurance plans and policies to suit every conceivable need.

In *your* budget, be sure to provide *first* for savings through Life Insurance. This can be your best guarantee of future security.

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents

It is good citizenship to own LIFE INSURANCE



Beauty from the Floor up!

Marbleum's glowing beauty gives colour and charm to the whole interior, accents its good taste and reflects the owner's appreciation of lively, gracious things. Marbleum's beauty is so very long lasting. It keeps its newness and its colour with such little care. And it's such a comfortable floor besides. Marbleum is always resilient, always comfortable under foot.

Supplies are still scarce but it would be well to plan your Marbleum floor now. Ask your linoleum dealer for ideas and colour suggestions.



Marbleum
FOR
BEAUTIFUL, RESILIENT FLOORS

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM
Company, Limited MONTREAL

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It took almost all the muscles he had in his welled. He added the tip gave the sheaf of bills to the waiter. Then he left without a look at Fleur. Without seeing any of the people at the noisy colorful tables he passed.

The air outside was chill and damp. It felt good as Ran walked up the street toward Fifth Avenue. He felt sore, and angry—angry with himself. It was so clear now. He'd always felt deep down, that something wasn't right. That being in love—being loved—couldn't be the way Fleur had made him feel. So disturbed and uncertain.

He thought of Anderson and shook his head. He'd admired him so—even envied him. But what was there to envy? Was that all success brought you? He was an unhappy man involved with someone he was crazy about but couldn't trust. He'd seen it in Anderson's eyes; heard it in his voice. It made Ran shiver and draw a deep breath of cold air.

IT WAS late when he got back to Mrs. De Ruyter's, but he'd thought it all out. As he went down the hall he saw the crack of bright light under Mary's door, and he felt an odd, deep thankfulness. You'd always know where you were with Mary.

He closed his door behind him. He heaped up his hat and coat, lighted a cigarette and sat down in the rocker.

After a time he looked at the wall. Mary had certainly heard him come in. She knew he was seeing Fleur. If he didn't give their knock she'd think something was wrong.

He got up and went to the wall. He raised his hand and then paused. Two knocks. But it wasn't likely. Or wasn't it? He stood there a moment and then he rapped firmly on the wall twice.

He crossed to the chair again, taking a fresh cigarette from the pack in his pocket. He had the lighter to his hand when he looked at the wall. There had been no answering knock.

Ran put down the cigarette. He went to the wall and knocked the double knock signal but there was no reply. It bothered him. He hadn't been mistaken about the light under the door. It was something he always looked for when he came in.

He went out into the hall. The crack of light was there. Ran knocked. After a long moment he heard a sound. Then the door opened.

Mary stood framed in the soft light, small and still, her violet eyes looking up at him. There wasn't any doubt. She had been crying. Ran said against the unease that filled him: "Hey, you've been having one of those no-reason-at-all cries again?"

She didn't answer. Ran looked past her. He saw the opened bags. He said: "What gives?"

"I'm going home," Mary said.

"Visit?"

"For good."

Ran cried: "But you can't!" He had a sudden feeling of desolation like a child at the prospect of being abandoned. He'd never minded being alone before. But he couldn't imagine not having Mary around. "You can't," he said strongly. "What would I do without you?"

"You've got Fleur," Mary said.

Ran gestured. "I haven't. I wouldn't want her if I could have her." He answered the question in her wide, shocked eyes. "It seems there already is another man."

"Oh, I am sorry." Her voice was filled with regret. He said: "Don't be. I'd rather I found it out now than later. I'm well out of it."

He looked down at her. "Now what's this going away stuff? Why?"

Mary's slim hands lifted, dropped. "It's no use, Ran. I won't get any where in the theatre. I haven't got it. I knew it long ago, but now I've found out it isn't what I want anyway."

She turned away into the room and Ran followed, strangely disturbed and unhappy. "Do you *want* to go home?"

Mary shook her head, lifting a dress to fold and lay away into a bag. Ran said: "Then what are you going for? I know it's a swell place to dream but it isn't the place where your dreams will come true, is it?"

"No," Mary said softly.

"Then why go?" Ran demanded. "If you know what you want why not go after it? I'll help you, Mary. You know that. What is it you want?"

Her eyes brimmed. "I want a house in the suburbs and three children. A kitchen to potter in and—and you——" She put her hands to her face. "Go away, Ran. Please go away."

But he didn't go. He put his hands on her arms and shook her until she looked up at him, wet cheeked, miserable. She said: "Let me be, Ran. I want everything you don't want."

Ran swallowed. "Maybe you're wrong about what I want," he said slowly. "I thought I wanted excitement so that I could have the bright lights and everyone knowing me and a woman like Fleur. I know now it's not good. But what you want that seems good—that—that's really living, isn't it?"

He looked down into her face. Mary said: "No, Ran. You——"

"No," Ran said. "I thought I knew all the answers, but I'm only learning. You can dream all by yourself, but it takes two to make my dream come true. And they've both got to be right and decent."

He saw the way her eyes widened. He thought startled, Gosh, she's lovely. Mary is. She's lovelier than Fleur could ever hope to be, all the way through. Against the brightness in her face the unbelieving hope he said: "I picked you for a sister, but we could always change the relationship. Mary, don't go."

He felt her arms tight about his ribs, her face warm against his chest. He heard her say: "I don't want to go. I want to stay and help your dreams come true. That's all I'd ever want, Ran."

He lifted her face. He bent and kissed her. Her lips were warm and loving, holding all the world and its gifts in their promise. He said shakily, "They'll come true. Nothing can stop that. I've got you—I'll get everything else I want." ★





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Women Without Men

Continued from page 21

come. Some may have emerged unscathed and still retained their natural balance. Most of them, however, were tainted with false ideals and perverted emotions. Now they find it difficult today to extricate themselves from the net of the Hitler doctrines and to find satisfaction in their future.

"I have liberated myself and my people from the fantastic myth . . . called a conscience," boasted Hitler. One can see the fruits of this most convenient dogma wherever one goes in Germany today. People without a conscience!

Potential Irma Grieses

In the streets they all look alike and ordinary — the docile flaxen-haired *hausfraus* and the truculent, inexorable SS girls of yesterday. There are still many potential Irma Grieses among the hard-faced, strong-willed, passionate young women who merely missed the "opportunities" of Belsen, Dachau and Ravensbruck. The backgrounds of the wardresses of the concentration camps, who tortured and mutilated the inmates and made lampshades of human skins, and the odd *fraulein* one meets on the Berlin streetcar today, may have been the same.

Listening to German ex-soldiers, one hears that the majority of the "Madchen in Uniform," the German CWACS and WRENS, were ruthless, selfish go-getters, willing game to all officers, spurning the rank and file, living recklessly, their moral standard comparable to that of the camp followers in the pre-Napoleonic wars.

If you talk to them, you will always hear that there were many who degraded the dignity of the uniform and behaved badly. But always it is the "others" who are being blamed.

"Women without men! What shall we do?" This is the theme of hundreds of letters to the editor in German newspapers. It is the subject of thousands of advertisements in the "agony columns" on the back pages. It is the lament of millions who are dreading their manless future and trying to snatch some sort of happiness in the present. It is the main feature of discussions and debates in youth clubs, of Sunday walk conversations, of committee meetings of well-meaning social welfare workers who are trying to help and advise. It is the war cry of the decent girls and the Nazi-minded ones, of the war widows and the young mothers who have been left equally penniless and struggling to keep themselves and their fatherless offspring.

I have talked with hundreds of women of all ages and social strata in all parts of Germany. Some talked about the man problem in a matter-of-fact way, as if they were discussing the pros and cons of a meatless diet. Others pretended that they did not care. Their reactions ran the gamut from hopeless despair through complete indifference to ruthless selfishness. Only a few have constructive ideas, are willing to mold their lives according to conditions and are prepared to take an active part in rebuilding their country.

"To have a man at any price" is the grim determination of most. Among the keenest man hunters are many daughters of respectable families, preferring a state of semiprostitution to "living in unrelieved drabness and squalor, in an emotional and spiritual desert," as one tried to explain. Many hark back in long misty reveries to the sharp, stiff elegance of the Wehrmacht and the jackbooted SS. They compare a glamorous yesterday with a drab today.

"I take what I can get out of life," Ingeborg, 25-year-old ex-officer in the German Women's Auxiliary Air Force, confessed defiantly. She related the details of how she was raped on her flight from East Prussia as if she were telling some family gossip.

Her husband, a young Luftwaffe captain, is somewhere in Russia, she thinks. Someday he may return. Ingeborg, daughter of a notable Prussian family, is tall, fair, strikingly good-looking. She works as a waitress in an American doughnut canteen on the Autobahn, near Kassel. Her two children are looked after by the Salvation Army. She is neat and well dressed, works hard and is quite happy. She had several American lovers, but cared for none of them in particular.

"No, it's not the cigarettes," she smiled, "though the candy for the children is rather welcome." Occasionally, she relates, she gives herself to some returned prisoner of war who passes through. "Then I close my eyes and think of Hans," she said dreamily. "I wonder if he will ever come back—before I get old and ugly."

There are thousands of Ingeborgs in Germany today. Not all are as handsome or quite as much aware of their actions, but most are equally matter-of-fact, equally promiscuous. Some are genuinely attracted to their mate of the day, or week or month. Many are merely out for the smokes and food they can get from the GI's, Tommy or poilu. Until quite recently there were thousands of girls who had Russian boy friends. That is over now. A recent Soviet decree discouraged social "frat" between the Red Army and the German civilians.

They are intelligent, well-educated, cultured girls, war widows, divorced or bachelor girls, all thinking along the same lines: "I must get some fun out of life while I'm so young and pretty. I've no use for old fashioned morals and silly humbug about 'decency.' I want to live, not to vegetate, not merely exist . . ."

Amazons?

"Spend your surplus love and affection on the lone, aged and sick," urged a letter to the editor of one of the Berlin newspapers. Ingeborg laughed when I showed her the page. "You ought to read the letters they never dare to publish," she jeered. "This is all hypocritical, false, sentimental nonsense. A hollow façade behind which the writer nurses the same passionate desire and craving that drives me into the arms of a man. Mere balderdash . . ."

I looked through the masses of letters that never got beyond the desk of the editor. Letters that are often heart-rending confessions of utter despair and helplessness, most of them are in defense of free love and Ingeborg's personal philosophy. Undaunted by the shortage of potential husbands and the prospects of their own family and home, they advocate surrender.

Listen to a 24-year-old shop assistant of Hanover: "No woman need be ashamed of loving freely and at least enjoy springtime of love and passion, however desolate and lonesome her later life will be."

Many men chorus approval. Hans Englhardt, 41, ex-Luftwaffe pilot, now a lorry driver in the Ruhr, argued on the moral issues "of that false bourgeois conception of the fallen woman and her child." His letter was published: "We owe it to the millions of women who desire children but have no hope of marriage," he pleaded, "to ease their path to the fulfillment of their dreams and their natural mission in life."

Julia Bothe, representing the relatively small group of active educators, posed the problem of "Amazons or Women?" in relation to the reckless man hunt of her more passionate sisters. In a letter to a German paper she decided that there could be neither fun nor hope in imitating the legendary women warriors and deplored "the extremes of emancipation that should allow a woman to act as irresponsibly as men."

Still more letters. Hertha Fritsche, who describes herself as "35 but still good-looking," proposes that the state should introduce a marriage agency exclusively for disabled soldiers. "They may be cripples," she reasons, "but they are men after all."

There are many who suggest "conscription" of husbands. "Bachelors should be forced to start a home and take a wife," writes a young woman from Hamburg. "Tax them until they will find it cheaper to marry and keep a family. As it is now, they merely have all the fun and leave us to the lurch."

Others suggest "passive resistance" to force the occupation powers to speed up the release of prisoners of war.

When I read a passionate assault on "the easy-timers and lustful wantons" by a girl named Erika Bauer I was reminded of the many conversations I had with Germans throughout the Reich who had condemned the selfish and immoral attitude of the "Ingeborgs." "German women seem to have lost the last shreds of decency and honor," pertinently remarked Fraulein Bauer, one of the few women who admit women's guilt in the progressive demoralization.

Woman Surplus Wife Shortage

Add to these manifold "types" the multitude of girls who just drift along without any purpose or meaning to their lives, who have no determined reaction either way to the problems facing them, and the empty spaces in this gigantic jigsaw puzzle of the German woman will be filled. The aimless, undecided, regular type far outnumbers the others. At one time or another they inadvertently become involved and submit to the demand of the moment along the path of least resistance.

"We are doing our utmost to help to stabilize their mentality," the head of a girls' training school told me, "but we are fighting windmills. Even the best girls eventually drift with the rest. It is so much easier to follow in the footsteps of a loose woman than to emulate a Joan of Arc."

It may be the "following-the-bad-example" that explains the paradox established by hundreds of letters from disappointed suitors who, amid this gigantic surplus of would-be brides, cannot find a wife.

"Girls evidently prefer the tittle-tattle of cheap adventures to serious domestic chores," complains Fritz Miethag, ex-soldier, now a locksmith in Hamburg.

Gerhard Arnold, 42, a builder's mate at work again after four years at Dachau, reports: "I was turned down by several women who did not want to marry a seasonal worker who might be out of a job in winter. Perhaps they are not as keen on home and family as they make out to be."

Yet the "ad" pages in the papers are swamped with marriage offers. Some two million marriage ads have been published in the German press since the war. A baker's daughter offers visions of crisp loaves for her prospective mate. A "most attractive schoolmaster's widow" promises a well furnished, neatly kept house. "A handsome lady of 40, able *hausfrau*, business woman, frank, sociable, with own furnished home, moderate fortune, offers her love to the man who would be prepared to make her happy." This advertisement appeared several weeks running and turned-down suitors reported that the good lady was rather finicky and insisted on a future husband of not more than 45, six feet tall and with a film star's profile.

Many women who approach the marriage market through newspapers or agencies qualify their unconditional surrender. One insists that her future partner in life "must never have been a member of the Nazi party." Another stipulates that he must be German-born, which is probably the nearest attempt to signifying what was previously known as "pure Aryan descent." Others, however, advertise their Jewish grandmother as an added qualification to make some man happy. Divorced men with children or widowers are generally preferred, I was told by many agencies who receive four out of every five inquiries from women.

The men are particularly choosy, they declare. "Most insist on women with their own homes and money. Young men prefer wives of old-fashioned reliable character, untainted by Nazi ideologies."

Few clients are permanently suited. Many contract a kind of trial marriage and part after a short honeymoon. Women blame the men for being "selfish, boorish, fussy and domineering." The men in turn describe the girls as "utterly materialistic, petty, unreliable and too easily seduced by the glamour of uniforms and—cigarettes."

Many charge the affluent Allied troops with buying their girls and wives. "With these huge supplies of all the luxuries on earth," one German complains, "the troops turn the best potential *hausfraus* into candy girls."

But judging from a careful Allied report summarizing thousands of measurement pictures, there are at least as many men and women who see the demoralization of German girls "as a direct consequence of the Nazi cult of the physical and the nervous tension of the recent years superimposed on the traditionally subservient position of the German *frau*."

Are They Ideal Wives?

"A German girl will make a perfect wife for any Canadian, British or American soldier," a British officer of the occupation army told me. "She is clean, hardworking, domestic-minded, affectionate and prepared to surrender herself 100% and be a loyal mate to any man who offers her a decent background."

In the majority of these "mixed" marriages his description proved true. I have met many Allied soldiers in their newly established homes in their native countries and found them perfectly happy with their German wives. But there are others who have turned their men into firm Germanophiles. They managed to convince them even that Hitler was right after all.

Solution to

KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND MACLEAN'S?

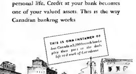
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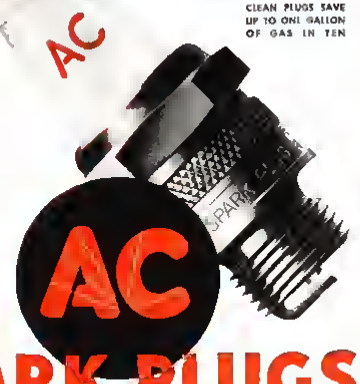
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instilled hatred against the Russians and the Jews and succeeded in making them believe that the legend of the Nazi danger to a democratic world was merely the will of the wasp of some German haters and perfidious Anglo-Saxon war mongers.

Not only in some of their new homes but also in the dark passages of their home town streets, in dingy rooms, dance halls, cafés and military clubs in Germany they are fast winning the battle which their menfolk had lost on the battlefields. The army of the occupation troops came home with the idea that Nazi order was, after all, preferable to present chaos and Communist disgust.

Individual cases of every type may be found in every country in Germany it is the number of women of certain characteristics which has created the tragic problem with which both Allied and German administrators are now grappling. They simply cannot produce the only real remedy to lend the "wrong types" into clear water and to stem the trend to a further drop in the moral standards. They cannot produce the nine-five million men, who could recreate the balance.

The acute housing problem which often forces half a dozen strangers of both sexes to live in one room makes conditions often intolerable, creating a Montparnasse atmosphere in the small bourgeois German villages. An Allied control commission officer described it. Clergymen vainly thunder from their pulpits against "frequent cases of appalling promiscuity." Even the simplest countryfolk often live in truly Bohemian style. The farmhouses are filled with refugees. Homeless, parentless girls are faced with the problem of fending for themselves. Some train for new jobs. But secretly or openly they share the dreams of the "candy girls," who are manoeuvring their Allied boy friends to the nearest Justice of the Peace to escape the dreadful ruins of their broken down Reich.

"We have got to get out of here," Gertrud Jaeger, a buxom Prussian girl who is learning to become an efficient furniture maker, exclaimed when I asked her how she came to choose this job. "If we cannot marry a foreigner we must work our way out of this quagmire."

But there are too few who even know what they want. The masses of German women are apathetic, wading with doleful faces into a nebulous tomorrow. Between and between their craving for love and maternal bliss the surge of passion and the stark realities of their breadless, lightless, hopeless existence, they simply take what is coming to them with a tired, "Who cares anyway?" Some still look neat and prim in their shoddy clothes, trying hard to make a good impression. For many, the strenuous man hunt means dancing and drinking on empty stomachs studying English or French by candlelight to graduate from the gutter into the Allied officer clubs where they are treated like pets by the Americans, like prostitutes by the French and like ladies by the British. The Russians don't permit them entry.

Some Solutions

How to solve the problem? This is the quintessence of the German naggenhunst collected in a nation-wide poll among all classes of people and confirmed by similar investigations of Allied Intelligence officers.

1. Return of all prisoners of war.
2. Provision for prisoners' wives and widows who now receive, if anything, at all, not enough to live on and are thus driven into the streets.
3. Equal pay for all women workers in all trades and professions.
4. More educational facilities for girls and the provision of more social centres, communal entertainments.
5. Compulsory labor service to draw all women over 18 into constructive jobs.
6. Change of attitude of occupation troops who appear to look at all German women as potential semi-prostitutes.
7. Mass emigration of German women to countries with a man surplus.

Allied reactions are similar on most points, though they refuse to believe in any compulsory measures, for do they see any possibility of speeding up the return of the POW's. The Russians are particularly reluctant in that respect and the French claim that the prisoners prefer to remain as the land to France rather than return to Germany.

There appears to be no general policy on this subject at all. Though most of the Allied administrators recognize the problem and some also fully understand the implications they have more pressing matters before them. They have at their means nor time to devote to a problem which seems to defy solution beyond the efforts of the women themselves.

All are agreed, however, that any help that could be extended can reach only the teen-agers. Thus there is bound to remain a vicious circle of seduction and demoralization at least until the dawn of the next generation when some of the discrepancies caused by the war will be balanced. ★



MACLEAN'S

Frankie and Johnny

Continued from page 20

Frankie: And the English have a word for it.
Ork: Chord.
Johnny: Money.
Frankie: And that's why we sing.
Both (singing):
We're a summer replacement for a summer replacement;
That's replacing a summer replacement;
The things we'll do this summer
Will be regretting all winter long.

Wayne and Shuster aren't exactly sure why they dislike the idea of moving to the United States but they can think of several reasons why they should move. For one thing there's television, already in operation in the States, still in its infancy here; there are the movies, large moneymakers for almost any type of entertainer, still in their infancy here; and there are the stage and night clubs, large operations in all. Agents and writers, small ventures in a few cities here.

"I would not want this line to be called a Wayne original," prim Johnny, but America is a land of opportunity."

But on the other side of the invisible border, the comics actually want no part of taking up roots. Both are married, each has a child, both have bought homes and are happy. "It's corny but it's true," says Shuster, "we like it here."

If there is the possibility that Wayne and Shuster dislike the idea of becoming small fishes in large ponds, there is no evidence to support it. No one has ever accused them of being self-conscious and neither is an introvert. Confidence and hard work have long noted their efforts together since they met in a Toronto high school 16 years ago and today there is probably no one in radio who works harder. They devote anywhere from 48 to 64 hours a week to their half-hour show and they point out that for the 18 to 20 minutes in which they are having a wonderful time in front of the microphone (the orchestra, vocalist, announcer and character actors use up the other 10 to 12 minutes), they actually spend a full day writing each three minutes of script.

How Jokes Are Born

They start a new show every Monday morning in Shuster's recreation room which is equipped with, among other things, a set of golf clubs and a putting can. While they're groping around for an idea, Shuster putts golf balls toward the can and Wayne slices shots with a No. 9 iron. Wandering around, pursuing golf balls into unlikely corners, puffing cigarettes, they pass ideas back and forth, looking for a subject around which they can build the program. They look for something topical (they used flying saucers for their theme in one show) and their task is aided by the fact that they subscribe to at least 30 magazines and a dozen newspapers, both Canadian and American, which help them keep abreast of current events and highlights.

Once they settle on a subject they sit down and start working out situations and possible gags. They alternate at a typewriter and every idea, good or bad, is put on paper, hunt-and-peck-style. They talk back and forth almost constantly, one getting a grin of approval from the other, expanding on it. The first sitting more. Before they call it a day on Monday they have the show's first





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Sanitas and have plotted various scenes for it.

On Tuesday they start writing the script. Since their program is divided into three acts, they try to get Act I complete by out of the way. Thursday they have never accomplished, so on Wednesday they finish Act I and get into Act II which they always try to finish on Wednesday. Since this has never been accomplished either, they finish Act II on Thursday and start work on the last act. At last they like to start on the last act on Thursday but they have never been able to finish Act II satisfactorily on schedule—so on Friday they sweat and attempt to finish Act III. They make a special effort here because they say they like to take the week end off. If anyone is brash enough to point out that the show itself is broadcast on Saturday night and that it is then far impossible for them to take the week end off, he will be told by Shuster then, the way they work, Sunday is a week end. Even on a long week end with Monday a public holiday Sunday is a week end.

Anyway, since Wayne and Shuster have never been able to finish Act II on Friday, they meet early Saturday morning to wrap it up. The finished product is the script they will be using in their show two weeks hence and at 11 o'clock they go to the CBC Concert Studio to start rehearsing tonight's show (this one was written two weeks ago). They start the rehearsal by discussing music for *next week's* show with musical conductor Samuel Hersenhoren. When that's worked out they get down to tonight's rehearsal. They work right up to show time, getting their lines down, polishing, taking out lines adding others as the rehearsal reveals gags that don't quite come off.

Well, that takes care of the week and they run now boys their work is cut off.

"The heck we can," growls Wayne. "We have to finish up the third act of the show we couldn't quite get finished on Saturday morning. That's how we became the comedians with the shade grown olives.

They Share the Laughs

Any resemblance between Wayne and Shuster is confined to their mutual interest in comedy and their physical appearance. Wayne likes to hit the medicine over the head with a gag, Shuster likes the subtle approach. They are unlike most comedy teams in that neither is a straight man although if any gag does call for it Moogie Belle generally Shuster. By and large, though, Shuster's job is to set them up for Wayne the way Abbott sets them up for Costello. One of their recent shows illustrates the difference. In it they were suspected of stealing in from rolled the Rappaport ruby and Shuster declared that he was "as innocent as a babe in the woods and the cops won't believe me," cracked Wayne. "If it's the babe I know in the woods I don't blame them."

Later the good guys get the arm on Shuster. "I'm Strong for the FBI," said the boy scout.

"I'm weak from the CBC," cooed Shuster.

In another show they were running short when Bud Beech gave sparkling advice by NBC in keeping with the company's high regard for the air.

Johnny	Well, Frank, how do you like the show? Does it give you any ideas?
Frankie	Yes, I think it is terrific. It's kinda difficult.
Johnny	Do you like the furnishings?
Frankie	Yeah, so stinks and a roller towel.
Johnny	Yessir, this is the only filed office in the country.

Frank used the softer approach when Johnny was telling him about next week's guest stars. "Next week," Wayne said, "we'll have Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Dorothy Lamour, Nelson Eddy, Linda Darnell, Spencer Tracy and Milton Kratz mover."

"Oh boy," sighed Frank, "Milton Kratzmeyer."

Second to Nobody

But the comics look alike. They have black hair and dark eyes and they both get a lot, although Shuster's grin is slower and Wayne's generally ends abruptly with a wisecrack. Wayne, who resembles actor John Garfield is five feet six and weighs 160. Shuster, now 30, two years older than Wayne, is two inches taller and five pounds heavier. Both were born in Toronto, attended Toronto's Harbord Collegiate and University of Toronto together, graduated with Bachelor of Arts degrees in English Language and Literature together, attended the School of Graduate Studies together, enlisted as privates in the Canadian Army, went overseas, returned and were discharged together. It can be recorded without fear of suit for libel that they married different girls.

Frank lost two years in schooling when his family lived successively in Niagara Falls, Windsor and Detroit before returning to Toronto. He was 14 when he met Wayne in Harbord Collegiate and their interest in performing in a school play drew them together. They did a show for their Boy Scout troop which netted $40 and they performed in high school theatricals. One time they wrote and performed in a skit which they entered in a Toronto neighborhood amateur show. The judges were somewhat perplexed by it. It was the only entry in its class but they didn't make the judges task any easier. They finally awarded it second prize.

At University of Toronto they worked on the daily newspaper. The Varsity, and wrote the University College Follies which grew to be a must item among student Songwriter Ruth Lowe, Toronto girl who wrote the popular hit, "I'll Never Smile Again," saw some of their college shows and recommended them to a New York advertising agency. While doing postgraduate work in English they were lured to sit on a house-hold linen show, called the "Wife Preservers." Three marriages a week over a Toronto station. Then they moved to an evening quarter-hour called "Co-ed and Pat" gags a title which never has given them lofty satisfaction.

In 1941 they went into the national network with the Buckingham Show and near the end of their first full season they enlisted in the Canadian Army and went on the ground floor when the Army Show was formed. They wrote all the gags, most of the music and lyrics and were hits as performers in that show, one of the best service revues produced any where in the country playing before civilian and military audiences before the end was shipped overseas. The gags packed soldier appeal: Army life is terribly strict—lights out at 9 o'clock, wham reveille at 10—frequently skipped at the upper brass. The show was split into five units overseas and Wayne and Shuster performed in France, Belgium and Holland. They returned to Canada in January 1945 to help organize succeeding units.

Soon what out of the theatre the boys were apprehensive about their ability when they returned to civilian life. They had a couple of offers, but, says Shuster, "we were scared." "Yes," relates Wayne, "we didn't know what people wanted any more. We decided to lay low." When the idea was conceived of a rehabilitation show, a program based on the trials of a returned veteran, Wayne and Shuster felt that here was a script they could handle. They accepted the assignment, doing the writing but not the performing. The thing was called the Johnny Home Show and looking back on it now the boys don't regard it as having been a very healthy kid as the radio folk would say it. But it lasted 52 weeks and it restored any lagging confidence. They felt ready when the Virter cavalcade came along in the fall. As a spoke it should be explained, is a complete program. Wayne and Shuster being proprietors of the Virter garage, hire and test, arrange and format write the script and are the stars.

Who's the Boss?

They are a friendly, unaffected easy to know combination. One of their most striking aspects is their ability to get along together. Until they became family men they were together most of their waking hours and even now tossed together by their work they spend a lot of time in each other's company. But gags are the only subject ever which they disagree. Because each has his own favorite brand of humor, they frequently argue over the merits of a gag. On the other hand they take the viewpoint that if they agree on a line, it *must* be good. We've worked together so long that we almost know what the other guy is thinking," laughs Shuster. "We'll go gabbing along, searching for ideas, and suddenly it'll hit. Johnny's face brightens and I'll know exactly what he's going to say." "And if I don't say it," Johnny appeals, "we argue."

After every show they listen to a recording of the broadcast searching for ways of improving the technical aspects or the pace or their own deliveries and timing. Some radio people claim that Wayne dominates Shuster, that he takes the punch lines and they point out that the team was known as Shuster and Wayne until it reached its present peak. Shuster scoffs at this. "It was the agency idea that we change the name," he reports. "The agency said Wayne and Shuster sounded better, had more drive. We never regarded the point worth discussing. What's the difference?"

The Wayne and Shuster Show, which the boys sometimes call the Album of Familiar Material, refutes the argument that Wayne takes the best lines. On their fifteen shows there, one of the situations had Frank saying: "I feel awful, Johnny. I'm cracking. I keep seeing things. Maybe I'm crazy. Yesterday I saw flying saucers."

Johnny	What's crazy about flying saucers?
Frank	With ten in them?

Another time they were discussing their announcer who had been acting strangely. Frank says: He thinks he has a sick appendix. Every night he goes to sleep rolled up in a blanket.

Johnny	In a kennel? What do people say?
Frank	Nothing, they think he's a veteran.

Their Superblunder

They regard themselves as good judges of radio talent (it was on their suggestion and recommendation that a young unknown named Alan Young was taken off a CBC sustainer in Vancouver to replace them in Toronto on the Buckingham Show when they resigned in 1941) but they have been known to muff them, too. Ten years ago, for instance, Frank's cousin and trimesake Joe an artist was trying to peddle a comic strip and unsuccessfully he and drawings to the boys from his home in New York. On one particular character he was developing Joe asked for an appraisal.

"Awful," said Shuster.

"Take it away and air it," said Wayne.

So Joe Shuster, who did the drawings and Jerry Siegel who dug up the plots and wrote the dialogue, sold their idea to a syndicate and they're doing fairly well with it today. They called it Superman then and it looks as if the name might stick.

The boys have little time for outside activity these days although both of them are determined to break 100 on the golf course. They figured they'd make it that past summer until NBC came along with its three-year contract. So now reading and lecturing to the radio are their chief diversions, with S. J. Perelman their favorite author and Henry Morgan their leading radio comic. And when they run out of Perelman or lose a radio talent there is always the more important pastime of finding ways and means of satisfying their desire to live in Canada while making their thrice-daily trip to the United States and Canadian opportunity offers. As an unsolicited guess, it doesn't seem at all unlikely that America once again will echo to the strains of Frankie and Johnny though not necessarily in that order or indeed involving any internationally famous ★



PATRICIA ROC

Thel Flood of Fan Mail

Still Continues



One of the first four overseas celebrities to skyrocket to top Canadian popularity under the new high standards for entertainment, Patricia Roc has been the target of a steady stream of fan mail ever since. Those queries most persistently asked are hereby answered.

★ ★ ★

She will be seen in Canada in new productions almost at once and also much more often. Her five forthcoming films are all from Britain, all from the J. Arthur Rank Organization and no new lend lease interlude in Hollywood has yet been scheduled. She's working currently in ONE NIGHT WITH YOU, opposite Nino Martini.

★ ★ ★

The BROTHERS, filmed on the Isle of Skye, Patricia Roc becomes a bonafide Scottish orphan. In JASSY there are also gypsies. Margaret Lockwood and color by Technicolor. WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS will team her with Rosamond John of GREEN FOR DANGER. In SO WELL REMEMBERED co-stars will be John Mills and Martha Scott.

★ ★ ★

THE BROTHERS has already created long, loud and heavy weight discussions.

Producer Sydney Box took J. A. G. Strange powerful and successful outdoor novel, filmed it where it happened and filmed it straight. The scenery is grim, grand and breeding the people necessarily tough enough to live there. Even their romances tends to have rough edges and splendid emotions are largely unconventional, the most important being Short shrift for sinners.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon



Fury on the Hoof

Continued from page 8

resume this "made-to-order" moose country was inhabited by caribou instead of moose up to 1914 when the first big dal horned animals were seen browsing in a swamp near George Powers Charlotte Lake Ranch. Within a few years moose were migrating into the country by the thousand and the caribou were vanishing equally as rapidly. Moose became so numerous and so bold that naughtiness in the area were forced to pack guns on their hay sleds for protection when the animals were rutting in October.

The Anahim four-turn soon found that the moose preferred country inhabited by heavy, both animals eat almost identical food: willow tops, poplar bark and small limbs, buck brush and swamp birch. And moose, like beaver prefer mud and water where they can remain submerged all but their heads away from flies and mosquitoes on hot days.

Early in the spring moose come times browse on slough grass and wild red, but if the old bottom has been burned off. The stomach of the moose is much smaller than other cloven hoofed animals. A 1,000-pound moose lives on not more than eight pounds of forage a day. A grown range cow of the toughest breed living under the same winter conditions, requires at least 25 pounds of hay a day, and a horse more than 10.

At first moose didn't bother the ranchers haystacks, but once addicted to hay the same animals come back year after year to the same stackyards.

Moose are nearsighted. They can't see far or too well, but in keeping

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY HAVE HIS KISSES GONE COLD?

A. If he devoted her husband her suddenly become indifferent it may be before she has grown careless about feminine hygiene.

Q. Is proper feminine hygiene so important to marital happiness?

A. Yes! Intimate douching with a proved effective deodorant, that is, one that not only kills germs but also stops odors completely (even those that appear after douching), is very important. Many wives have found 'Lysol' brand disinfectant ideal for this purpose.

Q. What about soil soda and other homemade douching solutions?

A. Weak, makeshift or homemade solutions cannot compare with the tested and proved cleansing action of 'Lysol'.

Q. Why is 'Lysol' more dependable than many other disinfectants?

A. Because it is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter. 'Lysol' is a *proved germ and odour killer*.

ALWAYS USE 'LYSOL' in the douche to help you keep the *complete* feminine daintiness that is magic in a marriage.

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend 'Lysol' brand disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Non-caustic 'Lysol' is non-injurious to delicate tissues of vagina, and is powerful germicide, yet is effective in dilutions as low as 1%. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

Proved Effective over 50 years

Today 4 out of every 5 doctorless users choose 'LYSOL'. More people use 'LYSOL' than any other disinfectant. Be sure always ask for 'LYSOL'. Avoid inferior substitutes.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Every time



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about feminine hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. M.M., John B. Fisk (Canada) Limited, 37 Kenaston Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, for 16-page booklet containing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

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with their long noses they have a specially sensitive sense of smell and a good sense of hearing. More than once I have remained undetected by a moose though only a short distance downwind and in plain view, but some slight sound or shift in the wind would bring the animal quickly to the alert.

The old rumors figured that the moose, but harder than other four-footed animals because they usually charged on a feet-first plunge, when the front feet are actually touching the ground at the same moment. Nearly all other animals make their charge on a hard gallop when only one foot touches the ground at a time.

Contrary to the generally accepted theory that moose wander about singly, old rumors found that at certain times of the year moose bend up and migrate to special types of terrain.

For instance, bulls are run out of the calving country in lower swamp levels but in May and early in June by the cows. The males then throw in together and drift back into the mountains where they stay most of the summer.

Early in September the stag party breaks up. Bulls leave the willow brush and grassy feeding grounds and hunt the solitary hideouts. Why they do this is uncertain. Perhaps it's nature's way of preparing them for the coming weeks of running and fighting. The hiding grounds run generally located in inaccessible country where down timber is piled high and the terrain checkerboarded with black stinking mud and deadly muskeg. A tight marsh land devoid of feed. Here, isolated in desolate surroundings, the lonely bull moose goes through a strange transformation. Gradually the sleek black animal changes from a cautious timid creature, who treats all man's approach as a red-eyed mad-dened brute ready to charge at every object that attracts his attention—a man-eating grizzly bear.

It takes from seven to 14 days of self-inflicted starvation before this Mr. Hyde like monster reappears as a fly-bitten half-starved Dr. Jekyll. His cavernous, hairy hide, muscled chest and bulging shoulders tapering to a shrunken belly and sunken hindquarters.

Dangerous Refugees

Heavy frosts and cold nights bring the bull moose out into the open to test out his changed body on windfalls and trees which he scratches down with his horns. He sharpens his hoofs to razor-like edges on rocks thus changing his fighting but monotonous call he roars down the mountains in search of the raw herds, prepared to battle anything that crosses his trail.

It is at this stage of the game that young bulls are the most dangerous, legally ungrateful and dangerous as the rogue bull or frustrated old warrior who has been decisively whipped by younger animals and driven out of the cow herds. The latter rogue gives off by himself in some little-trafficked spot and lies in wait for any two or four-legged animal that might pass by.

Once I was riding through a grizzly higher reaches of the Ilchi Mountains travelling from deer hunting camp to the distant Chilcotin Lake trading post when the Spider, my tobacco-stained horse, suddenly stopped and refused to take another step forward. I knew by his actions of an animal up ahead and figured it was a grizzly. I had learned to follow Spider's advice. Now he wanted to swing up out of the floor of the narrow gut of a valley but his head. The rope jumped and picked his way cautiously up through and over windfalls until we were about 200 feet above the open floor of the valley. Then looking down I saw him lurking behind a clump of willows, nostrils flaring, ears pricked, head reddened and frothing mouthed waiting for us to appear—a real killer rogue.

When Moose Meet

In December, when the bulls temperatures have cooled and rutting is over—when the first foot of snow warns of long, winter months ahead of the coming struggle for feed, the moose meet us if by appointment, on the high mountain slopes near timber line and there they feed together on alpine bush, alpine moss, bunch grass and mountain willow. In December I have seen hundreds of moose scattered along the southern slopes of the Itcha Mountains in bands of from 10 to 60 head. In January heavy snows usually push the moose down again to lower levels where the big herds split up and ears spend spread in small groups through the country.

A great deal has been written about the bull moose, stories about him are legion and his fighting rail is terrifying, but I never seen more spunky than a true-bred high whistle of a frightened moose calf calling its mother. For when I hear that sound I know that it will bring the cow or the bull on enraged protector bent on hunting down and destroying anything that crosses her wind or comes within the range of her limited vision.

Early one June, in the unexplored area north of the Itcha Mountains Panhandle Phillips and I unknowingly pushed our pack train into the centre of a vast moose-calving grounds, and after our experiences there, we unanimously agreed that the cow moose in June is the most dangerous four-legged animal on the North American continent.

For three weeks Pan and I and a young rancher, Tommy Hall, had fought our pack train north from Anahim through muskegs, jungle and windfalls. At last we broke through into a wide grassy flat whose green boundary dipped into space over the horizon. Here the vegetation was rich and lush, game trails ran in every direction and groups of cow moose with calves could be seen in the distance.

Pan pulled up at the bank of a winding creek that flowed in an easterly direction over a black rocky bottom. Figuring that we had found the headwaters of the Blackwater River and on its banks the building site of our future home ranch—we made camp.

Night dropped down upon us. Out in the dark loomed the light of the cook fire, horses grazed contentedly. The air grew crisp and cold. A quivering blanket of stars settled down on us, split by flares of the aurora.

Suddenly the horses bells stopped. A breathless silence followed and then I heard it drifting down the wind to us. It must have come from a long distance but there it came again! A noise different from anything I had ever heard. Uncanny, unreal, a wailing whistle, plaintive, clear as a bell, high pitched, floating off into the silence and the space of an unknown land. The horses pricked up their ears, snorting. Tommy rose, his feet and looked out into the night.

"Moose calf," he said, "it's calling its mother. Hope the old lady isn't around here."

The horses quit running and fell to grazing. A short distance up the meadow we could tell by the sound of the bells. The calf didn't call again.

The first day on the Blackwater the three of us rested, repaired equipment and took a swim in the icy little river.

Continued on page 60

A Truck with a Cab that "Breathes"

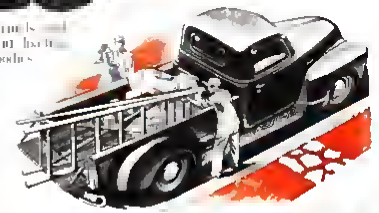
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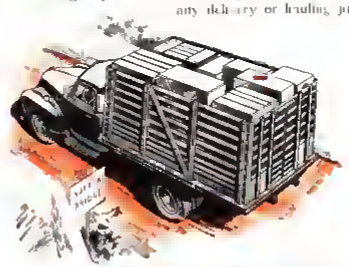




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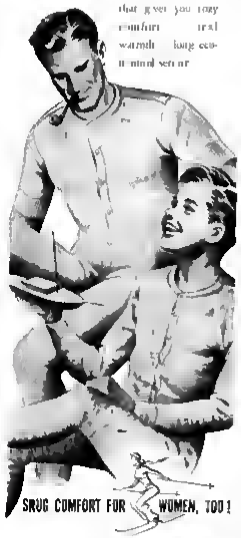
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Continued from page 58

Early in the afternoon ara 18 horses came galloping back to camp with Dris mmer and Tair in the ear. Pan saw Hi bunch coming and claimed that he could see two moose right at their heels. The moose swung off into the bush just outside of camp.

"I think that two miserable cow moose would put the run on the whole French Pan snorted.

In the afternoon Pan made a scaffold for his 250-1000 Savage rifle out of a piece of tanned moosehide. It was great for streamlined shooting and as usual produced something entirely new and different. His long hawklike face beamed on he proudly exhibited the finished product.

"Look like a flute holder," I said dispassionately, "where does the gun go?"

Pan reached for his Savage and situated it down into the receptacle. The barrel fitted tightly up to the right. The top-hand cowboy from Wyoming frowned as how quick he could jerk gun from scabbard.

"I don't think up a tube of extra room under the stirrup leather and it will last a lifetime." he concluded, tying the flute holder in place on his saddle.

Angry Mothers

The next morning we decided to see just how big this grassy feed country was. I rode east along the Blackwater, and Pan and Tammy trotted off in the opposite direction.

The boys rode onto a long open neck of green sloping grass, which struck the horizon between the ankle and the knee. Two hundred yards to the left of them a small mixed bottle covered with shrubbery rose about the surrounding country, and from its proximity stirke logging in crack. Pan and Tommy turned to their saddles.

Three cow moose were trotting toward them out of the woodfish. Pan's big half lips looked standoffish about to one side and stood quivering under him.

"Let 'er get going," snapped Tommy, "you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn from there! Pull you're right—he'll throw you a mile. Better go on the gun and I'll shoot in the air—it might turn 'em."

"Those critters don't scare me," said Pan, "why not rope and bust that broad now in the bud?"

"You're crazy," Tommy nagged. "I'm getting out of here right now." He spurred his nervous horse into a run.

As the moose kept coming Pan thought: "I wonder if the crazy fools really aren't going after it. I'll let 'em have Pilediver here will dump in sure ... if all I can do to rate him when nothing's rearin' him. And if the shot didn't turn 'em and I'll in the water that would be all right."

Tommy was already 50 yards out on the soggy opening, his horse's short legs churning water and mud. Pan estimated the distance across the valley, aiming to three lone jack pines in rear. Always a methodical gunner.

"I'll bet on that direction," muttered, "they'll turn." he thought, and swung the big black into control.

Pan was at hard man to scare. At lumber line to the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, he had once battled it and with two grizzlies. Pan and his only weapon on old .44 Smith and Wesson six-shooter, performed the miracle of killing both animals. It was a touch and go, dash and dodge affair.

Now he trotted it headed towards before bothering to look back, but when he did, what he saw caused him to let his horse break into a lope. The lead cow was approaching the opening, her long legs jerking awkwardly across the ground. The other two cows were immediately behind.

Pan thought, "In a second I'll know the answer if those moose don't step wide they hit the open meadow and the water I better start travelin'." The big black rail was trying to reach for more ground but Pan still held him in. He spoke to the horse.

"Pilediver you old swamp eater, there ain't no hurry. Sure ya can outrun a lousy bunch of moose but ya can't run the legs off the best horse in the Chilcotin."

Pan turned again in the saddle. The big cow splashed water at the edge of the opening, her long jerky strides propelling her forward at astounding speed. A few paces behind her the other two animals were spread out fan shape.

Slowly Pan pressed his knees into the sides of the horse as he let him have his head. The black shot ahead under him. Pan leaned low over the horn of his saddle and put as much weight as possible forward on his horse to keep headquarters from bogging. Now he studied the ground ahead—if Pilediver struck a foot in a hole—if he lunged into a real boggy spot—if he tripped—"Well, what of it?" thought Pan. He spoke once to his horse.

"I'll look back to just a couple of seconds more, Pilediver, and see how our girl friends are comin', saw I'll be able to judge how much ground we're gainin' on 'em."

A Losing Race

Now Pan looked over his shoulder his darkly tanned face turned sober-grey. He gasped. With ears laid back the burrible nightmare-ish head of the cow moose jerked methodically up and down less than a hundred yards in his wake.

"My God!" breathed Pan, "they're gaining at every step and Pilediver's done his best."

He looked ahead. The black had moved up at least 30 paces on Tommy's bay. There was nearly a half mile to go to the trees. The jack pines looked small. Now he was flanked by the other two moose, 50 yards on either side.

Pilediver, not yet hardened to the saddle, was breathing hard. Sweat ran from his labouring body—bits of lather sprayed back into Pan's face. Once more he spoke to his pounding horse.

"It is my fault old timer—it's sure my fault. I never knew a trotting moose could go as fast as a fast runnin' horse."

Pan looked back again, and at that moment Pilediver stumbled on some object beneath the mud and slowed to a down. All the cowboy saw behind him was a brown blur coming closer and he heard a grunting pig-like noise. He pulled up hard on his reins to save his horse from falling, and as the ground came up to meet him, kicked his feet out of the stirrups and reached across his saddle for the gun butt. But the Pilediver didn't go down. He stumbled and staggered and plunged yards through the mud and then caught his feet to save his rider and himself.

"Good boy," hissed Pan, "good boy—I couldn't get the gun out."

Now Pan dragged hard at the butt. It still stuck fast by the sight onto the top of the buckskin lining.

Flute holder, flute holder—it's a flute holder sure enough—he gritted struggling and shaking at the butt.

Pan's shock and panic when he discovered how fast the moose were running him down was now replaced by his habitual calm. He realized that Pilediver could never beat the moose to the trees. That animal keeping body contact with her was inevitable. What would she do? How would she attack?

His mind flashed back to the old-timer's moose talk at Anahim. He remembered Tommy's father, Andy Hall, declaring that moose had been known to slash horse to ribbons with their sharp front feet. He remembered a night at our horse camp when Alfred Lord Bruce joined us at the cookfire—and how Alfred had told us that a trotting moose could outdistance a race horse in mud or windfall. And then he remembered Alfred standing before the bunch of us—waving his hat from side to side and loudly proclaiming—

"Make em break from a trot to a gallop—make 'em break that trot—and a good horse can move away from 'em!"

Pan turned in the saddle—jerked off his hat—by swung it wide and fast over his head. With a piercing yell he snapped it full into the face of the animal. She swerved to the side lost the swing of her trot and fell back into a labored gallop.

"By gosh, you're right Bryant," Pan whispered as he reached into his pocket for his jackknife.

A few yards ahead Tommy struggled from the back of his winded horse into the branches of a spindly jack pine tree. Riding low on his horse Pan held his jackknife to his teeth and bit the blade open. The spent Pilediver swayed to the tree as Pan slashed the scabbard free, jerked the gun loose swung it down to the cow—fired the trigger, and jumped to the side.

The dying cow plunged kicking into the jack pine which broke in the middle—and Tammy fell with a groan as his back beach Pan, who pumped another shell into the chamber. Pan swung the rifle toward the cow on the right as she ripped in her tracks. He yelled.

"Come on critter—come on just one more rush—and we'll have moose meat in camp—I'm sure we can use."

The third cow circled the trees joined the hesitating one and both of them whirled and trotted off.

Out of the distance—from beyond the mud-burned flat—came a long clear wailing whistle.

Pan listened.

"Too bad," he said, and leaned his gun against Tommy's broken jack pine tree.

'I Took Fur a Tree'

Back at camp I ate tough moose liver and listened to the story of the moose race. I remarked that none of them had paid any attention to old Scabby White and myself and that Pat and pat gone out in anticipation the cows and ended by giving them the raspberry.

Well Rich" Pat said, "I didn't pay much attention to this cow moose in-tune talk myself but I learned one thing today. When a moose is after you look for a tree, but make sure it's long one."

A week later I hurriedly dropped my fishing rod and let the high pitched roar of a whistling rail run the hundred yard dash in nine and three fifth seconds, hardly beating an irritated cow moose to a spruce tree. I climbed the dead branches and for 20 feet up its trunk before coming to rest on a great limb. There for three hours I listened to the calf calling its mother and watched the cow run to the calf and then back to the trees again.

After dark I slipped quietly down the denuded trunk and ran the mile into camp in four minutes flat.

I am convinced that any man can equal or beat world track records, either in the short dashes or the longer distances if the first grizzly aroused looks into the eyes of a cow moose in June. ★



THE ELLINGTON SPECIAL

Columbia Album A45—$3.75

Between 1932 and 1938 Duke Ellington with his orchestra numbering such "greats" as Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Barney Bigard, Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams and others, cut eight sides which were never released. Now, Columbia offers these collector's items in one four-record album which will be welcomed by all Ellington fans.

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Musical Freres

Continued from page 22

virtually run a patronage bureau. There was a better-known organ builder in Montreal at the time named Warren but Warren was a Protestant and the religion fired was strong in those days of the English sold off the Casavant organ that it could not be expected to play "God Save the King..."

The brothers finished the Cathedral organ a year ahead of schedule and established their Canadian reputation in one stroke.

They were a strange pair. These brothers. Dead and gone for more than a decade, their spirit hovers at the Casavant plant, although they differed almost completely to make-up and very often in opinion.

Oliver, the elder, was a sensitive musician and a deeply religious man. He would hire almost anyone in need who came to the door, quarrelled with Sam when he fired the incompetent. It was said of him that he supported a third of the poor in St. Hyacinthe.

Oliver really loved the pipes and used to enjoy listening to the voicers at work. If he heard a pipe with a particularly fine "bloom" he would smile gently and say to the voicer—the man responsible for the tone of the pipes—"I like that. Make them all like that." The voicer would smile back and answer, "Do you think we can do it, Mr. Oliver?" To which Oliver would slowly shake his head and say "No... I don't think we can." It was a little routine the voicers all knew.

Oliver also had a mild Christian temper which erupted up at mild times.

Once he went to New York to assist at the finishing of an organ in a large Fifth Avenue church. While he was working a gunnt vendor drew up outside the church. The piping of the wagon offended Oliver's musical ear and he went outside and gave the man two dollars to move off. The following morning the vendor was back again—along with several other wagons who had heard of the deal. Again Oliver went out and read the riot act. The vendors didn't move but Oliver was so mortified by his own display of temper that he sat down to work again and was not even mildly distracted by the dreadful piping.

Sam Was A Character

Some people felt that Claver carried Christianity to unnecessary extremes. Once a burglar broke into his St. Hyacinthe home, bound and gagged him and robbed the house. The police caught up with a suspect a while later and called Claver down to identify him. It is said that he recognized the man but would not point the finger at him as that would commit the poor fellow to jail.

Sam Casavant was a different type. In today's vernacular he was a character. Around the plant his interests were mainly mechanical and he contributed quite a bit to the electrification of the organ.

He travelled widely over the world—covered North and South America, crossed most of Europe and went to Hawaii and India.

In his middle years he went to Mexico to see what the bandit Pancho Villa was up to, got half his money stolen on the boat, the other half on a Mexican train. This was only one of many losses. Another time he was paid $1,000 in cash for an organ stuffed $1,500 into each back pocket. When he got back to the hotel one of his pockets had been razored away.

Every winter between 1918 and 1928 he went to California. Once, when passing over Pike he noticed a boat that was about to sail for Hawaii. Quickly he got his two daughters aboard. It was entirely unplanned, but in Hawaii they enjoyed eight weeks enjoyed life immensely.

Late in life Sam learned to drive a car, but he never ever managed to reconcile himself away from the French habit of talking with his hands. As a result the car was always in the garage for repairs though he himself remained fairly well intact.

The Casavant invasion of the United States began in 1896 with an installation in Holyoke, Mass. Then two more in quick succession for Massachusetts and word spread to Rhode Island. Trundling priests and monsignors were roundly responsible for the enlarging reputation. The first long-distance export was to Rimouski, Founder in 1917.

Casavant entered the foreign field just after it had helped pioneer the electrification of the organ. The first electrically operated organ in Canada was installed by the brothers in the Ottawa Roman Catholic cathedral in 1892 and is still in use. This stride ahead did much to help the Casavant instruments find a market in the U.S. and elsewhere.

In the 20s the heavy export business began. Sam Casavant roamed abroad and turned out to be the pipe organ salesman supreme. Generous and elegant as the French can be, he delighted minister, rabbi and priest alike made firm friends for the firm product. Orders followed him home from many of his stopping-off points.

Among his customers the Episcopal Church in Hollywood, five high churches in Chicago, the Opera House in Boston, the Juilliard School of Music in New York. The U.S. tariff then was 42½%. Now it is 17½%.

Organs to Ammo

Casavant marched on. In 1928 it built its biggest organ for Canada, five manuals, 107 ranks for the Royal York Hotel in Toronto.

The golden age of the St. Hyacinthe organ builders was between 1921 and 1929. They turned out about 40 organs a year at an average price of close to $20,000. Sam saw the best of those times and died in 1929 following a brain operation just before the world depression knocked the bottom out of the organ business. Claver lived four years longer—time enough to witness an $800,000 a year business dwindle to $80,000. Employees were let out and the plant turned to making church furniture and wooden counters for banks and refitting to keep irreplaceable craftsmen. But the years of the depression saw a continuing loss of talent. The wealthy ceased buying. Organs were set aside completely while the men of Casavant made ammunition boxes.

Today, for the first time in 15 years, the organ business is improving again. Casavant has orders for two years ahead, hopes to achieve production of 30 this year and perhaps an average of one a week next year.

The president today is Fred N. Oliver, a top-flight American corporation lawyer who is married to Samuel's daughter Juliette. However, active conduct of the business is in the hands of C. J. Laframbroise, managing director of the company since Claver's death in 1933, and Steven Stout, technical director. Stout is the man who builds the organs, and is a keyman at Casavant.

Stout is one of the great organ masters of the world. An Englishman from Cornwall, he is vigorous at 68, looks like Mr. Lorry in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and reads himself to sleep on Shakespeare. He has consecrated his professional life to the pipe organ, but has reserved some mental chambers for unique hobbies. Among his basement manufactures are a telescope, a loom on which he weaves his own ties, a floating compass for his car (once he lost his way in Flint, Mich., and decided on this navigational aid), and wooden joints so complicated that they baffle professional cabinetmakers. Certain experiments he carried out with a Foucault pendulum (used to astronomy to measure the earth's motion) were in advance of those of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and were featured in their journal.

When caught in a city between trains Steve Stout often heads for an interesting church—he knows them all—and sits quietly in a pew sketching possible organ arrangements. He did this for years in Christ's Church Cathedral in Montreal, had a dozen possible variations rolling in his table drawer when representatives of the church came to consult Casavant about a new instrument.

From time to time Stout's name appears in the correspondence columns of the authoritative English journal, "The Organ." His last appearance three were to correct another correspondent who referred to the organ case of the organ in St. Mary's, Penzance (Cornwall, England) as being plank. The console, said Mr. Stout, was of Spanish mahogany—and the builder had lost so much money on it that he went out and committed suicide. The English authorities checked and found that Stout was right, though he had not been near the church since boyhood.

Artisans With Sideburns

The factory is on the east side of St. Hyacinthe, a series of dull grey boxlike structures relieved only by the sprawling green lawns of the seminary next door. The plant really belongs more to the guild era than to that of Henry Ford. Many of the employees have devoted lifetimes to this work and they have a freedom which would shake anyone accustomed to strict plant regulations. Townspeople and relatives of workers often call at the plant on personal business. One worker, also a successful landlord, sees to it that his tenants come to the plant to pay their rent. The family of another occasionally drops in for lunch at the broadwinner's workbench.

The interior of the plant is generally sawdusty and wood-piled. The passages between buildings stagger gently from level to level. The walls of many of the rooms are sprinkled with pictures of Casavant consoles and distinguished organists.

Roughly 140 men work inside and the term artisans fits them better than workers. Many of them took as if they have been there forever and it seems probable that some of them have. Elias Chicoine has been a pipe maker for 48 years and is now teaching the job to his son. Leon Beaudoin, a key maker has both a son and grandson in the factory. Wilfrid Chayton, a little oil painting of a man with a great yellow moustache who winds electromagnets at Casavant, remembers the days when John A. Macdonald was Prime Minister of Canada. Mr. Chayton now owns stock in the company and attends shareholders' meetings in a frock coat which was quite stylish when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was leading the Liberals.

These Casavant men share an attitude in common with many general a mild reverence for the product best expressed in the Biblical quotation often used by Steven Stout, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Casavant builds for a world of churches and there is something chapel-like about the factory itself. This feeling carries over even into sales policies. The business manager defines the pipe organ as "an instrument dedicated to ecclesiastical and nonecommercial institutions," and prefers not to do business with theatres, "though on occasion we have sinned in the past."

Even within the plant explanations vary as to the reasons for Casavant's international reputation. Some feel it is the quality of the instruments; others contend that it is simply a triumph of salesmanship. On the whole, however, it is probably a combination of the two.

Steven Stout holds that all of the first-rate builders, including those in America, turn out a substantially similar product. The organ stops used by Casavant, as by most organ builders, were developed in Europe and England a long time ago and modified very little in recent times. Occasionally some American builders experiment with new stops, but Casavant builds by the book and today's modernistic tonality only after their value has been thoroughly proved. Actually there are about 60 books in French, English and German devoted to the pipe organ.

A stop, incidentally, is a series of



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pipes of a certain tonal characteristic. Some stops represent other musical instruments such as the orchestral oboe and the English horn, but in the main they are tones unique to the organ developed by organ builders at various points in history through trial and error processes. A large organ may have over a hundred stops that involve hundreds of parts in sets of pipes, up to 7,500 individual pipes ranging from three eighths of an inch in length to 32 feet (those big bass rumbles).

Tailored To Measure

Casavant likes to stick to the traditional organ stops—what Sloat refers to as "the real music behind the organ" although the fancy stuff will be added on the request of a customer. Organ experts differ widely in their opinions of new type stops, but the one which arouses the most violent opposition is the *vox humana* (supposedly the human voice). In one of the organ industry's jibbers the Dictionary of Organ Stops, by J. I. Wedgwood Mr. Wedgwood says: "Of all the stops I have yet heard which have been honoured by the appellation of *vox humana*, no one in the treble part has ever yet reminded me of anything known to mankind or of the cracked voice of an old woman of 90 or in the lowest parts, of Punch singing through a comb."

Casavant organs vary greatly in size from the little one-set two manuals (or keyboards) and three stops, up to the giants of four manuals and over 100 stops. The cost runs from $2,000 to upward of $80,000.

Every pipe organ is custom built to fit the church. Sam Dirsa, a representative of the firm goes to the church to study the layout but more often Casavant works directly from a picture of the interior. In the old days (before the 1920's) the designs staffs used to make up handsome color drawings of the proposed instrument, but today they content themselves with rudimental blueprints. Generally the church organist has some directions to offer on the arrangement of the stops and he usually is agreed with the tonal detail of it by Steven Sloat. Some arrangements can be quite disastrous. The musette stop, for instance set up in a certain way, can cause distress to a listener's bladder.

The actual manufacturing processes involved in the pipe organ are not particularly complex. The unique thing about Casavant from the production man's standpoint is that it builds from the raw materials right up. There is no outside prefabrication. Casavant makes its own alloys from raw metal, pours its own metal alloys for pipes, dries its own woods (14 varieties) and runs a wandless welded reservoir.

The fundamental of the organ. The pipes are rolled from sheet metal and then soldered by hand (a third of the pipes are of wood). Periodically an Casavant expert goes to look at the plant and suggests the mass production of pipes. But hands see to any of it taken. In the organ business there is an old saying: Many a man has gone bankrupt trying to cast his pipes.

Putting "Bloom" In It

There are two kinds of pipes—flue and reed. A flue is simply an opening, through which air passes making a musical sound—the cup sounds prime example. In the reed a small strip of metal, cutting along a shaped opening in a small brass tube, vibrates when air is blown through, making a tone which is amplified by the size and shape of the organ pipe.



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The key job in the plant is that of the voicer. The tonal character of a pipe is determined partly by its physical shape and partly by the expert who shapes the flue or fits the reed. At Casavant there are seven young experts who sit all day in their individual rooms giving speech to the pipes which come up from the pipe makers. They tool away at reed and bend away on the reed till they get the character they want—true to scale and no rattle or wheeze. There in their phrase, the pipe has "bloom". He says that they must hear what the bobbi soxer hears when he cries, "It sends me so bad." Many of the voicers at Casavant are also tuners, the men who set the pitch of the pipe.

People often wonder why large organs have as many as five keyboards. Actually the big organs are really several organs in one. Each manual or keyboard controls a different organ. In a five manual organ the components are: The Great Organ, which has pipes of the largest scale and sound; the Swell organ, which is enclosed in a box equipped with shutters operated by a pedal for louder and softer effects; the Solo (or orchestral organ) consisting of stops of the individual character for solo effects; the Choir organ, which has stops of a lighter and softer character enclosed in the small box and used for accompaniments; and the Echo (or Bombarde) organ situated at a considerable distance from the rest of the instrument for echo effect.

The visible portion of the organ is all of the console and presents a frightening array of keys, pedals and knobs for controlling the stops. The observer who examines a console at a large organ soon realizes that it is a very difficult instrument to play.

Before being shipped every organ is assembled in one of the Casavant rooted erecting rooms at Saint-Hyacinthe. The pipes are set into the wind chest. The finish is set up and wind is large organ will use up to 30 miles of wire. Then the voicers start in tune. The stops must be right, but only in themselves but as related to one another which is the reason that the mass production of pipes has never worked.

Finally the organ is dismantled and shipped to its destination generally accompanied by one or more of the most experienced voicers in the plant. There runs "finish" the organ. That is the installation in the church. Here it is that the reputation of an organ may be made or broken. If the new Saint-Sloat-Trefly 75 of the musical critic-renowned organ is produced by the church acoustics. The best churches musically in Canada are those where the organ stands right out in the open. Next in those where the organ is set into an alcove. Worst are some of the old remodeled modern churches where the organ is hidden in a separate room and expected to speak through a hole cut in the wall. Sloat's simile for this is convincing. He says: "It is like hiding a great soprano in a clothes closet and asking her to sing through the keyhole."

Casavant has had some bad times with building churches. Once their voicers finished an 82 stop organ in a middle church in eastern Canada only the church fathers heard the instrument and then refused to pay. It did not sound as good as the voicers' ears told the church organ in the church sounded. The organ Casavant agreed, but added: "Blame the church and the organ." The money was not paid anyway and some day when a natural English organ master happened to pass through the city he was invited to the church, quickly commented the organ makers.

If pride of music comes first at Casavant pride of appearance runs a close second. All their consoles are finished by hand, worked over with pumice stone and then hand rubbed. Loving care is lavished when it belongs in black walnut, rosewood, and mahogany. The ornamentation on the organ fronts—where such is still ordered—is generally hand-carved.

Right now most of the business is Canadian but when production is normal the export trade is almost 50% of the business. There is unending testing and turning out the shop now for the foreign market. Just lately for Brazil Columbus, and the woods are treated against insects. The order for this organ came through the Canadian Trade Commissioner in Columbia. He saw a National Film Board short in the Casavant plant, went right and ordered up an instrument.

Almost the fiction of the St. Hyacinthe organ industry is now run to prophesy. Gautmont said time will certainly see it brought back to its old glory. But it depression comes will churches, monasteries and pipe organs come a long way down on the list of essential spending. ★



They're getting even with the guys who sleep in church!





If Atomic War Comes . . .

Continued from page 9

lowest winter temperatures and limitations of any great Canadian city. Apart from the 40 000 dead and 60 000 injured it would suffer from an atomic bomb there would be another 200 000 or more homeless to care for, probably in midwinter.

Saskatchewan would suffer the destruction of Regina and Saskatoon. Alberta could write off Edmonton and Calgary. British Columbia would see Victoria and Trail destroyed and Vancouver would have its central industrial, commercial and port areas flattened.

This terrible summary of damage leaves out a few possible targets, depending on the direction of our growth or popular and industry between now and 1961.

Target No. 1—The Soo

We have not yet mentioned the most likely target of all—Sault Ste. Marie. The cluster of United States and Canadian canals and locks there forms the most vital linchpin of our whole North American industrial system. Through these canals pass 80% of the iron ore used by the steel industry of the continent. Apart from the moral question of economical it would be physically impossible for Canadian and American railways to take over the burden of this additional traffic which amounts to some 70 million tons each year. Any aggressive power would probably rate the Soo Canals higher on its target list than Washington, New York, Chicago, Detroit or Pittsburgh. An air burst atomic bomb would not enable the enemy's objective in this case except to level mutually the Canadian and American Soos and the close dockyards of the locks themselves could only be attained by a surface or penetrating burst atomic bomb, or by something like a tight pattern of 'tall boys' (22 000 pound high-explosive bombs). This special form of attack might equally well be employed against other small but vital targets like Chippewa, Shipshaw, Arvida, Trail and Copper Cliff.

Let us now review the total damage which this great enemy wave of atomic attack could cause to Canada if pressed home relentlessly. Of our 20 largest cities 17 would be virtually destroyed and three (Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver) would suffer appalling damage which would take years to repair. Our largest electric power plants and our tallest industries would cease to produce. The death toll would be about 700 000—seven times greater than the combined losses of Canada in battle dead during World Wars I and II. Another 750 000 would be seriously injured. A further 650 000 at least would be rendered homeless.

It needs little imagination to realize just what this colossal bill of damage would mean to Canada if we do nothing to prevent it. Our machinery of government would cease to exist for all practical purposes. Our great focal points of industry, banking, finance and higher education would largely be laid waste. Our main ports and railway marshalling centres could no longer function. Such hospital facilities as remained would be forced with 50 times our 100 losses their capacity to cope with emergency cases. Canada would no longer be an influential 'middle power' or a source of strength to united nations in a free world fighting for its life. The blistering remnant of this humanity would be set back economically and socially to the equivalent of its position as Confederation 80 years ago—but without the strong shield then provided by nineteenth century Britain.

Moreover, this great pattern of disaster could be crowded into a few weeks, days or even hours, depending upon the degree of skill achieved by our armed forces in the use of early warning devices and in their powers of active interception.

This then is the terrible danger against which we must devise, over the next 10 to 15 years, a workable system of civil defense. Can it be done? I believe it can!

There Is a Defense

Before we go into ways and means let us clear up any doubts you may have. first that Canada could ever be subjected to such an attack as described above. Secondly that we have any hope of defending ourselves effectively against such an onslaught.

When the Chief of the Canadian General Staff, Lieutenant-General Charles Foulkes, recently stated that the prospect of any major attack on this continent was "sheer nonsense" he was referring, presently to a war which might occur *within* the next 10 or 12 years. Such a war might well be hindered into by the pressures and counterpressures of the great powers in their present uneasy zones of contact somewhere in Europe, or in the Near, Middle or Far East. This hypothetical "early" war would be fought mainly with conventional weapons because no power (other than the United States) would then possess sufficient numbers of atomic bombs, globe girdling bomber aircraft or supersonic interceptors to use these and other new weapons decisively.

We may well assume that the war making technology of any potential aggressor will lag several years behind that of the United States. It would be dangerous folly to assume that the time lag in technology will be greater than 10 or 12 years. By its weight of knowledge the United States could, if it wished, mobilize all the requisite new weapons for long range atomic war by 1950. There is ample evidence that at least one great power in the old world is driving its very best to close the technological gap which now separates its science and industry from that of the United States.

That power would not attack this continent in force until it had accumulated enough atomic bombs (about 500), very long range bombers (about 2 500 with radius of at least 5,000 miles) and other auxiliary weapons. Enough means sufficient to possess a heavy odds-on chance of destroying or crippling North American industry and defensive power in a brief surprise attack.

If anyone believes that this power would not or would not achieve this objective by 1962 under present conditions he is playing ostrich in Santa Claus.

Now let us examine the argument, all too frequently encountered, that there is an effective defense against this new form of attack.

The atomic bomb is a very special weapon with exceptional limitations. It cannot now—or in the foreseeable future, be made less powerful or materially more powerful than the plutonium bomb used at Nagasaki. Some authorities estimate that improved methods of bomb construction would increase its power 20 . . . but there is no evidence that this has been done. But such a small increase would not greatly alter defense calculations.

The bomb is mainly an anti-personnel weapon and achieves its maximum casualty producing effect when de-

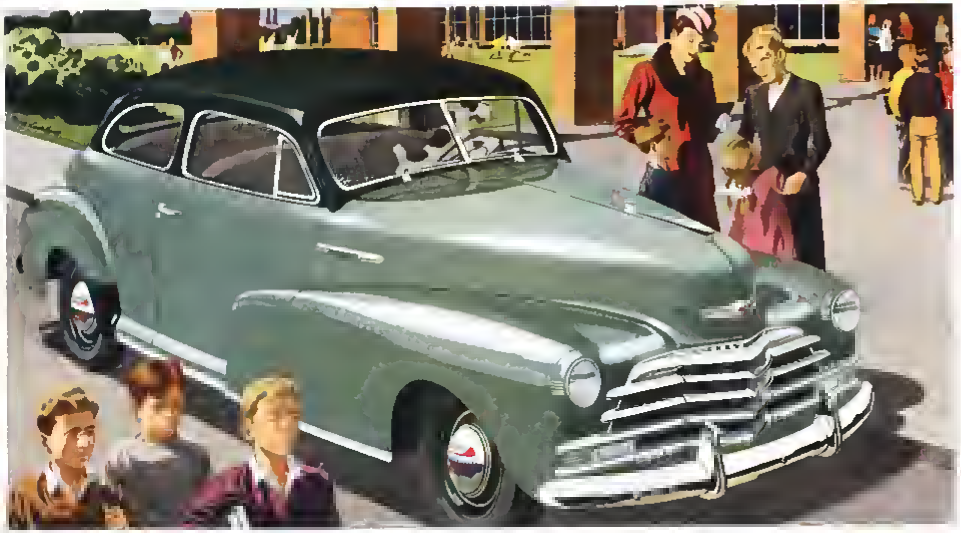
Continued on page 69



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Yes, people are saying—"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOW COST!"

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Continued from page 66

tanated 500 to 2,000 feet above the centre of a large city. Only against vital pin-point targets could it be used more effectively in a ground burst than in the air burst role. It is overwhelmingly costly to produce, and the fissionable material of which it is formed is not commonly found in economically attractive quantities.

The actual process of production is itself one of the most complex of all modern industry.

Moreover there is one hopeful feature of this fissionable material from which the atomic bomb is made. It is beginning to be applied to the production of special forms of power for industry and transportation. Its by-product is now already becoming of special service in medical and metallurgical research. By 1967 there is a distinct probability that this fissionable material will become of such great value in the world economy that even the most power-hungry aggressive would be disposed against pre-empted from diverting it to weapons.

Our problem therefore is safely to bridge the gap between about 1960 or 1962 and 1967 or 1970. It is only a five to ten year period but with dangers that we have to consider and prepare against.

Technique For A-Day

Let us examine what we would have to expect should atomic war come to Canada.

The kind of bomb which would be most commonly used would be the medium type, dropped from a long range bomber to explode 500 to 2,000 feet above the target. Its pattern of damage is well known. There is an inner circle, semi-circle, half a mile in diameter in which 90% deaths would occur and all surface structures, even those of reinforced concrete, would be demolished or structurally damaged. There is an outer circle about five miles in diameter which represents the extreme limit of damage to lightest structures and non-lethal injuries to personnel. Deaths, injuries and structural damage occur in diminishing degree between the inner and outer circles.

Take a map of your city and select your own central aiming point. It will be accurate enough. Then allow for a normal bomber's error of half a mile from that point. This will increase your danger area to six miles in diameter even though the actual point of damage would only be five miles wide.

To destroy small industrial targets on land such as the Soo locks the enemy bombers would drop penetrating demolition bombs designed to dig deep into the earth before exploding. A deep bomb could leave a crater about 1,000 feet wide and 100 feet deep. Bursts three miles right or left of the locks would make wide but shallow craters. These craters would host "lips" dangerously radioactive for months or years. Although few would dare to send these open targets a would have to be cleared of people and kept clear until the gamma count came down.

A third form of attack would be the water burst. Test Baker at Bikini gives us fairly clear idea of what might happen to Canadian cities which adjoin a large land-locked body of water. The bomb might be dropped from a ship at a selected point in the harbour in darkness or fog and with a delayed action fuse. It is much more likely that such a bomb would be dropped by low flying enemy aircraft a few seconds before the underwater explosion occurs. Typical points where this method might conceivably be used with the first two are regarded as serious possibilities are:

(a) Halifax harbour 400 yards off the Canadian National terminal docks.

(b) Vancouver harbour half a mile due north of the Canadian Pacific wharves.

(c) In the St. Lawrence River midway between the Quebec City and Levis ferry terminals.

(d) In the middle of the Toronto or Hamilton harbors.

The results would vary greatly with the depth of water, the configuration of the harbor bottom, the wind direction and with the pattern of the city affected. The blast would splash many millions of gallons of hot radioactive water over surrounding land. Ships remaining afloat in the harbor area would be unusable from contamination for a period of months or even years, depending on their distance from the blast. A section of the city along the harbor front closest to the explosion would be too radioactive for occupation up to a year or longer.

A radioactive mist would blanket a much larger area which would need to be evacuated temporarily but probably for not more than a few weeks. Structural damage would be very small compared to the results of an air-burst or ground burst atomic bomb. Casualties can only be vaguely estimated since there are no Hiroshimas or Nagasakis to match the results of Test Baker.

A fair guess for Vancouver under present conditions would be that not more than 8,000 persons would die and 20,000 would be injured (mainly cases of radiation sickness) by an water burst atomic bomb as compared with 15,000 dead and 60,000 injured from an air burst bomb. Casualties in Halifax might be somewhat greater owing to its smaller size and the shape of the city form the inland to the harbor.

The only compensating advantage to an enemy in such a water burst attack would lie in the long period of radioactive contamination for the vital harbor installations. An air burst atomic bomb wreaks its great radioactive havoc in a split second but leaves little or no lingering danger from "gamma" emanation. While the latter may take up to 28 days to die the final absorption is almost instantaneous.

Smuggled Bombs?

Against most North American cities the atomic bombs would be borne by human targets by aircraft flying at 40,000 feet or more. Five first class targets like the Soo locks they might be expected to attract heavier than usual attacks. Coastal cities might well be bombarded with atomic bomb-carrying missiles of the V-1 or V-2 type launched from ship or submarine.

Theoretically it would be feasible for an aggressor to build a number of atomic bombs for export, smuggle one into an equivalent number of target centres throughout the free world and to detonate them all at a prearranged moment. In practice this would be most unsatisfactory. Premature detection of a single bomb in even one foreign centre would immediately alert all threatened countries. One can well imagine the frenzied search that would go on for 489 cities. The precious material for such would be found and destroyed before it could be used. The aggressor is gambling on world conquest would be an unlikely bet.

It is possible to predict fairly closely the season, day and hour at which an atomic attack might be launched against Canadian and other cities. The greatest disdain of key targets in the world lies within the highly industrialized area of the northeastern and south central United States and in contiguous Canadian territory. The



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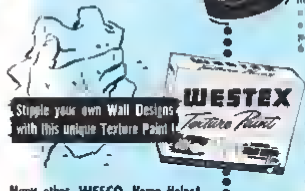
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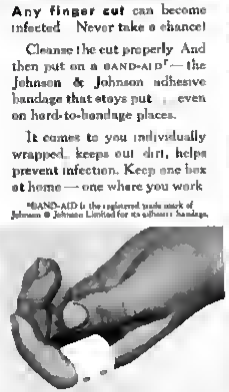


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majority of such targets come within the Eastern Time Zone.

Since the atomic bomb is mainly effective against persons the general staff of an enemy nation would wish to fix upon an hour when there is the greatest concentration of people in downtown offices shopping centres factories and schools. The hour of 4 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on an ordinary business and school day would seem to fit that requirement. The danger hour would vary in other time zones only by hour differences from the Eastern Zone: 11 Halifax at 4 P.M. Winnipeg at 2 P.M. Regina and Edmonton at 1 P.M. Vancouver at noon.

The date selected for attack might be (c) about 10 days before Christmas when downtown shopping crowds are at most schools are still in attendance, and civil warning is likely to be minimized. January 21, when temperature and humidity are lowest fires most easily kindled by the bomb and the difficulty of razing by the injured and homeless would be at its annual peak.

Consuming an attack synchronized with such a Key Target as the Sun Life some working day in mid April just as mid-summer begins to open and when raw material stocks pile are low.

All these details about the atomic bomb spell one strategic fact namely that this danger, however great it may be, can be calculated and measured within narrow limits. In the whole history of war it has been the unknown and unrecognized factor of surprise which has tended to dominate the battlefield. Against any known and measured danger, science and the art of arms have always found some defensive antidote. The atomic bomb is not a known and measurable danger. We have 10 to 15 years to find the answer to it. One would be unreasonably pessimistic to believe that no such defensive antidote can be found and applied in time.

Three Lines of Defense

Let us now examine the ways and means for protecting Canada against this weapon. Our first line of defense, obviously diplomacy, I can be assumed that our diplomatic staff in External Affairs are missions abroad our representatives in the United Nations and especially in the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission are doing, and will continue to do their inspired best to diminish the fruitlessness of difficulties which bring war down. They may even find some formula whereby ideological differences can gradually be resolved until the world can live peacefully and prosperously. There is no evidence however that we are even as close in this branch as we seemed to be in 1945.

Our second line of defense is scientific research. Here is another life and death field we cannot and should not. At present scientific initiative and technological equipment is enjoyed by the free nations and especially by those of the North American continent. Without the technical initiative we may indeed be destroyed in exchange within the next generation. Just as long as we and our allies technical initiative and no longer will we be able to defend ourselves against any horror and scale of attack which may be leveled against us. The more we can hold and even increase our present lead in science and technology the less will be risk of war, without which atomic weapons.

It is the clear duty, I think, of the research council it were possible to do so. Its activities added greatly to the hazards of war by publishing the atomic bomb



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Only *they* can divert this discovery from danger to the peaceful benefit of mankind by developing the full economic uses of fissionable materials. If there were any way of advancing the present estimate of a fairly general application of atomic power to industry and transport by 1957 instead of 1967 the whole fearful problem of defending ourselves against this mighty weapon during the middle future would largely disappear.

What the Services Could Do

Our third line of defense is the armed forces. If we starve them into a condition of ceremonial impotence as we did from 1919 to 1939 we will only be inviting disaster. We are not here concerned with the other normal and strategic benefits of a strong navy, army and air force which General H. D. G. Crerar has already outlined in his recent article in Maclean's, "War Is a Prospect Canada Must Face." The armed forces should be regarded in this study solely from their value as an aid to civil defense of our Canadian cities and vital targets.

Only the navy and the coastal command of the RCAF can guard our maritime cities against attack by supersonic guided missiles with atomic warheads launched from enemy vessels.

Only the army, with its radar early warning posts, and defensive guided missile and artillery allies can provide the proper combination of far flung initial recognition of enemy approach and at close defense to our cities.

Only the air force can bear the main and decisive load of interception during the long gauntlet which enemy bombers must run before they reach their targets. The armed forces have many other tasks but these are the vital ones for ensuring the reasonable safety of our home base without which all other forms of combat are meaningless.

If it were feasible, which it is not, for our armed forces to concentrate solely on these defensive roles and to be equipped with the best devices of American and Canadian science and engineering it might be theoretically possible, in brave, well borne, the whole problem of defense. That success might then become so impregnable that no enemy bomber could penetrate it to drop its atomic egg over a Canadian city. In practice the hope could never be realized. It is however possible that a degree of efficiency could be attained whereby no potential aggressor would ever wish to attack this continent. Since his store of atomic bombs will always be limited he must make good on his first overwhelming surprise attack. He dare not fail to reach any large proportion of his targets. The nemesis of our counter-attack is waiting for him if he fails.

Must We Live Like Moles?

Now we come to the fourth line of defense. The passive civil defense of our cities themselves. How can we mitigate the toll of disaster if and when one of these weapons strikes home in Ottawa or Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg, Halifax or Vancouver?

We can write off some of the more imaginative methods as wholly unreasonable and impracticable. We do not need to rebuild our cities as underground cubist warrens. Some of our more vital Government services may have to go underground just as such services did in Britain during the last war. Subways such as Montreal and Toronto apart from their relief of traffic congestion would provide natural emergency shelters for large sections of the population in these cities.

Decentralization of our cities into a

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heat of widely separated small towns is another dream that sounds attractive but has no basis in common sense. Decentralization must if at all take place naturally and economically. We will need to relate the advantages of concentration-diversification and division of labor which most of our cities now provide. It would however seem possible to decentralize *new* and *replaced* units of industry and essential services to suburban communities far enough away from the lethal rectangle and well separated from each other. Improved forms of rapid transit would encourage this. Economic benefits of such decentralization would probably be greater than from further congestion in the central areas of large cities.

Then there is the problem of blast resistant structures. Brick brick veneer and frame buildings are all dangerously vulnerable to atomic bombs up to a radius of two and a half miles from the target centre. Concrete structures, however stand up well beyond—and sometimes even within—a quarter mile radius.

No easy and economical protection against gamma radiation has yet been developed. Depth of concrete (about three feet in the central zone) is one effective shield as any exposed kind absorption of radiation. Architects and engineers have a real opportunity for applying existing knowledge to the economical design of blast resistant buildings which would also reduce the danger from gamma rays and neutrons.

It is probable that as we approach the danger period fire and even left incipient rules combined with modified building bylaws in the threatened municipalities will help materially to encourage a partial but natural decentralization and strengthening of structures.

All of these passive defense measures thus far considered and the usual nature of the protective property from the bomb.

What we really need starting now is to build in the nucleus ARP organization well beyond anything we dreamt of in 1944 and at least as efficient as the Home Security organization functioned in Britain during the last war. If this is left as a responsibility of the Dominion Government at short notice it is scarcely doubted whether we could achieve the desired organization in time for it to be of any use in an emergency. Even municipal governments with their short terms of office are unlikely to think and plan 10 or 12 years ahead unless impelled to do so by an enlightened and educated public opinion. The main impetus for an ARP organization in Canada should come—and can only come soon—if it is adopted as their own objective by the service clubs, women's institutes, chemical engineers, churches and other public spirited associations and agencies who know their way and are already divided in the welfare of its people.

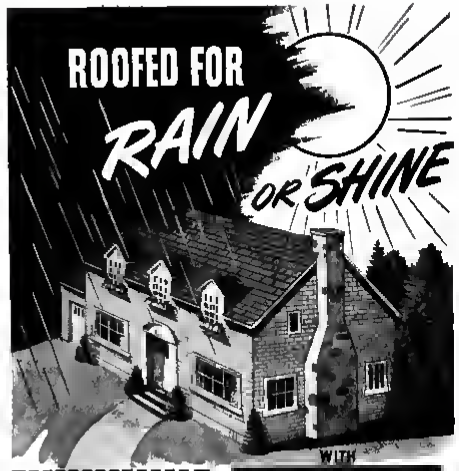
Duties for the ARP

What would such an ARP plan involve? Here are a few suggestions but each community could add others equally useful.

(a) Arrange for underground control chambers to be built gradually on a 10-year program.

(b) Encourage every hospital and other essential service to keep a nucleus of emergency reserve staff over and above the regular turnover needs, and to call them out on occasional brief tours of duty even if only for one day a year.

(c) Set up the usual ARP warden system by districts with essentials



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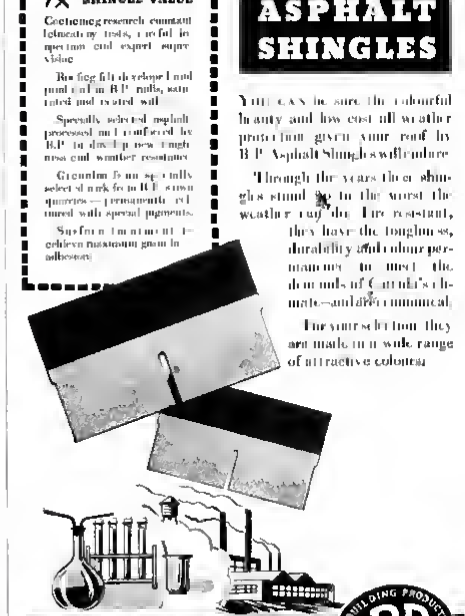
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rlternates aud supervisore rehearse them at lunst once ar twice a year

(h) Using the wardirn system as a basis devise complete plrnr fr emergenry evacuation of rrnessential persons dttails drwn tr tirkiting of children assembly pointr mains at transport and routes will uli need to be wrked unt lo tare ills dnuger period cuuses

(c) Studying and returning plans tar ever until groups in surrounding small towns and villages.

(f Install warning riems and link up your ARI'lr lertingstaff with thr rnurest headquirtcrs rt th rrmud services rnd with tucal police und fire dr partmrnts

(g Rolcome the wlnlr organizatlon first by districts and finnlly for the whnlr cummunitv at least annually after t955) mearwhik three is a challerging task nt lrurhing the members ar your AtU' lrganization their duties npart from uormal AtU' train lrg thry shnnld Know the charsc teristics of thr urw weapons thr rar thods rf ident ifying nnlaitou densatiuns tugthrr with ur slemertary grasp of their physiological rffects.

Dner all of this mean that we have to surrendrr nur cherished personrl freedom and submit to increasing regimentation? Are we rondcmned by the logic of self preservation tr fncr greater rnd greater bureaucracy at control which ir terferes with thr privacy and independrnce which we prize?

tt we leave this whole intricate system of defense to be imposed on us by some paternal governmrnt thru indeed will our freedom become restricted and our privacy invadrd

It toowevrn wa work through vrluntary institutions we can have ur great nr greater chances rf survival without andui government intelsrence as Britain did from ur ruids and V weapons ir World War II The maximum figures of casualtier which we rcrieved earlier rould be cut to a small fnactiou by proper precautions Best of all we would confront a potential attacker with an nrprofitable a target for her utomir rggressior thrt she would be tar less likily to contemplatr a war seriously at all

Canadn wrudd set au example ta athur nations, rvrn as thr Swiss have drne ir Europr for centuries, that free dom and strength—a lovr stpace and a rapacity tostandug and fight—can both be combined in su enlightened state

We cur say with Lord Artur in his lecturn on the History rt Liberty 70 years ago at Cambridge

"It is bettir tr br the citizrn of a humbli communwealth in the Alps tar at our widrr Commonwealth) thar a subject of thr suprrh autocracy thnt overshadows half of Asia and Europe"

They Taught Me Treason

Continued from page 17

thr purtbem of u suit of rlothes for $35 We were to trust no nri who rondtu t show a duplicate bill of sale

All of this had un exciting Oppenhatmsh flavur and nalesdy but a hungross dullard would hart ookrd wlr thr nit was really necessary Within its own councils the party has alwayn been rareful to nnrish and dramatize its ur nr nonspiracy The younger romrades live the small of risk rnd intrigue, and even when the unnecessarily exaggrrated It does have thr advnntage at keeping thrm security rnnscious

By now thr uther students had drifted in Chare were rir from Flirt Arthur and Fort William Martin Parango Milk Chnvsohn and four young Finnish Canadians whose names I didn t learn Alex Gnuhl had come from Mntreal rud Rorbin McDonald and Murdoch Clasker from Nova Scotia Leslir Mntrass was another fellow student whom I already knew by rcputrtion Two Toronto girls were going and the rest ir the group wir drawn frou the running ronnlry around Saskatoon and Hamnra

Ttr the trip we were split into small groups I travrlled with Harvey Morphy Alex Gnnld rud Raskin McDonald

To The Promised Land

The first purt of the jonrney was disappointingly uneventful Wr took the White Star liuar Pennlrnd trom Halifax to Southampton, made a brief call rt party hrndquarters in London rrossed the Chnnnel liv packet called a the party again in Paris and then went on to Berlin l y train

Tlr party offirnls who met us thrre glrved each of us un to different hotel N xt day we went to the Krrl Linb Knecht Hanr which was the headquarters of the German Communist Partv Bcfnre we rould rnter the buildlng we had first to go to a little lookshop in the rarner of the same buildug and show our receipts for the ur thrnl suit of clothes to the proprietor The proprinter pnrtrd to a door The dour opened seemingly by itself, nt we approrhed We learned later It was made of steel and was npernted by controls beneath the book-ller a rountrr

We were tabered into the office of Hans Neuson thr secretary of the German Communist Party He told us we were to stay in Berlin a week or so then be sent to Moscow one at a time Our hotel bills in Berlin would be looked nfter by the German Communist Party We left our passports with Neuman and he arrangrd transit visas through Poland as well rs regular Russian visas

Dnring thr long train ride from Berlin to Moscow I had my first real rhance to look at Europe What I saw didn t impress me There seemed nothing to compare with the spacious striding stundnrnce of Canada—but after all this still was a Russia Once across thr last border I reassured myself I d see a lned pulsing with vitality I d see the incarnation of thr shrina I had built in my mind through out thr years of association with the revolutionary movement I d see the workers und peasants happy and contented with security and freedom unthreatened rf in the capitalistic ronntrs Naive? Of course. Yon had to be naive to be as rednut a Communist as I was then

The train crossed the borirr at a little station called Negorelnye All passengers bound for Moscow had to get off to change trains I took the opportunity to exchange all my capitalist money for rubles nur money

Dnring the last leg of the trip I watched the countryside with avid eyes I don t suppose I really expected to see thr trees a different color unvartheless it was disappointing to note that the only unusual sight was the patrol of green-capped guards from the GPU or state police on every bridge Other GPU men patrolled the train As a Ukrainian Canadian I knew thr language I tried to talk to them several times but invariably war brushed off with curt official monosyllables

When I stepped from the train in Moscow a tall gaunt man in unifi op

proached me identified himself as an emissary of the Comintern, and led me through the station Even to my unrnans objective view, the station didn't seem rotably clean or notably rfficient The people were shabbily dressed and looked poor—and the wetness of the November day seemed to underline their shabbiness and poverty

An ancient jalopy was waiting outside the station My guide was silent during the drive through the streets I wasn t eager to talk anyway I craned my neck still confidently expecting that just around thr next rorner we'd be confronted with one of the splendid super-creations of the socialist father land Perhaps, I thought the driver had happened to choose an unfortunate route

We soon arrived at the four story building on Walrhouka Street that housed the famous Comintern A truly luternational crowd united around the auteenma Orientals, Negroes, whites of many races and degrees of attire After more than two hours I was paged and taken to the third floor to roost Stewart Smith

It wasn t until a few years later, after his energetic career in Canadian politics had landed him on the Toronto Board of Control that Smith became known to my substantial number of the tellw Countrees But to me he was already the most eminent of all Canadians—more exalted even than Tim Burk Hr d graduated from the long course at Lenin University a few years before and had been sent back to Canada as a special Comintern trustee of the Communist Party of Canada In Communist circles that was sonr thing like being Governor General he was thr representative of the throne

It came as a rude shock to me to learn a few hours after our first mrrting to his Moscow office that despite the apparent authority and respect he was still treated Smith had fallen from grace and was virtually a prisoner of the Comintern He d made a serious error in relaying the Comintern s policy to the Communist Party of Canada—I think the specific issue was connected with Canada r relation to thr British Empire—and Moscow had recalled him for "correction" The Comintern was putting him up in a luxurious apartment and had placed him in charge of its Canadian drpartmrnt but of course it was holding his passport and it was clearly understood that Smith's only chance of getting back to Canada dr pended on his ability to redeem himself

During my interview with him a member of the secret police sat between us. Smith was coldly formal and restricted himself to routine questions about the beginnings of unemployment back home and thr opportunities thrrnn for the promotion of Communism and about Communist progress in the Alberta coalfields.

From Hladun to Logan

From his office I went to meet Dmitri Manuilsky, then secretary of the Comintern, now president of the Ukrainr Then I was driven to Lenin University's main building at Vorovsky No. 25

After the usual ceremony of identification at the outer gatehouse I was taken inside to thr office of the deau Comrade Stassova a plump rldrly woman who had been one of Lenin's rlose advisers in the early days of the revolution and thro to the offices at the special division whirh was also headed by a woman, Comrade Sobolskaja

Comrade Sobolskaja took my passport from me and explained that it would be held by the special division until my return journey to Canada Manuilsky had rrrently told ma that I d use a rover nnme throughout my stay in Moscow and on thr way over from his office I decided to call myself Jack Logan. While I waited Comrade Sobolskaja made out a set of the papers I'd be needing These consisted of a university pass a meal ticket booklet for the month a lodging ticket rud a social club membership I was also given 50 rubles in cash for my first month's out of pocket expenses.

I was assigned to a dormitory at 14 Gogolevsky Boulevard, a few blocks from the Universrty. The building evidently had once been thr residence of a wealthy man. Thr rooms were spacious and walls were draped with satin The floors were inlaid with rare, exquisite woods in beautiful designs

I slept until supper Thr dining room was like an army mess hall I've forgotten what thr first meal was but I remember that I couldn t eat it

That night Johnny Writ—the man who'd enrolled me in the Young Communist League back in Winnipeg years before—came over to see me Johnny was a long course student and



Within a rlosrnt of hours under the name Jack Logan Hladun joined the All Union Voluntary Association of Proletarian Tourism and Excursions. this is the first page of his membership book, smuggled out of Russia



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3. Repeat morning rleansing with Noxzema on wet rlath. Dry gently
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MRS HICKS' SWEET PICKLES

1 qt. cucumbers	1 tbsp. celery seed
1 head cauliflower	1 tbsp. dry mustard
2 lbs. white silver skin onions	1 tbsp. tumeric
½ cup salt	cup flour
	3 cups white sugar

Wash the vegetables. Cut the cucumbers into small chunks, break the cauliflower into small flowerettes and skin the onions. Sprinkle well with salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain well. Combine the mustard, tumeric, flour and sugar. Heat 1 qt. vinegar. Cook mixture constantly until thickened. Pour over vegetables and if necessary add enough vinegar to cover. Simmer for ½ hour. Bottle hot.

• • •

Here's a favourite recipe with many Canadian housewives—

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES

1 qt. ripe cucumbers	2 green tomatoes
1 qt. celery	3 qts. vinegar
1 qt. onions	salt to taste
2 lbs. sugar	

Chop the vegetables. Boil the sliced until the vegetables are tender. Do not boil until they become soft. Drain well. Add sugar, vinegar and spices. Add this pack to the boiling mixture and cook until dark.

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had been in Moscow over a year. He'd always regarded me as his protege and told me now how pleased he was that I'd worked my way up to Moscow. He asked me about things back home. Then told me of Stewart Smith's precarious status with the Comintern, and warned me not to be seen in Smith's company more than I could help. Johnny also told me that Sean Carr had been in Moscow for some time being groomed to replace Smith as the Comintern's liaison in Canada. Another large-scale shuffle he maintained was Charley Sims, then a promising novitiate, today Toronto's only Communist alderman.

(This is a good place to mention what became of some of the other Canadians I met in Moscow. Weir, real name Wewirsky—is now editor of the Canadian Ukrainian, a pro-Russian weekly published in Toronto. Harvey Murphy is an organizer for the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers in British Columbia. Grant Clarke and McDonald are in the Canadian trade union movement. Morris is editor of the left-wing Toronto daily tabloid The Tribune. Carr, who became national organizer of the Labor-Progressive Party, is a fugitive from Canadian justice wanted in connection with the Russian espionage enquiry.)

Of Lenin University's normal complement of 6 000 students, Johnny Weir told me, half were Orientals and half their own sector. The other half were Europeans, North and South Americans, African and Australasians. The Comintern was starting to build a new university—a self-contained town just outside Moscow in the Gorki district. When completed it would accommodate twice as many students as the old university and its activities would be merged with those of the Comintern. (Ironically, according to a recent speech by Tim Buck, the new institution is now operating at least in partial capacity.)

Back to School

I hardly slept that night. I had much to think about. Besides bedbugs crawled over me in a constant procession.

In the morning I got up and made a beeline for the washroom. There was only one wash basin for the entire floor. It had to serve 25 men and women. I was warned not to drink the water out of the tap. The rusty was dirty and there was no hot water. However, I finally managed to ready myself for the day.

At nine o'clock we were in the classroom. The 200-odd students of the English-speaking section were roughly divided into groups of 20. Alex Gauld, Ruskin McDuffe, Edmund Murphy, Charlie Ware in the same group in which I was assigned along with Rebecca Grecht, Ben Gould and a couple of other Americans who remained so stolidly tight-lipped I never learned their real names. There were a few English students, a couple of Australians, one New Zealander, one Icelander and one South African.

The morning was spent in setting up the group on a functional basis. We elected monitors for each of the subjects on the curriculum—which were helped by political economy, history of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., history of the labor movement, trade union movements, strategy and tactics of party work, materialism and materialist conception of history, and finally a mysterious subject identified only as Orgwork.

Monitor for each subject was to be official liaison between the group and the faculty and since a monitorship offered the prospect of getting an intimate terms with big shots of the party, they were greatly coveted. During the election of monitors it became all too evident that I was the youngest and least illustrious member of the group. While the students scrambled for positions of authority in such high sounding specialties as materialism and political economy it became apparent that no all suspected Orgwork of being some obscure form of kitchen fatigue. When the time came to appoint a monitor for Orgwork, I was elected by default.

With all the details settled—an officer of the school gave us a very brief introduction to each subject. These went pretty well along the lines we'd anticipated. But when he came to explain Orgwork everybody's eyes popped out—mine more than most. I'd landed the plum of the course!

Orgwork would bring us a working knowledge of every common type of machine gun, field rifle, pistol and revolver, would teach us how to make and handle explosives, would teach us the tactics and strategy of warfare and armed insurrection, strikes, demonstrations and street fighting. We would have not one, but three instructors in this subject, two from the Red Army and one from the GPU. I felt like a beggar suddenly elevated to knighthood. I was sure that I could have traded my monitorship for any other monitorship in the class—and collected at least 500 rubles to boot. Even the coldly ambitious arch Communist, Rebecca Grecht, who usually talked and acted as though she were Stalin's daughter, condescended to speak to me.

Sam Carr's Election

For the next nine months the school was the centre of our activities, but the ordinary business of adjusting ourselves to our new environment had its educational features too. For recreational purposes we had a clubhouse where we could participate in dramatics, music and other hobbies. We were shown movies—mostly always propaganda—once a week. On special occasions such as anniversaries of notable days in the history of Bolshevism the entire English speaking section would combine for a special celebration of one kind or another. There was no lack of variety in the personalities we met there—people like Nisbet, a sophisticated American dandy, chunky James Ford, an American Negro, our own rough hewn Canadian Harvey Murphy, Cap'n hard-bitten roleriful Australian sailor Moore, a dour Clydeside worker from Glasgow.

We all had been made full citizens of the Soviet Union for the duration of our stay, and we set up a university section of the Communist Party that functioned as a part of the regular Soviet political machine. Within a few weeks the time for the election of deputies to the Moscow Soviet arrived. Sam Carr's name was on the slate proposed by the party leadership and naturally Sam was elected unanimously by a show of hands. So far as I know Sam Carr has the distinction of being the only Canadian citizen ever elected and installed as a member of the Russian parliament.

Money soon became a problem for most of the visiting students. The university was financed by the Russian Communist Party through the Comintern. Besides our transportation, board and lodging, we were allowed 50 rubles a month for clothing and incidental expenses, but due to the efficient working of our party committee these allowances were gradually trimmed down. First the university section of the party unanimously decided that each student would subscribe to the first and second national savings loans to help with the Soviet five-year plan. Then came a series of "donations" and memberships in various associations including even a Trade union membership of some kind. In the end our 50 rubles a month had been cut to 10—barely enough for smokes.

The Rich Student

Most of the students had to resort to special means to get some extra cash. Those who had valuable articles to their luggage sold them in the Moscow cafes at fancy prices. The lady dentist who examined my teeth asked me to sell her my nail and pencil. I asked what I'd wear myself if I did that. She replied that many of the students at Lenin University sold their foreign clothing in Moscow cafes and then replaced it with Muscovite clothing which could be bought at low prices at the universities commissary. Now it became clear to me why so many English-speaking students had begun to appear in rough native garments. At first I'd thought they made the change to show their international solidarity.

I was particularly amused when I spotted my old friend Harvey Murphy minus his blue serge suit swaggering in a pair of heavy woollen mackinaw trousers, a rim collared shirt and blue tunic. He looked like a typical Moscow speculator—a caste of private traders who sprang up after the revolution as an unavoidable by-product of the Soviet economy.

Fortunately I was well prepared for the unexpected financial emergency. I sold my pocket watch for 1 500 rubles, two fountain pens for 100 each, a raincoat for 200 and clothing and fur for another 100. Soon I'd accumulated nearly 5 000 rubles.

We had a buffet at the school where good food could be bought at fancy prices. After I got into the money I added to it at the mess hall. I gave my meal tickets away to less fortunate students from Poland, Turkey and Rumania. They would stand in the queue and were very happy. In return they looked after my wash, pressed my clothes and other personal chores at [illegible]. I complained about the bedbugs in the dormitory and the housekeeper thereafter put my mattress to cool out. All in all it could have been worse—even though it wasn't paradise.

We Learn How to Spy

We dug into our studies. All the lectures and textbooks were in English and our instructors were men of high intellectual calibre and besides our regular professors we heard special lectures by Earl Yarmolinsky, the eminent theoretician of the Russian Communist Party, Wilhelm Pieck, one of the leaders of the party in Germany, Otto Kuusinen, the leader of the Finnish Communist Party (who had done a tour of duty in Canada as a trouble-shooter for the Comintern), Gerardo Arcoli (now known as Togliatti) of the Italian Communist Party, and Ergene Varga and Bela Kun of Hungary.

The course in Orgwork was no disappointment. Lieutenant General Yegorieff and Colonel Zilbert of the Red Army lectured on the broad strategy of the class struggle and on the state of the enemy's defences in our own countries. Captain Ignatowitch of the GPU supervised our practical training.

On the first day, as monitor of the course, I was given a set of pamphlets to hand around. These dealt with the organizational structures of the British, American and Canadian armed forces.

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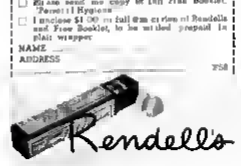
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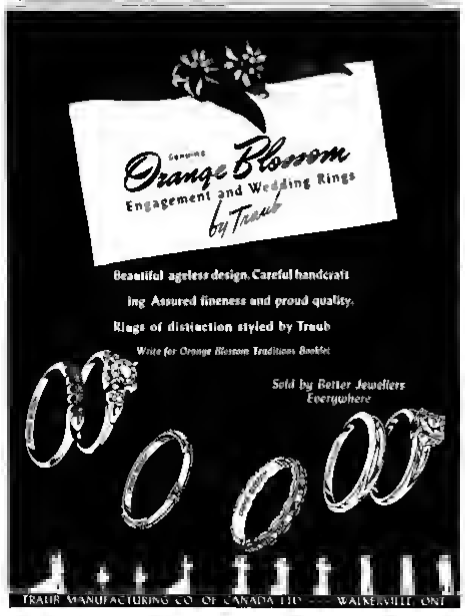
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As the curriculum progressed through lectures by Zilbert on field tactics communications and supply and military intelligence we were supplied with official British Army handbooks on these subjects and with maps of cities and other strategic areas The Canadian cities for which we received military maps were Halifax Montreal Toronto Winnipeg and Vancouver

We were told that when we returned home we should try to obtain similar maps of secondary cities In any case we should form the habit of mapping our own districts for ourselves In mapping we should mark clearly (a) districts where workers lived (b) police stations and army barracks (c) railroad stations (d) airfields (e) post offices city halls and other public buildings (f) factories and workshops (g) main roads and railroad lines. Besides their obvious value in warfare maps were useful in planning strikes and demonstrations, we were reminded

We were instructed to make ourselves thoroughly familiar with the disposition and strength of army units and police forces This information must be forwarded to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Canada

Strikes and demonstrations should be regarded as military operations we were told and conducted on that basis We must not overlook the tremendous importance of organizing public opinion with particular emphasis on enlisting the sympathy of the police and armed forces. We must never hesitate to use women and children as screens when battling with the police We received reports on several strikes and demonstrations in various European countries where clashes with the police or militia had taken place In each case the party's tactical triumphs and tactical errors were thoroughly analyzed

How to Make a Bomb

After a couple of preliminary lectures by Captain Ignatowitch we settled down to the study of arms. First on the list were the army rifles of various countries In our class we paid special attention to Springfield Lee Enfield Ross and Winchester. The latter classed as sporting weapon but still useful We soon learned the mechanics of the four weapons and moved on to target practice There weren't enough of the American and British weapons to go around so we had to use two or three Russian three lines infantry field rifles These were clumsy and kicked savagely Since I was in charge of passing them out to the class I invariably saw to it that Rebecca Grecht our haughty American comrade got one

We studied a number of pistols and used them in target practice too There were hardly two alike with the exception of three 45 Colt automatics of an ancient vintage Rebecca always got one of these and nearly always missed the target by miles One day she flicked a bull's eye For a week afterwards we heard of nothing else

Machine guns took more time After mastering their theory we practiced on assembly and operation and finally went back to the targets. The Maxim came first then the Hotchkiss and the Lewis a Russian version of the Lewis and finally the Thompson We devoted more time to the Tommy gun than to any other weapon As Ignatowitch said it was easily concealed and was ideal for street fighting

The only explosives to which we were introduced were black gunpowder and TNT and we were cautioned to use them only in extreme cases—for instance supposing there existed a state of war between your country and the Soviet Union In that event it would be our duty to attack troops and supply trains moving against the Soviet forces Ignatowitch took us to the Red Army proving fields outside the city where we mixed the explosives made crude bombs and tried and detonated them Ignatowitch explained that three were other and more effective explosives than these we'd learned about but we wouldn't be required to study them unless we were assigned by our central committees back home to their special military sections

We finished our training in Orgwork with tactical manoeuvres during which we simulated strikes demonstrations street fights and even a long forced march in an objective About 300 students played the part of militant workers and a couple of detachments of the G.P.U. played the part of the soldiers and the police Red Army officers were referees

Our academic studies were less exciting Yet they too despite their high content of phlebotomy reminded us constantly that we were preparing for conflict Professor Mantz the highly esteemed Marxist writer who lectured on the history of the Soviet Communist Party seldom allowed a lecture to pass without a direct restatement of the course's main theme The Communists of the world owe their total allegiance to the Soviet Union Wherever they are the government of their own countries are their enemies

The lessons we drew from the history of the party of Lenin and Stalin were sharp and pointed We were shown where the Russian Communists had found it temporarily expedient to soft pedal their hostility to the church The "lesson" here was particularly useful for Canadian Communists Our duty was to avoid antagonizing either the French-speaking Roman Catholics or the English-speaking Protestants and to play them against one another with the ultimate objective of severing our country split into two independent and mean too friendly states

Similarly we were shown how the Russian Communists had played on the animosities of Russia's scores of minority groups in the early development of the Bolshevist state the "lesson" here was particularly aimed at students from the United States who were reminded that a separate self-governing "Black Belt" was still part of the Communist's blueprint for winning the support of American Negroes

We were encouraged to discuss and comment on the lectures after they were completed and this practice led to one final-class fiasco The political economy course was conducted by a Professor Zinnmerman and the official textbooks were the first volume of Marx "*Kapital*" and "The Elements of Political Economy" by Lapidus and Ostrovitianow As a rule we stuck pretty closely to Marx basic theses on the values created by human labor and on the surplus values actually created by labor but demand off by the capitalists in the form of profits

A Poser for the Professor

Everything went fine while we were still dissecting the capitalist society Naturally we all agreed with Marx Lapidus and Ostrovitianow and Professor Zinnmerman that capitalists were the root of all evil Our difficulties began when after one of the lectures the Clydeside Scotsman Mouat got up and complained somewhat apologetically that he'd often found it difficult back home in Glasgow to refute the non-Communist argument that the Soviet Union itself operated on the principles of capitalism—state capitalism to be sure but still capitalism It wasn't Mouat's intention to brand the U.S.S.R. as a capitalist state all he wanted was a formula for refuting the accusation when summoned side made it

We began to muster the evidence The further we got into it the more adamant and embarrassing seemed these five facts about Soviet Russia as we ourselves had found it

(1) All labor was paid by wages salary or piece work (2) The remnants from the workers' wages only in tradition at the value he produced (3) The workers did not own the means of production (4) The workers did not own the articles they produced (5) The workers did not own the houses they lived in (6) The workers had no voice in management According to Marx this was Capitalism

Poor Professor Zinnmerman made a game but finishing attempt to find the answers in the textbooks but Mouat and a few other students who now shared his predicament were still manipulating unhappily when the discussion broke up late that night

By the next day the reports of what had happened had spread through the whole English section and the next



Stewart Smith. He had to eat his words.



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versity had a full blown controversy on its hands. Eventually Eugene Varga, a Hungarian economist and author of note and a professor at the Communist Academy, was rushed to the rescue. He delivered a long and intricate lecture which led up to the exhortation that while there might be evidence of capitalist forms in the Soviet economy Marx had not foreseen the establishment of a proletarian dictatorship in one country before the rest of the world was ready to follow suit. In some matters therefore it was necessary to regard his formula for straightening out the world as a general rather than a specific one.

Zinoviev man disappeared from the faculty. Lapidus and Ostrovitianov vanished from the library shelves.

Smith Puts His Foot In It

Professor Rozengoltz, who lectured on the history of the labor movement, had much easier going than Zinoviev man. Whenever he got a dangerous question on current events he would stop and tell us that he dealt only with history and that contemporary issues would be discussed in the course on the trade union movement. He was as fine a buck passer as I have ever met.

One night there was a special extra curricular meeting to discuss North American trade unions. Karl Browder, secretary of the American Communist



Harvey Murphy, classmate of the writer

Party, was there as was Stewart Smith, Sam Carr, Charlie Sims, Salsman, Weir and a few other prominent Canadian Communists.

Smith apparently the right one would be in excellent position to which to break out of the private doghouse in which the Comintern had consigned him. He led off with a technical attack on all the international "bourgeois" trade unions of Canada and the United States. Carried away by his own rhetorical eloquence and by the respectful hearing he received to begin, he wound up by urging that we set out to destroy them and set up Communist organizations.

Browder jumped to the floor fairly sputtering and denounced the startled Smith speech as outright and downright treachery. Party policy, Browder said, and approving note from the Russian comrades who were the real dictators of the discussion, would remain as before—work with the established trade unions, capture their leadership and then use them to promote the breakdown of capitalism. Any other course was stupid and disloyal.

That was the only hint Johnny Weir, Alex Gauld and Charlie Sims needed. One by one they got up and endorsed Browder's views each trying to outdo the others in loading fresh epithets on the unhappy Smith.

Finally Smith, pale and shaken got up and threw the Snudey punch of his own slugging jaw. With a perspiring earnestness that would have been funny if it had been less an affront to human dignity, he denounced himself, thanked Comrades Browder, Weir, Sims and Gauld for showing him the specialness of his own arguments and pledged them wholehearted support in the policy their superior wisdom had recognized in the only way. It was a sorry performance, but every party member who makes the mistake of underrating the party line has to go through it sooner or later.

"Don't Believe Your Eyes"

Our regular lecturer in the labor union movement was an American whose real identity remained a secret throughout the course. With the politics of the Comintern undergoing frequent changes the whole labor movement field was strewn with pitfalls, but the professor navigated skilfully at first. When he came to the Soviet unions he found the going more tricky.

The big question was: What are the Soviet trade unions? We knew their role was vastly different from that of the trade unions in other countries. The Soviet trade unions could not fight for higher wages, for shorter hours or for better working conditions. They couldn't call strikes to fort they could do anything that the ordinary trade union could do in a non-Communist state. One comrade worker for the truth, hinted that the Soviet trade unions might be company unions.

With the memory of Professor Zinoviev man's debacle in political economy freshly in mind the faculty moved fast. The whole class was chanted in the Profintern—the Russian international labor organization where Comrade Lozovsky gave us a pep talk on the special role of the Soviet trade unions in this transition period in the war between dictatorship capitalism and rising Communism. He cautioned us not to use bourgeois standards in appraising the role of the Soviet trade unions. Our task he reminded us rather severely was work for the overthrow of capitalism and not to direct into the affairs of the Soviet workers.

To me this was a really severe jolt. I was still a good Communist a good enough one that to spite of an occasional doubt about some of our methods I still had no real doubts about the Cause. Yet here was a deep and terrifying paradox staring me in the face. I had come to Moscow filled with eagerness to feed and strengthen my faith in the new paradise of man to marvel at it with my own eyes. Now I was bluntly told there were things my eyes weren't meant to see. And in any case when my eyes did see something that differed from the dogma I'd been taught it was my eyes I was to disbelieve.

Good Communist though he was, John Hladun was further shocked by his visit to the Russian slave labor camp and his ruminations on poverty stricken and oppressed Ukraine, his ancestral homeland. Read how he turned away from Communism in the third instalment of "They Taught Me Treason" in the next issue of Maclean's. ★



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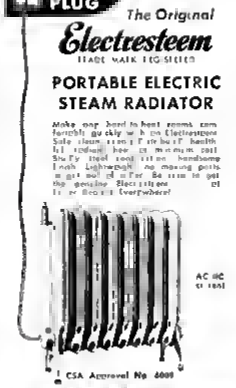


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Wills That Won't

Continued from page 16

benefit under it. The lawyer's wife had been left a generous slice of her father's estate only to lose all right to it because of her husband's thoughtless act.

This story still makes the rounds of his confreres of the bar, who shake their collective heads at his negligence and wonder at his good fortune—for by special family arrangement the terms of the will were followed in spite of the ruling of the courts that the wife could not legally benefit from the estate.

In Canada there are three different kinds of wills. The English form which must be signed by the testator and two witnesses. The holograph which is wholly written and signed in the hand of the testator and requires no witness and the notarial which must be signed in the presence of two notaries or failing that, one notary and two witnesses. The English form holds water in the nine provinces. The holograph is legal in Quebec, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Only in Quebec can the notarial form be used.

When Thomas B. Campbell, who was among other things an eyestrap salesman, died in Minneapolis last summer he left a small, black-covered notebook among his effects. In it, among lists of expense accounts, addresses and business data was a single page note which left $240,000 to a 68-year-old former waitress named Margaret Laxdall who lived in Winnipeg.

Campbell's half brother in Portland, Ore., and half sister in Minneapolis were cut out of the estate. The two of them hired lawyers and challenged the validity of the hand written unwitnessed quarter-of-a-million dollar scrawl. But the Minneapolis judge who heard the case held thumbs up on Miss Laxdall's claim because the will had been written in Manitoba where the holograph is legal.

Another interesting bequest that came as a surprise to all of the forgotten past was the $500 Arthur Meighen willed to a lady with whom, together, I kept company when we were both 21 years old in 1899... and who gave me the only kisses I ever got. Though Meighen died a bachelor his erstwhile ladylove had long since married. She accepted the five hundred.

Non-Existent Estates

When Elmer "Bud" Lloyd, a war veteran of Saint John, N.B. and operator of a small radio repair shop was wakened by the phone one day he was advised that he had inherited more than $100,000 from a Maine farmer named Fred Streed. He laughed the call off as a practical joke.

But on reflection he recalled that some years previously he had rescued Streed from a gang of hoodlums one dark night in Bangor, Me. And shortly after the telephone message a middle-aged, neatly dressed man presented himself at the Lloyd shop and displayed the credentials of a firm of Boston lawyers. He showed papers dealing with the fat inheritance.

Lloyd was joyfully convinced. He made plans to enlarge his business and buy a new home in the suburbs. News papers across the country picked up the rags-to-riches story and printed it with enthusiasm.

Then the man who had brought the news vanished into thin air. Lloyd tried to trace him. The Boston legal firm disclaimed all knowledge of the self-termed lawyer and the $100,000 will. The publicity apparently scared him off before he could carry out what ever swindle he had in mind.

Wills which seem crystal clear can give rise to unexpected complications. One Ontario schoolmistress, for example, left all her stocks and bonds to the serving convicts in Portsmouth Penitentiary at Kingston. This bequest backfired, not because of the difficulty involved in selecting donees who might prove "worthy" but because the stocks she left behind were worthless and the bonds supply dried up.

Or take the case of W. B. Wright, justice of the Ontario Supreme Court who had untangled many a mixed up will from the bench. He will assigned $47,000 of his estate to relatives and friends. But the estate he left behind, unassuming, to only $28,863 wasn't much enough to go around and he thereby left his erstwhile colleagues in the halls of justice with a problem in mathematics to solve—a problem to which, incidentally, the answer is still a secret.

Which Skeleton?

In the will of one Clara Ryan, a woman doctor of Barrrfield near Kingston there was a clause which was defeated by time and misunderstanding. It said: "My skeleton I want sent in perfect order to the Palmer Memorial College."

It was assumed that the skeleton referred to was one which Dr. Ryan kept for purposes of medical study. Only after she had been buried was it realized that she meant the skeleton she had in life clothed with her own flesh.

One of the commonest errors in will writing is improper identification of the intended heir. Many a man has left $2,000 to "my nephew James," when he had two or more nephews of that name.

Megavirth Geddings, who died during an operational flight in an RCAF aircraft over the Bahamas made just such a mistake. His estate was small one—hardly $1,300—but that did not make the argument for possession of it any the less heated. In his will he had said "I give...devise and bequeath unto a friend—Mrs. Annie Cameron, RR 1, Weston, Ontario, my whole estate." As it happened there were two Mrs. Cameron—mother-in-law — who lived in the same area.

One Margaret Cameron had been designated by Geddings in his will of km. She lived on rural route 3, Weston, and Megavirth, who had worked as a farm hand for her husband, had lived with them for some time. Attending to Margaret he had been treated "as if he were our son." The other Annie lived at RR 1, Woodbridge, Ontario.

Margaret thought Geddings "was a victim of misinformation or misdirection" when she met my name and as Mrs. Annie Cameron, RR 1, Weston, instead of Mrs. Margaret Cameron, RR 3, Weston. She planned the estate.

Annie felt sure Geddings had got the right name but had made an error in the address.

After arguments, legal discussions and interminably talks the sisters-in-law decided to settle the matter between themselves. The estate went to Margaret and the probate wording was changed to read "...Margaret Cameron referred to in the will as Mrs. Annie Cameron."

How Not To Witness

Such complications often arise out of ignorance of the law. Not long ago a girl walked into the registrar's office of the Surrogate Court of York County, Ontario and informed a clerk that her uncle had died.

"What should I do?"

If there was a will and if the estate is less than $400 bring it in to us," said

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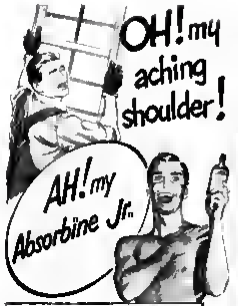
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The kindly clerk "If the amount is more, take it to a lawyer."

He went. The first idea how large a fortune the estate was" said the niece of the dead man. She returned home, picked up the will and—perhaps suspecting the worst—took it to a notary public who told her it was invalid because it lacked the witnesses necessary in Ontario.

Again she returned home, where the deceased was laid out ready for burial. She asked two of her neighbors to come in and in front of the corpse had them sign the will which left every thing to her.

She then took the testament back to the registrar's office, but before it could be probated one of the witnesses reported the ghastly witnessing. The will, which later proved to deal with a $40,000 estate, was refused by the Probate Court. Letters of Administration, appointing a person to administer the funds, as if no will existed—were granted instead.

The Stork Derby Wills

There are actually some cases on record where the beneficiaries have refused to accept gifts from the dead.

One of these involved the will of a woman named Mary Starr, who stipulated that her son, Paul, rejoin the Roman Catholic Church which he had left at his marriage, if he wished to win any share of her estate. He failed in fellow her desire. Paul would get a mere $600. Said he defiantly: "Money can't buy me!"

Another similar case had to do with the most famous of fortunate wills that of a Toronto lawyer named Charles Vance Millar. As there is a legend of peculiar happiness about the $7,000 he remarked for masses in the Roman Catholic church to be said for the soul of Major Joseph Kilgour, a Protestant. The church refused to accept the money.

The Millar will war best known for a clause which set aside about half a million dollars for the woman most fertile would leave the most children in the 10 year period. The element was eventually shared by four ladies who each had nine children in a race the press aptly named The Stork Derby.

Millar died in 1926 during the lucrative assembly of Thomas Eaton, who died two years out of the age of 103 and left an estate of more than five million dollars. Impressed by the terms of the Millar will, Eaton included a Stork Derby clause in his own. It provided a memorial of $10,000 to be shared by 12 mothers who would give birth to the largest number of children in three separate time periods beginning at Easter's finish and the other to follow with gaps of three years between them.

Adolph Roux, a wealthy Belgian who died in 1914, also tried to gain some measure of fame after death. He had prepared his grave with a built in mechanism for turning his coffin over and over. His will bade fortune to a peasant "if he will in the meantime much running and turned me over in my grave."

Dreaming of riches, the peasant did that for almost 10,000 mornings a matter of 27 years. Then Roux's pipe was snipped into the pattern and had the will declared void.

When a person dies without a will the law takes over. Each province has its own strict regulations. In Ontario the estate of a married man without children would give his widow every thing up to $5,000 and two thirds of the residue, the other third to be divided among other relatives. In Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan she inherits all. In British Columbia and New Brunswick she takes one-third of the residue, the rest going to the children. In Nova Scotia she is entitled to half of the total, the remainder is divided between her and her parents. In Prince Edward Island the wife claims the first $8,000 plus one half of the residue. In Quebec the widow gets her one third, the parents get one third and the brothers and sisters divide the remaining third amongst them. All cases of reverse refer to the amount left after succession duties are paid.

The complications can be terrific, but this is only the beginning. When a person inherits property by will or otherwise he faces succession duty regulations that only an attorney can untangle. Simply explained, the governing principle for the calculation of these taxes seems to be that the rate rises sharply according to the size of the estate and the distance of the relationship between the beneficiary and the deceased.

One sad case that deals with excessive duties is that of the late Canadian millionaire, E. R. Wood, who had the misfortune of dying a few hours too late to avoid having passed away scarcely after the federal Government entered the succession duties field in 1941. If his death had occurred one day sooner his heirs would have pocketed or returned $2 millions more than they did. Since April 1 of this year Ontario and Quebec have been the only provinces in both provinces it is still as federal succession duties all the others are now entirely under Federal jurisdiction.

The Triple Will Case

The gayest and most complicated tale in this recital is the one surrounding The Bloody Will, two sheets of paper written by William Herbert Morrison, a Canadian who had a second home in Wilmington, North Carolina. He will be read up after a mysterious absence of 10 months with a three inch string torn off the top, a white-smudged signature and a dark brown pair of human blood.

Morrison had been married twice. Divorced wife number one married a man named Schoonover who comes into this story amazingly early because he adopted Morrison's son, William, and changed his name to Schoonover. Morrison had two daughters, Zelda and Elsie, by his second wife.

Not long after William Schoonover reached manhood he met Morrison his blind father. A strong affection grew between the two and in 1930 Morrison drew up a will leaving two thirds of his considerable estate to Schoonover and the remaining third to Zelda. His second wife and either daughter were not mentioned.

Later in 1939 Morrison and his second wife had a violent quarrel in their Wilmington home. According to evidence produced later, he grabbed her by the throat and threatened to choke her. Teen-aged Zelda, fearing for her mother's life, ran for a gun. She took aim and pulled the trigger. Morrison died in hospital the next day. Zelda was found for murder but a jury of Carolinians set her free.

According to Mrs. Morrison's story she was absent from the house for a week after the shooting. On her return she discovered the house had been ransacked. A will was missing which she said Morrison had written on January 10, 1939 revoking that of 1930 and dividing the estate between Zelda, Corinne and herself except for a $25,000 bequest to Schoonover.

At the time the short of this second will could not be separated. The 1930 will was probated.

Then according to Mrs. Morrison, a strange thing happened. On the night of November 30, 1940, a mirage came in my new home on Spadina Boulevard in Toronto. He handed me an envelope which contained a second envelope. Inside that was the will of January, 1939 which I had last seen just before the death of my husband.

"I saw a blood stain on it and tried to wash it off. The ink began to run. In my excitement and fear I tore the will and had the pieces."

Still Another Will

But the next day she took it to the trust company named as executor, and the matter was brought before a judge. He ruled that the 1939 will was valid that it revoked the earlier will and that it should be admitted to probate.

It was—but that was not the end.

Before the provisions of the January 1939 will—the Bloody Will—could be carried out, Mrs. Morrison threw another spanner into the works. She excitedly announced one day that little Zelda while rummaging around the North Carolina house had found *still another will*.

It was dated Aug. 20, 1939, and therefore cancelled the earlier one of the same year. It provided that $25,000 be divided between Zelda and Grace, $40,000 go to Mrs. Morrison and that the residue be split three ways between Schoonover and the two young girls. But the coals of so much litigation had by now calmed into the estate. After the specific bequests the residue was practically nil. That time Schoonover was the sufferer.

Then after investigation a sensational fact was brought to light. One of the witnesses of this new will was in the U.S. federal prison at the very time it was supposed to have been executed.

Thus this last will was invalid and the other two had been revoked. Too many wills had only succeeded in cancelling one another out, and three attempts of William Herbert Morrison to rule from the grave had come to nothing. ★

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No Sleep for British M.P.'s

Continued from page 14

rumblings of discontent. As a Parliamentary performance the speech was a complete failure and it was predicted on every hand that All her own party would force him to resign.

The next day Chancellor Dalton in great Parliamentarian was sent up to relieve the situation but he was unwilling—a bad sign in a politician or race horse—and the House was angry because he took two hours for a speech which justified 25 minutes.

So the political storm was added to the economic one, reminding us of the Battle of Britain days when thunder would sometimes break each during a night battle when the guns were firing incessantly. The opposition and the newspapers mazed that the Government had produced no plan that it had failed to raise and unite the nation and that the Socialists were a bad lot. The Socialist Party held one inquest and demanded that their leaders meet do something dynamic. Even the friendly News Chronicle ridiculed Attlee as scathing terms.

All of which was emphasized by the fact that Parliament was due to adjourn in 24 hours for the long vacation.

As Attlee and Dalton had both taken the count, Morrison was given the job of convincing Parliament and the nation that the Government was not shipwrecked. The tense, with deceptive ingenuousness, he told us that the Government had decided to adjust the existing 1945 emergency measures so that they would have complete power over everything and everybody in the community. It was just a precaution, he said, and the Government could not state how, why or if the powers would be used. There fore he did not doubt that Parliament would agree and we could all go away as he planned.

Enter Churchill

Whereupon there marched into the arena no less a champion than Battling Churchill who had been absent for many weeks because of an operation. The smell of blood and sawdust is his sweet perfume to him. His head was thrust forward, his eyes flashed and his voice rang through the chamber. It was Winston of 1940, the man who spoke the secret thoughts of a mighty people.

He said that the House would not adjourn. Parliament would never grant this extension of powers until it had summoned every word. As for the Opposition it would fight to the bitter end. Those of us who had arranged holidays went to the phone and told our families to go without us. Mr. Cheth does consider sleep" declared Shakespeare. Churchill had murdered holiday—and we cheered him for it.

"Very well" said Morrison "we shall debate it."

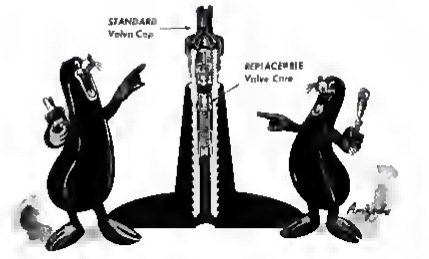
So yesterday Churchill scanned his shoulders and began the battle. "This is a proposal for serfdom in time of peace" he thundered. "It means that any worker might be taken from his home and sent miles where, some obscure official in the various departments might decide." The Government hoped to muzzle the fire of the Opposition by the power over the lives of the people of this country, a power such as no Government had dared to demand except when the country was in the throes of war. The working people of this country should know that after two years of Socialism they have this proposal which is to pledge the well-to-do and enslave the poor.

That was just the beginning, a mere sparring for an opening, but it will give a general idea of what he said. But it was not merely a Churchill day. Everyone invited to speak, including a gallant young ex-captain from the Socialist benches, severely blackened one who denounced his own Government almost as roughly as Churchill had done. His reward was an ejaculation of "traitor" from a faithful Government supporter, to which Blackburn gracefully replied "Commonest sense!" At this the Deputy-Speaker stopped the fight both the M.P.'s being accused of telling how the bell. Mutual regrets were expressed and Blackburn went after the Government again.

Another diversion came when Mr. Silverman, a capable but fiery little solicitor on the Socialist benches, attributed all our troubles to America and ended up by calling our trans-Atlantic cousins "shabby mercenaries."

Again the Deputy-Speaker had to intervene and Mr. Silverman formally withdrew his unflattering description of the Americans. When he was vexed he has earned the youngish Brigadier Head entered the ring. He was one of the most brilliant staff officers produced by the war and he possesses a baritone tongue on excellent voice and an attractive smile.

Continued on page 83



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Anybody Got An Extra Gunny Sack?

Not Enough Sacks

Mary Princess Juliette (Mrs Arc Right Abort Make up (Maclean's Aug 15) has given me a good laugh. Her statement "pull rank not her" is quite right but unfortunately there are not enough sacks to go around. The British remedy for a story of two old English farm hands — George said one "I remember the day you were married. What a fright you had" — Yes said George "and I have got it yet" — Mary Evans thanks our



readers — I right me they think they are right but I am not going to under the painful topic. They are not so smart as the little girl who was watching her mother make up before the mirror. Mother said the little lady what do you really look like? — H Thorne Monteville Alta

Starvation in Vienna

By press and radio it will be known in what dreadful situation of nourishment we are living in Vienna. Only the one word STARVATION sits in the mouth of us. I request for your goodness food gift. I am 61 years old married a painter and architect but only I am ordered rest to address the request to you. God bless you and your helpful mouth and many kind spare you of such a fate of our present time in Vienna. Dear Vienna has been the autograph of cheerfulness and music and today we are beggars and a principle of hunger and need — Erna Schmidt Fischergasse 19 Vienna Austria

Where's Mr Milton?

Re Paul D McMillan's article which I enjoyed very much but I am rather at a loss to understand why Milton's name is not mentioned in this connection. Let us hear more from How It Goes. When Hitler sacrificed Lieut Colonel Paul Valentine Alta

Mr McMillan: May I Am leaving the Old World Milton's Aug 15 *Rough Treatment for Rubber may be Del It was just heard of something between Montreal and Vancouver on a ship. It is about doubt he'll be heard from again. The Editors*

Skin Game

Just in title a bet I wonder whether you'd mind telling me who is responsible for the spelling of the word "eyeosus" — our proofreader at the mill employed by the North Bay Nugget (from which the jingle is quoted) in the poem The Skin Game (Wit and Wisdom Maclean's, August 15)? Perhaps it is obviously not the author's wrong. Willis E Harris Red Deer Alta

It's the Nugget's fault but maybe they copied from somebody else. "Eyeosus" is a skin disease, psychosis" a mental disease. The Editors

Washington Informed

We do not allow your magazine to rot home. We are so thoroughly disgusted with the attempt to clamp terrible red dictate for our good neighbor the U S A we have united very big expensive advertisement in the Globe and Mail U S Relations Association to United and Canada to urge Blair Truest to the proper authorities in Washington. This will gain them an idea of the type of hitherto some people think in the U.S. Thus a Subscriber Toronto

Shortly after the article appeared and about the time the Washington editors has heard from "Once a Subscriber" the U S government it would release certain "press secrets" to Canadian researchers. The Editors

A Feeling of Evilness

I've just finished Mr Shippee's article ("Don't Sell Britain Short" Maclean's June 1) and remember he gives the wrong impression of the country today as never has the country been more divided than it is today and there is a feeling of evilness which rears its ugly head. The statement that Britain gets a free show of the fuel is most deceiving. Of coloured fuels I'm but the wealthy have their rations and Britain travel quite certain plus food in hotels. The workers have their canteens or get their full course meals which furnishes the principle of the small rations not having meant to go to battle — H P Vancouver Kent England

The Best Article

May I express my gratitude for Charles Luckman's article "Labor Won't Civil War" Maclean's June 15? It is the best article on the labor question I have yet seen. Mr Luckman has quite evidently caught some of the spirit of the New Testament — Rev F South McMillan Parkdale United Church Toronto

I have just read the article by Hilary Fraser setting forth his question and answer talk with Mr Conroy (Maclean's, Aug. 1). This seems to me to be about the best thing in our Canadian labor problem that has appeared for years. As chairman of the B C Conference I committee on social service I hope to use some of this material before our national board — Rev H P Davidson, United Church Quaker in Touch

I suggest there is no inherent right in strike. That statutory prohibition against the strike is not an infringement upon individual or collective rights but is for protection to those rights. The strike is a negative measure. It constitutes the use of physical force to obtain by rams and physical force, negate physical force. It would seem that we are importing because we have not the courage to face the issue new. To start we something may turn up. Something of course will inevitably do so but it may be the firing squad — F D Patterson Victoria B C

Sex, Criminals and Nudity

I have taken Maclean's for many years and it is one of Canada's leading papers. I like the report it is youthful and there but I don't like all that much education. I thought up a family of girls and boys and I always kept them innocent and they all turned out well all married well and have nice families. If I were bringing up a family again I would keep their minds fresh and clean. The reason young people are going astray is because they are told too much about Sex Education and if I had children going to school I would tell them how to attend when the teacher gave talks on sex. It is a crime to possess little minds. Keep your papers clean and keep out the disgusting naked girls — A Toronto also a Grandmother

As a long time subscriber of Maclean's and a parent of young children I sincerely urge to publish more of your very good medical articles each month. Sex education rightly belongs in the home but so few of us are capable or trained to undertake it — A B C reader

Thank you for the excellent article "The Truth About Sex Criminals" (Maclean's July 1). This is new ideas to many people even those generously educated, but with careful thought surely all will realize the truth—that hospitalization and treatment to enable difficulties to understand their sickness and help themselves is the answer—not prison — H G G Wrotslock N B

After a look at the July 15 cover I was shocked at the exhibition of unwholesome lewd mindedness rather



than a desire to see a beautiful picture of a beautiful girl. Why not have a picture of a girl with clothes on? — Mrs Ethel Hamilton Ont

Maclean's Magazine has never published a picture of a girl with clothes on. The Editors

Pictured by the Sister Director of St Elizabeth's Hospital School of Nursing (who threatened Maclean's for running a scandalous woman) I suggest that such sex frustrated and mentally warped people should not be holding positions of trust in any teaching establishment — K O Ottawa.

Continued from page 81

"There was a lapse of 20 years," he drawled, "between the time when the Germans were crying 'Hoch der Kaiser!' and 'Heil Hitler!' But only a few days ago this country might quite rightly have been crying 'Ad Hoc Attlee!' and might well be saying today in honor of the probable inquirer of the 13th 'Heil Coppel!' or even more truly 'Heil Coppel!'"

Whereupon the House was convulsed with laughter. In the gallery there was a potentate from the Gold Coast blacker than ebony. I wonder what he thought of this strange island race which could pass from fury to laughter in a split second. Perhaps like most foreigners he thinks we are more than a bit mad.

As I said at the beginning, it was seven o'clock when I reached home. My Aberdeen terrier, sleeping in the hall looked at me with one eye and then closed it again in sleep. If humans keep him like that why should a dog have to bother with such idiots.

Stripped of the verbiage of debate what is the real meaning of all this? I shall try to put it clearly and without political bias.

The Government's case is that, in order to surmount the crisis labor will have to be "influenced" or even directed from nonessential to essential production. The Opposition argued to examine this sympathetically and to resist if the need or imperative. The Government will also have the power to induce manufacturers to change over from profitable nonluxuries to less profitable necessities. In addition the Government has authority to bring in capital levy, to restrict profits and to take any property or undertakings necessary in national emergency. Whether these powers will be used or not will be determined by the Government alone.

The Conservative and Liberal case is that this interference with personal liberty will create hardship dependency and resentment. It will fall unfairly on some and not touch others. Young men emerging from the forces would be directed to essential occupations and would not be risking except in limited cases to choose their own occupations. All this would weaken the fiber of the nation and force the Government to an increasingly despotic tyranny.

But how else can we bridge the gap between our imports and our exports? demands the Government. Churchill took these powers in 1940. Then why should we not do the same in 1947?

"Because," say the opposition parties, "You will use this emergency as an excuse to fatten the chains of state control upon the people and thus make the natural distress a means of furthering your political ideology."

Then I shall leave the matter for you to decide. I must now go to the House of Commons again. At any rate it is very lovely day for it and perhaps we sleep too much anyway. ★

Cross Country

Continued from page 11

originating in the East was that Carrier ship the parcels postage free as a wedding gift for Princess Elizabeth.

The Post Office maintains that air rates are not unfair but said that they do not quite than cover the cost of handling and shipment. A 20-pound parcel from Calgary to Montreal for instance, costs $2.20. But the extra 30 cents the same parcel can be delivered from any point in Canada to any point in Great Britain. If the $2.20 in postage 55 cents goes to the British post office and the carriage of $1.50 to the steamship company which takes the parcels across the Atlantic. This leaves only 40 cents for the Canadian post office which may have hauled the parcel 3,000 miles before it got on the boat. Since the British say they are losing money on their 55 cent share it is obvious that the Canadian post office isn't getting rich on its 40 cents.

THE MARITIMES

Saint John is on the warpath for cement plant. The New Brunswick city has deposits of cement, two chief ingredients, limestone and clay right inside its town limits and the only other ingredient, gypsum, can be found a few miles away. But right now there's a cement shortage in Saint John and the Common Council wants something done.

The Council has appealed to the Provincial Government for assistance in getting a plant. The Board of Trade, the Trades and Labor Council and the cement block and building contractors of the city, many of whom have been plagued by shortages have joined in the appeal.

The campaign for beer getting some results. Several contract firms including at least one large United States manufacturer, have been investigating the Saint John area with the object of setting up shop.

QUEBEC

Some two million Canadian cars will have visited Quebec by the time the longest season ends this year and the latest report hopes to double this figure next year. With that in mind it has issued $40 millions to the roads budget and will undertake many improvements during widening and new road construction.

Most of the money will be spent in the Lake St. John and Gaspé regions, natural attractions which ought to remain popular if they were more easily accessible. Ontario draws many more American sightseers than does Quebec and the Government is determined to change this in and if better roads can do it.

* * *

Crops were good in St. Francis electoral district in the Eastern Townships and far from Shrewsbury Harvest time was raining but so were the fall assizes and jury duty.

The farmers appealed to the court officials. They wouldn't be able to get to their crops if they had to sit in court. The plea was passed on to the attorney general's department in Quebec. The officials looked over the docket for law-abiding St. Francis saw that there were only a few routine cases nothing urgent. So Premier Duplessis in his capacity of Attorney-General played the whole of justice until November 4. Then when the harvest is all in the barn the farmers of St. Francis will stand habit for jury duty.

* * *

In two or three months Montreal will be up against its perennial winter problem: what to do with the thousands upon thousands of tons of snow it removes from the streets. In the past the city has thrived it down mountains and piled it up in great unsightly piles in front lots and parks. It has been an unmitigated nuisance.

Controller Achille Dubeau thinks he has found a use for it. If the rest of the council agrees he'd have it built

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ONTARIO

What will the 1948 car look like? When will it be out? How much will it cost?

Short of reading the minds of the top executives in Windsor, Oshawa and Detroit, there's no easy answer to those questions. But by piecing together the odd bits of information you can get a fairly good answer.

It's still too soon for the Car of the Future, the modernistic bug-shaped rocket-propelled all-plastic dream boat of the imaginative Sunday supplement artists.

Atomic power for cars still isn't possible, jet power is possible but not practical; you'd scare the car behind you to a cinder when you turned on your motors.

Plastic will be used more widely for accessories but not yet in windows. Transparent plastic is only about one-third as hard as glass. A piece of it put over the tail light of a General Motors test car soon became too badly abraded by road dust to be seen through.

Designers still shy away from odd shapes. They're afraid the public wouldn't accept too radical a change all at once.

But all that doesn't mean the 1948 cars will be just 1947's with a face-lifting. Henry Ford II says: "Our 1948 Ford will be as different from our present model as the V8 was from the Model A."

The greatest difference in next year's cars will be in the body lines. Generally speaking, designers will continue the trend pioneered by Studebaker and Kaiser-Frazer. According to Detroit gossip, exterior lines will be smoother. Here's why: The first 1948 car to hit the market, the Packard Super Eight, did away with all extrusions. The rear fender disappeared, it vanished into the body.

There will be more glass in the 1948 car, changed to eliminate blind spots. General Motors and others are experimenting with glass that will let rear passengers see, but won't let outsiders see in. This glass will probably first appear in the convertibles, which are now the designers' darlings and possibly not far distantly.

There's a trend toward shorter hoods for two reasons: to let the driver see better when he's going and to move the rear seat forward away from the rear axle. Shorter hoods mean shorter frames and manufacturers can experiment with V8s in smaller, their straight eights.

The big contest for 1948 will be between Buick and Chevrolet. Detroit hears that Ford is abandoning the old transverse spring for the coil type and will concentrate on a six-cylinder motor. Ford is frankly out to seize sales leadership from the auto rival. The new Ford should be unveiled early in at summer, possibly in May.

Chevrolet is meeting the Ford challenge. It considered the original 1948 design and is now retooling along in this respect behind Ford. Detroit expects an improved 1947 Chevrolet on the market by January, to be followed by the genuine 1948 model some time later in the year.

What Chrysler, the other member of the Big Three, plans for Plymouth and DeSoto, Detroit is also keeping close tabs on. Their feeling is known to be ahead-way but is not at all hurried. Chrysler models will likely appear in the autumn of 1948.

What about the independents? Kaiser-Frazer and Studebaker, style pace-setters in 1947, are believed unlikely to make drastic design changes. About the first of the year new and extensively remodelled Nashes are expected. Willys-Overland's plans are a close secret, but it is believed they'll have no new models for some time. Packard and Hudson programs are well advanced. It is likely they'll both be out this fall with new cars.

Detroit is keeping a close eye on the Tucker, the streamlined rear engine job which has attracted so much attention wherever it has been shown. But Tucker is a long way from production. Only a few pilot models have been made, and it will take a fortune in money and months of time to get the company's assembly lines in Chicago rolling. Detroit wonders if Tucker is going to make the grade.

The car of 1948 wider, roomier and sleeker will probably cost more. There is no likelihood of cars lighter and cheaper than those on the market now. The much talked-about cheaper Chevrolet has been abandoned. The manufacturers explain that the public expects little luxury gadgets as standard equipment and won't accept less. In fact, they'd like a lot more such as air-conditioning, push-button window control and electrical gearshifts, if only they could afford it.

* * *

There's money jingling in the jeans of a good many children in the schools of Norfolk, Oxford, Middlesex, Kent and Brant counties this fall. The prosperous pupils are those who spent six to eight weeks in the tobacco fields this summer, earning anything from $6 to $10 a day helping bring in the $40 million harvest.

Good weather and a shortage of help brought this windfall in the stubborn. When it came time for growers of flue-cured tobacco to hire harvest crews in August, crop prospects were none too promising and they were reluctant to take on casual help at wages that would run $10 or $12 a day. The workers left the district, the weather turned hot and the labor shortage became acute. Students stepped into the gap. Many of them were two or three weeks late getting back to school, but so important are crops to the tobacco country that neither school boards nor parents objected.

Forty thousand workers, including 1,000 from the southern U.S., were employed on the harvest. Most of the Southerners were experienced curers and pickers who demanded and got $15 a day and up. The tobacco they picked will be stored for the usual three years and smoked in 1951.

* * *

Ontario fire rangers this summer used a gadget called a fire-danger meter to tell when their forests were running a temperature. When the danger meter said that fire risk was negligible, the rangers relaxed, did their paper work or tended their gear. But when the meter warned of high hazard, the rangers manned their towers, patrolled the bush and kept stand-by crews and equipment at the ready. Hourly bulletins are carried in newspapers and on radio stations.

The meter is not a machine actually, it's a board on which is charted daily such information as humidity, temperature, wind velocity, the condition of foliage and the number of days since rain fell. When all these are charted, the rangers can tell at a glance whether the forest is hazardous or safe.

* * *

One committee's report of the recent Toronto convention of the American Ornithological Union will not be made public for at least two years. This committee, which met in strictest secrecy, dealt with birds' names.

Explained Lester L. Snyder, curator of birds at the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology: "In Europe a certain bird may be known as the Hangman's Owl, while here in North America we know it as Richardson's Owl. The aim of the names committee is world uniformity. Before its report can be made public it is necessary to submit the proposed name to ornithologists in all parts of the world. In other words they must vote on a new name for an old bird."

Mr. Snyder figures that it takes about one generation for the public to accept the new name and forget the old.

THE PRAIRIES

Socialist Saskatchewan and Social Credit Alberta are having a little argument—about clay.

Saskatchewan under the CCF Government has been trying to industrialize the province and process its raw materials on the spot. One of these raw materials is pottery clay, which has been going largely to Medicine Hat, Alta., where there is abundant natural gas for the potters.

One of several new Government corporations in Saskatchewan is Saskatchewan Minerals, and the CCF regime ruled that all clay must be marketed through it. C. A. L. Hogg, Deputy Minister of Natural Resources, said the Alberta potters would have to pay for the clay they'd been getting free for 20 years. American clay, it was charged, was bought for $6 a ton while one Medicine Hat company paid only $2 a ton and the others merely paid for the farmers' labor in stripping the deposits.

This put the Alberta potters up in arms. A spokesman for three potteries in Medicine Hat which use 18,000 tons of Saskatchewan clay a year explained that American clay comes washed, sorted, shredded and ready for the machines. If the Saskatchewan Government wanted to market its clay in the same condition, then the Albertans were ready to do business.

If the idea was to induce establishment of potteries in Saskatchewan, it would fail, he said. "No private enterprise is going into Saskatchewan in open up under such a Government."

* * *

The West is all for a Trans-Canada highway built with federal assistance, but it can't agree on the best route across the Rockies.

There are three possible ways of climbing the Great Divide. Reading from north to south they are the Yellowhead pass route, called by its supporters the Ever-green Highway, which would go through Jasper National Park; the Banff route; the Crowsnest route. The last two are now in existence, but neither one is paved all the way. Edmonton and Saskatoon lead the agitation for the Yellowhead route, supported by Northern B. C. people. Calgary is all for the Banff route and Lethbridge and the Kootenay District in B. C. are strong for the Crowsnest highway. In Southern Saskatchewan they'd like either the Crowsnest or Banff routes, both of which would feed through Regina and Moose Jaw.

This division tends to weaken western propaganda for a highway, but the campaign is booming ahead anyway. It is generally agreed now that the Dominion should help build not just one road but a whole system of trans-mountain highways. There remains only the problem: which one first?

Continued on page 86

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Continued from page 84

The Trans-Canada Highway System Association (Yellowhead Route) with headquarters in Edmonton has petitioned the Government for a Canadian Highway Commission. The Calgary Board of Trade is agitating for a $100,000-a-year trans-Canada highway program half to be put up by the provinces and half by the Dominion.

Most original proposal came from the Board of Trade at Rossland, in Southern B.C. Faced with the argument that its favorite Crowsnest route was the most rugged of the three, with summits of 5,400 feet in the Cascade Mountains and 4,400 feet near Rossland, it proposed a 90-mile diversion through United States territory from Rossland to Grand Forks B.C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Every male in British Columbia over 21 is liable to a $5 annual head tax unless he is a tax-paying property owner or in military service. This won't be abolished until over 60 and raises less than $700 a year. The tax goes to the municipality it has a poll but nowhere else in the province.

Ernest Crowley of Vancouver, 38-year-old dairy manager and former president of the Jitney Board of Trade is exempt on some of these counts. Mr and Mrs Crowley live with their three children in a rented house. But though Mr Crowley is well able to pay the tax he refuses to do so. His reason: "No taxation without representation."

Crowley was hailed before a magistrate and sentenced to a $5 fine or three days in jail. He chose the jail term to dramatize his fight and marched quietly off to prison wearing a gay bombing suit a well pressed grey suit and carrying his ARP overalls for his "third labour" pursuit and a briefcase bulging with papers for a course in steam engineering which he expected to study in his five by eight foot cell.

Before he entered the jail he issued a statement to the 15,000 Vancouver poll taxpayers calling them to force the city council to rescind its poll tax bylaw. Then he said he would go after the provincial statutes that compel labor and discriminatory tax.

Crowley served two days (one day off for good behavior) and returned home to discover the way of the martyr is hard. A burglar had tried to take advantage of his absence and had rifled his home. The intruder cut the telephone wires and had started clothing a hole through a bedroom window when a man whom he was discovered. Mrs Crowley rushed across the street and called the police.

* * *

Prison doors refused to yawn for another British Columbian. When Mrs Mary Chung Chuck, convicted of selling liquor turned up at Oakalla provincial jail to serve a three month term with a one month infant in her arms, the startled warden refused to take her in and sent her home to her husband and her other three children.

Which Chung Chuck Napoleon Chung Chuck and Victoria Chung Chuck.

Three months and a few days later a police man arrested her at Ladner B.C. on the old warrant. Her lawyer took her case in the B.C. Supreme Court which Chief Justice Farris ruled that her sentence had expired and that she be released.

* * *

Owner of one of the few peppermint farms in Canada George Bethel on Westham Island near the mouth of the Fraser River has just harvested his first crop. It yielded 33 pounds of oil to the acre.

The oil extracted from the crop by a steam distillation process is used to flavour chewing gum and candies. All oil-bearing weeds must be kept out of the field and cultivation is long and laborious. It cost Mr Bethel $100 an acre to keep his peppermint fields weed free. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 15

fundamental changes in the Canadian economy.

How Ottawa will decide to do this few people can predict—and those few are not talking. But there are several alternatives that could be tried.

First rebuild domestic sources of supply for lately we've been buying many things in the U.S. auto parts are a good example. They used to be made here in quantity. Then in the war the little plants that used to make parts were put to war jobs. Now many of them are trying to get out of the feast-or-famine auto business and add more stable lines. Ontario plants have to buy so many parts in the U.S. that the U.S. content of a "Canadian" car has risen markedly.

To change this situation drastically would require a new approach in this and other lines. In the whole country of the "branch plant" Canadian industries would have to be allowed to stand on their own feet not merely operate as assembly sheds for American products seeking to crash the empire market.

A kindred step would be to make more finished products from our own raw materials. Canada is a major source of wood pulp but the only thing we make of it in huge quantities is newsprint. We make relatively little fine paper though we'd get a lot more dollars for fine paper than for the same weight of pulp or newsprint. There are lots of other examples.

Another measure for the long pull would be an intensive development of Canada's vast resources—a research program to find uses for such things as lignite the things which are just now being used or develop areas like the Northwest Territories.

Any one of these might increase our regular supply of American dollars by increasing our sales to and cutting our purchases from the U.S. Meanwhile there are ways to check the outgo of our dwindling dollar reserve by restricting non-pleasure travel and on dispensable imports. These things are politically unpleasant and, in the case of import control, administratively difficult. The cabinet will probably put them off as long as possible—but the chances are we'll have them.

That would mean a veering back toward government control of one kind or another something that is now pretty generally expected. The cabinet might not like bowing to that direction though without the explicit sanction of Parliament. Hence there is some talk around town of a special session before Christmas, especially if the White House calls Congress into session.

* * *

It looks as if the shipping problem in immigration is beginning to straighten itself out. Since Ben C.D. Howe is lag in Britain and the continent in August the prospects are that there'll be shipping space for about 3,000 Displaced Persons a month. At the same time, ordinary Atlantic facilities by sea and railroad make it possible for as many as 6,000 or 7,000 a month to come from Britain.

Removal of one difficulty, though, will bring up another. It doesn't affect the DPs, who will come out under contract to employers in the woods, the mines, the farms and the homes of Canada. For them shelter will be no problem. But the individual immigrants from Britain, most of whom naturally head for the cities and towns, will have to find places to live.

For the housing shortage in Canadian cities no solution is in sight at the moment. Moreover the shortage is being aggravated by a scarcity of urban land. Municipalities say they can't afford to install the costly new services—water and sewers and transport and subways—that new residential communities need. There are ways of meeting this difficulty—development of satellite towns, tax pooling and/or a borough system. But kind of thing—but the initiative in any such scheme would have to come from the provinces since the whole matter is within their jurisdiction. Ottawa is not at all inclined to assume responsibility for this headache.

The ideal approach of course would be through Dominion – provincial co-operation. But the record of the past two years doesn't give much hope for that. ★



Why Canadians Leave Home

Continued from page 8

case either. By the latest figures available in Ottawa hourly earnings for all manufacturing in the United States are ringed $1.29. In Canada they averaged 78 cents.

In salaries some of the contrasts were even sharper. One man now working for his Ph.D. in Nebraska had worked up to $150 a month after six years with the federal Department of Agriculture. As a great concession he says the department offered him $215 a month to go back there after taking his doctor's degree.

That offer at $2,580 a year is a Ph.D. is $20 less than the United States government starts B.A.'s on just out of college. A chap recently graduated with his Master's degree and though he has absolutely no practical experience he started at $3,300. His raises will be automatic and the man in Nebraska.

"My immediate superior in Canada has been with the Canadian Government for 19 years and holds a position equivalent to a $7,500 job here. This Canadian has been promised a raise from $4,700 which he now gets to $5,000.

Some Canadian employers in many of whom we also want to point to the American cost of living as an agricultural factor. The point argument they would hint just doesn't realize that he'll gain little or nothing by his apparent" wage increase.

This comforting notion seems to have little foundation in fact. A recent unofficial compilation of prices in the two countries showed that goods in general selling a week's needs for a middle-income family (including rent) could be bought for $42 in the United States, $37 in Canada. On a 40-hour week the average Canadian stockworker is earning $37.61. An American in the same industry would make $57.44. These are based on averages for the whole industry not on any particular job, but they give a rough basis for comparison. Expenditures for the same standard of living are $5 higher in the U.S. wages are $20 higher.

Of those who answered Maclean's letter, except for a few who went to New York City, almost everyone had been pleasantly surprised by the cost of living in the U.S. It was higher than in Canada they said but not much higher.

We find expenditures up about 15½ here," one man said, "but my salary is up 75%." Another whose family secures had more than doubled said: "Our living costs are somewhat higher but they seem to have increased more than they really have because our standard of living has improved considerably."

Some differential in wages and salaries can probably be justified. "We don't pretend to pay the same money in our parent company," said the vice president of a Canadian affiliate. "Jobs here are not as big. I certainly don't flatter myself that my job on a level with the vice-presidency down there, and the same rule goes through all our executive posts."

Other Canadian firms would no doubt plead poverty—many of our employers just couldn't afford American wage scales. But what about an industry like pulp and paper? Dunn dlass like to think they're able to lead the world in their field. Yet the average hourly earnings of pulp and paper workers in Canada are 85 cents by the United States $1.13.

"I worked in the States for 10 years," said another a Canadian vice president "and I found there a different mentality. There is difficult attitude toward paying for services.

"If you were an engineer course with a Institute of American employers you might hear a man brand. I've had a lucky break, we've a vacancy in our firm a keypoint and I've found a young fellow to whom I can pay $20,000 a year. In Canada the boast would be more like this: I've a kid in my plant who is worth $20,000 a year and I'm only paying him $100 a month."

Here's a Canadian engineer writing from New York.

"Through practically every type of labering job I managed over a one year period to secure pay engineering degree from a Canadian university.

I was offered the choice of a technical position at $90 a month or a job at 61 cents an hour. Needless to say I chose the latter since it at least offered the incentive of overtime pay.

I got my first technical position 18 months later at a salary of $125. From that time on promotion as in title was rapid, but remuneration showed a limited acceleration. Presently I was authorized to use the title supervisor and but the salary in value I left me with the impression I was living a dream in that."

Our Stingy Public Services

But the real culprit is not industry, the Canadian people themselves though what they pay their employees in Canadian schools colleges and the Civil Service.

My greatest ink-rest was in teacher training. One young man wrote: "In Canada there are about 12 provincial normal schools as well as a few universities which train teachers. I went to each asking if they had any faculty openings. Only two offered any hope. One, a normal school, listed a beginning salary of $1,800 the other a university offered an assistantship of $1,500.

"In the U.S. there are over 100 teachers colleges and normal schools. Innumerable universities also train teachers. I wrote in only a few but I was offered a position in a state teachers college at $1,600. I didn't want to leave Canada but I didn't want to let this opportunity slip.

As an economic professor said in Canada we will return: "I am receiving $1,900 more than I did in a university position in Canada; just prior to my departure for the United States."

If there is one line in which Canada ought to lead the world it is agricultural research. The country that developed Marquis wheat whose place in Canadian agriculture would depends on her farming skill in a harsh climate surely ought to be a Mecca for agricultural scientists. Precisely the opposite is true.

We heard from one man who started at the Experimental Farm in Ottawa at $5 certificate hour. After eight years one of which he took off without pay to get his master's degree he was getting $1,800 a year. Then he got an American

Continued on page 88

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City Prov.
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3
Name
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City Prov.
Gift Card to be signed

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Gift Card to be signed

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City Prov.
Gift Card to be signed

6
Name
Address
City Prov.
Gift Card to be signed

MM-15-10-47

Your Name and Address

Name
Address
City Prov.

(Continued from page 8)

ran riffle to earn a salary while working off his Ph.D.

After the successful completion of two years study, he says "I was informed that the highest salary I could expect on return to Canada was $1,800."

I should add that by the time I did return my position had been reclassified and I was paid $2,400 a year. However, after being assimilated with the open-mindedness of university personnel we found the civil service stuffy and stodgy. Even though one might put in hours of overtime he was subject to a fine of half a day's pay should he be later than 20 minutes after the appointed time in signing the book in the morning. It seemed too easy to settle down in a rut to stagnate and to perform as if half alive.

"My work here (in North Carolina) is different. My job is pretty much what I make it and reputation is 100%. My salary is about 50% more than when I left Canada."

Is Youth a Handicap?

That preference for "stuffy and stodgy" environment is another familiar note—In this as in many cases money was not the only inducement. There were other, non-material things that Canada must explain away on the ground of paucity.

"I have discovered in the United States," said an ex-Canadian teacher, "that it is no crime to be young. I am not only just 34, but I look it. In Canada this calls forth such remarks as 'The kids probably run all over you' and—when I express an opinion—'Wait until you get some sense and you won't think that way.' In the United States, not only am I amazed to find my ideas received with interest, but some are actually put into practice. I still have a reserved seat from the shock."

The same man told us the experiences of a friend of his. "She was an excellent student," he said, "and she achieved both a master of arts degree and a certificate in education. She then applied for a position in our local (Saskatchewan) school. Instead the school board gave the post to another local girl who had not graduated from high school and who held only a second class certificate. This is how the chairman of the board explained it: 'An M.A. with all her mucky muck learnin' can't give our kids anything practical that they can use.'"

A research chemist said: "The mental attitude in Canada is that of middle age, whereas the mental attitude of the United States is as I know it, dynamic, forward looking, youthful. And birds of a feather do flock together."

A bacteriologist: "Canada is plagued with the idea that a person is unfit for serious responsibilities until he is at least 50—or as in recent years he may assume the responsibilities with very little increase in income. Canadians allow traditions, mainly inherited from Britain, to interfere with business, with education, with freedom, with comfort and with pleasure."

Reasons of Race

Perhaps these words from young men should be discounted a bit. But it's interesting to find them confirmed or echoed by two university presidents.

One in central Canada wrote: "I believe there is a feeling among gifted and well-trained Canadian young men that they must obtain a stain of baldheadedness and rotundity before they will be given an opportunity to assume major responsibilities. They gave the lie, to the war, to those who think they are too young for important work. Someone once said, 'Youth is wonderful except for the fact that it comes too early in life.'"

The other college president, writing from the Maritimes, had views that applied very neatly in the young schoolteachers experience in Saskatchewan.

"Our economic position, combined with a conservative (almost cynical in some cases) attitude among employers has forced a pattern of mediocrity upon us. If to this be added the only too true statement that a university graduate in particular finds little to stimulate him in the local newspaper, radio station, professional group or cultural association, the full situation begins to shape up. This has been the effect of the drain of our talented young men and women away from the province, new it has started to operate as a cause for others to leave."

A variation of the same theme from a mid-learning Quebec City: "I'd like to get some place as a civil engineer and look what a right in my back yard as an example of new civil engineering progress. For three years I worked in Levis and had to ride that ferry across the river every morning. In the United States they'd have had a bridge there 50 years ago."

French Canadians had their own reasons for leaving. One man had sold his Quebec farm for two reasons. "One, I can make more money in the U.S. Second, my children can go to school where they'll learn English. It's a real handicap. I found it out—not to be able to read, write and speak English. I don't want my kids to suffer as I did."

A French Canadian factory worker told much discrimination against us French Canadians by English-Canadian employers. In the States the boss doesn't care if you're Czech, American, Jewish, American or not American at all—if you produce, you get ahead."

Compare this to a letter from one of another faith and race. "I found it an comfortably high percentage of positions available in (Canadian) industry were closed to me because I was a Jew. During my summer vacations when industries were clamoring for part-time technical war workers I was promptly turned down. It was disconcerting to see non-Jews in the same course of study get good positions with the same firms that had turned me down though I had made top marks in my course."

"Here in the U.S. neither my employers, my associates nor my students have shown the slightest interest in my racial or religious affiliation. In this respect Canada is still in the Middle Ages compared to the United States."

A French Canadian Catholic said: "My brother is an American citizen now. Where he loses the people elect the mayor and aldermen and they run the town. In Quebec we think the mayor—but no matter who's elected the priest is still the boss."

Another put it more succinctly: "In Canada too many taxes and too many cures."

A young Protestant wrote: "As far as individual freedom is concerned there can be no comparison. In this regard I consider the militant Canadian church groups perhaps more at fault than the Government bureaucrats. The power and desire of the church in Canada to regulate an individual's life is out of all proportion to its ability results."

The man from Quebec City: "I'd like to get some place as a civil engineer and look what a right in my back yard as an example of new civil engineering progress. For three years I worked in Levis and had to ride that ferry across the river every morning. In the United States they'd have had a bridge there 50 years ago."

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Finally this man put his finger before Canada will have the emancipation problem solved. But there is encouraging sign too.

The Norman Mackenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, summed up the views of a good many in his letter. "I believe most of the immigrants would prefer to remain in Canada for a lower wage if they felt there were opportunities in the country for creative and stimulating work."

If business, church, enterprise and government can help to point out and create these opportunities, our young people will stay with us.

The Drain Is Easing

In recent years attempts have been made that tend to prove this opinion well founded. We've had letters from a dozen of Canada's largest companies, describing the schemes they have for recruiting and training young men. Some send teams of scouts to colleges across Canada each spring, hoping to get the pick of the years crop in the colleges and technical schools. Many have planned schemes of summer employment for young men which are proving grounds and an apprenticeship for the permanent staff of the future.

So far as college-trained men are concerned the interest on the part of employers seems to be living up to effort. Twenty years ago Maclean's found as high as 40% of graduating classes slipping across the border within a few years of graduation. At any town college Acadia records show that 38% of the class of 1921 were in the United States. Of the class of '45 only a total of 11.5% in the U.S. so far and of '47 only four out of 167.

University of New Brunswick has lost up to now only 10% of its Class of '45 and 8% of '46 to the U.S. Of the 78% graduating living in the United States in the 10 years passed by only 4% between 1936 and 1940 (though the number of all graduates went up by 2,500). Of 81 Williams at Queen's reported "Not 5% of our graduates in recent years have gone to the United States."

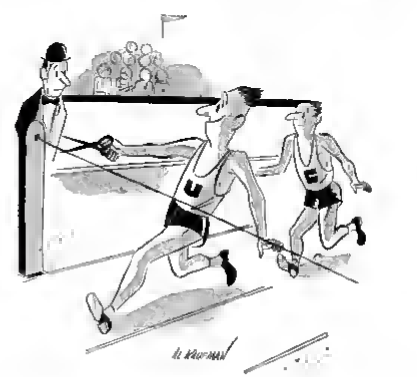
And of those who do go, whatever their schooling, there are many who return. Look and more who would like to. Almost all our correspondents (even the bitterest critics of Canada) admitted that "given an equal opportunity" they'd rather live here. Most of them go for our schools, our quieter communities, about all our system of government.

"A Canadian has to move to the States to know what to realize some of the advantages of living in Canada," one man wrote from New York City. Canadian government from federal to municipal is more symbolic, more democratic and more capable of enforcing restrictions when necessary. The United States is not the paradise some Canadians believe it to be, and I hope you article will prevent the rashes and disillusionment of many.

Another had even high living in fabulous California said he planned to "turn northward with all speed as soon as he could. He was pining among other things for a more cozy atmosphere instead of "roasting under a tropical sun and shivering at night with frequent torrential downpours" and he offered to write us an article on "Reasons for not Migrating to the U.S."

That kind of opinion and the net migration figures of the last few years, give us hope of becoming the Canada that we—and the long term migration picture is a reminder that we'd better do so—that this is no trivial problem but a chronic national ailment which has plagued us for a century past.

Canada is launching another immigration policy as we're trying to people her empty spaces with more men and women from abroad. This time, we'd better try to hang on to our gains. ★



When you feel low and out of sorts from late hours—



Or you suffer the wretched distress of a disordered liver—



Or your digestive tract is clogged and sluggish—



It's time for speedy gentle

SAL HEPATICA



The Saline Laxative that also combats excess gastric acidity!

Two teaspoonfuls Sal Hepatica in a glass of water brings quick relief—usually within an hour. Sal Hepatica is so effective because it also combats excess gastric acidity, helps speed it out in helping you to feel better faster. Pleasant tasting, Sal Hepatica causes no discomfort and does not disturb other effects of the various kinds of laxatives. Sal Hepatica is an ideal family laxative. Get a bottle today.

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

FAST... GENTLE 2-WAY RELIEF

SAL HEPATICA

WIT AND WISDOM

Down to Earth—A fact has been defined as a theory with its wings clipped.—Kitchener Daily Record

Rigor Mortis—It is difficult, says a chemist, to distinguish between living and moribund matter. So once he is fondly caught up on the other buy.—Windsor Star

Nostalgic Note—The good old days were those when our government lived within its income and without most of ours.—Niagara Falls Review

Threadbare—There is a steady elimination of waste in industry. Thus with the fabric left over after manufacturing a bathing suit they manufacture a bathing suit.

Unpoetic License—The Vancouver Province demands that B. C. either advertise itself on the license plates as the "North American Norway" or hold a contest for a better slogan. On the evidence, we feel that the contest is in order.

Good for Them—Artistic movies are those you tell other people they shouldn't miss.—Toronto Star

Money Talks—The poor man of today isn't nearly so poor as he used to be. The money he hasn't got isn't worth as much anyway.—Kitchener Record

The Hoop of Gold—
A wedding ring does lot of things
To girls of any nation.
But it is just like a tourniquet—
It stops her circulation.
—Niagara Falls Review

All In Good Time—British nursery schools have banned the story of Little Red Riding Hood, feeling, no doubt, that there will be plenty of time for the little girls to learn about wolves later.—Toronto Star

Solution—We resolved to live within our means this year. Just find that we will have to borrow money to do it.—Niagara Falls Review.

In Tune with the Times—There's a shortage of piano tuners. Petrillo suggests playing more modern music so no one will notice the difference.—Brandon Sun.

Waiting Time—Science says the average person at 70 has spent five years of his life eating. That doesn't include the time spent in trying to attract the waiter's attention.—Kitchener Record.

Too Darn Smart—Glutamin acid is found to smarten up babies. You can still take candy from them, but you may discover you have lost your watch.—Winnipeg Tribune



"Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not kill—"

STOPPING EVERYONE NO. 5

Be in Style—Year after Year!



Of course you shine your shoes for a special evening—but what about those other times? Looking chic is sure date-bait! Keep them shining always.

Acquire Polish THE "NUGGET" WAY



THE DAILY DOSE OF NUGGET DOES IT!



Oh! my aching back!



AH! my Absorbine Jr.

For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● It's no joke when stiff back muscles shout with pain after unusual activity. Get busy. There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness fast. Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment.

Help tired muscles relax and become supple—quick! Ask your druggist today for a $1.25 bottle of Absorbine Jr.—famous formula of pure herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. W. F. Young Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.



MACLEAN'S

We're so proud — Junior swallowed his first pin today!

New Twist—Dentist: I'm sorry but I'm all out of gas.
Girl in chair: Ya Gods! Dodon't use pull that old stuff too?—Niagara Falls Review

In Dispute—A visiting specialist was taken to the cubicle of a mental case who believed he was a king.
"I know I'm a king," said the patient. "Satan told me so."
At which a furious voice retorted from the next cubicle: "I told you nothing of the kind!"—Medicine Hat News

The Struggler—"I understand you married a struggling young man."
"Well, he struggled a little but he couldn't get away."—Montreal Star

Just Pucker Up—Irate Father: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"
Young Man: "You are too late. I've already learned."—Galt Daily Reporter

Expert Magazine—"Now, my boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?"
Boy: "Ain't I your cadet!"—Montreal Daily Star

Feminine Wiles—Mother: "Louise, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"
Louise—He thinks he did, mother.—Evening Review, Niagara Falls.

Be Reasonable—Guest: "Look here! How long must I wait for the half portion of drink I ordered?"
Waiter: "Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a dunk."—Tilbury Times.

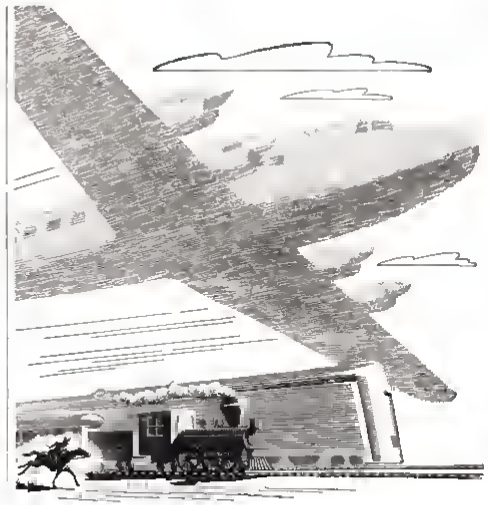
Well Prepared—A Londoner has had just stopped and the conductor looking across the road, noticed a man awaiting a bus going suburbward. He was apparently a musician as he was holding a harp with one hand. In the other hand, however, he had a new garden spade.
"Oy, George," bawled the conductor to a news vendor standing on the pavement. "That bloke's hunking himself both ways!"—Medicine Hat Daily News.

The Cat!—Sun—I refused Harry two months ago and he has been drinking hard ever since.
Kate—Well, I say that's carrying a celebration a little too far.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Nothing to Brag About!—In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman. I have lived an Englishman. I hope I shall die an Englishman."
From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question: "Mon, has ye no ambeetion?"—Santa Fe Magazine

Just Him—A Welshman who was very proud of his bass voice was describing a wonderful dream he'd had.
"I was in a mighty choir," he said. "5,000 sopranos, 5,000 altos, 5,000 tenors all singing together double forte."
"It must have been wonderful," said the listener. "But what about the basses?"
"That was me!" said the dreamer. "Suddenly the conductor stopped the choir and, turning to me, said: 'Not quite so loud in the bass please, Mr. Jones!'"—Kingston Whig-Standard

No Spendthrift, He—A Scotsman was stripping the wallpaper from the walls of his house when a friend called to see him.
"Weel, Donald," said the latter, "are you goin' to hiv'n a new paper?"
"Na, na," replied Donald, "Ah'm moving."—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph



FAST FASTER FASTEST

Wherever you live in Canada—whatever your business business—*AIR MAIL* means *Special!* Even if you live far from an airport you can save precious time by sending letters *AIR MAIL*. Our three letters get special attention. They are rushed to the nearest airport by rail or road. And then—*the speed of the skyways! AIR MAIL* gets there first—is answered first!

For Speed . . . for Prestige . . . for Fast Replies . . .

send it AIR MAIL!

Use the wings of Commerce

SEND IT AIR MAIL

Issued by the authority of the Hon. [illegible] and K.C., M.P., Postmaster General

Personal Accident, Health, Hospital, Surgical Insurance

Direct At Cost

NOT A LIMITED TYPE POLICY

For all preferred risks, most white collar men between the ages of 18 and 55 this strong, 64 year-old company (£30,000 carefully chosen members) offers a maximum protection per dollar because of the economy of our mutual way of doing business. *Direct At Cost*. You must be under age 55 to join, but once you become a member there is no age limit for accident insurance, except for continuance of the death benefit at age 70, health and hospitalization benefits may be continued to age 65.

You do not have to fall down an elevator shaft or be gored by a bull to collect. You are protected night and day at home or on trips at work or at play *whether your income is affected or not*. Our record for prompt claim payments is literally unexcelled. We are insured by the Insurance Departments of the Dominion of Canada and the State of New York.

MORE THAN $25,000,000 has been paid to members or their dependents, and over $6,500,000 is held in reserve for their security and assurance of stability of the low rates they pay.

You NEED this solid protection as foundation for your personal security program. Even if you have other forms of accident insurance, you should have this. Cross out other group coverage. They usually don't fit.

Here's what you get:

[illegible]

$25 or $50 WEEKLY [illegible] from the highest rated [illegible]

[illegible] paid from the first day every 30 days for as long as 104 weeks . . . *in cases up to $2,000 and of the single or $5,250 no-fee the double plan for any one mishap.* No limit to number of mishaps covered.

$12.50 or $25.00 WEEKLY up to 26 weeks for partial disability certificate issued.

$5,000 or $10,000 for LOSS OF LIFE, limbs or sight by accidental means.

$25 WEEKLY in SICKNESS cases, including total disability payable as long as [illegible] but in no case was 52 weeks . . . *up to $1,500 for any one confining sickness.* No limit to number of separate sicknesses covered.

$12.50 WEEKLY up to 26 weeks for [illegible] total disability caused by sickness.

Up to $200 for Hospital Surgical to help to reduce all worries up to $200 is paid direct to the hospital [illegible] for use in the home surgery. No [illegible] maximum and there is no [illegible] to [illegible] sickness. No effect on this Cover if other policies are held.

* * *

YOU SEE NO MONEY now but do send the coupon below for the FACTS booklet of interesting information and return the complete blank for applying. *No agent or doctor will call and you will not be obligated in ANY way.* If your application were accepted at this time only $2 would cover the full cost of the single plan of accident protection until the first March—for only $2.50 you get the benefits, moderately more for double accident benefits, health and/or hospitalization coverage combined just to suit YOUR needs.

The Commercial Travelers

MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA

213 Lamont Ave. W. Ottawa Ontario Canada — *Since 1883* — H. J. Everett, *Secretary* Utica New York

Paste Coupon on 1¢ envelope Postcard for fast Mailing or Enclose in Envelope

[illegible]

H. J. Everett, Secretary
213 Lamont Ave. W.
Ottawa, Ontario

Send [illegible] booklet [illegible]

Address [illegible]

[illegible]

Name [illegible]

Date [illegible]

H. J. Everett, Secretary, Utica, New York

PARADE

— HELP! POLICE! FRONT BOY!

WHEN two Ottawa policemen discovered an elderly gentleman whose car had stalled in midtraffic they politely offered to help. At the driver's request they rolled the car into the driveway of a nearby hotel. Mopping their perspiring brows they turned to ask if they could be of further service—to find the man had vanished.

Very suspicious, they pushed the car another two blocks to the police station. No sooner had they arrived than an urgent telephone call was received—an American visitor reporting his car stolen.

"How!" muttered the constables, "guess we spiked that getaway!"

Told his car had been rescued the American hurried right over. It was the same frail elderly gent and he and the cops registered equal surprise. Stuttering his apologies, he explained that he had gone for a mechanic while they were pushing the car to the hotel and had returned to find it gone.

"I thought," he gulped, "you were a couple of bellhops working for the hotel and decided somebody must have grabbed the car after you parked it!"

• • •

Just before the resumption of Doukhobor insurrections in British Columbia an Okanagan fruit grower untied that a Doukhobor hired hand seemed moody and restless. When the man admitted being lonely for his wife and kiddies he was understandingly packed off home for a visit. He returned to work happy and cheerful but was shortly summoned to the phone for a long-distance call. After several minutes of jabbering away in Russian he explained it was his wife. "She says for me to come home. Doukhobors over there have more trouble with police."

The sympathetic orchardist suggested the family be moved to the fruit farm. "Anyway," he said, "go home and talk it over."

"Mister, that's just the trouble!" the worker protested, shaking his head. "I'm not even lonely for her yet!"

• • •

We are saddened to report that our favorite telephone listing has been omitted from the fall issue of the Fredericton phone book. The listing went like this:

Good B D R Burton 250ft 13

The fascinating thing wasn't merely that the listing was in error. "Mr. Good" didn't even exist. In fact he was only a stray bit of telephonic jargon.

The rural resident to whom the number rightfully belongs called the telephone company about a year ago now to report his phone out of kilter. The girl who took the complaint entered it opposite his name in the master file as "B D R Good"—which to anybody in the business means "bell doesn't ring good." Well along came another clerk compiling listings for the new directory, mistook the entry for a change of subscriber at that number, and thereby created an entirely new personality out of thin air.

The listing as we say has subsequently been corrected. We don't know how the bell rings now though.

• • •

Walt Disney's "Song of the South" was spinning across the screen in Edmonton's Capitol theatre. The audience was holding its collective breath as the wild bull tossed the little boy into the air and the limp little form was carried tenderly back to the old plantation. Then an urgent voice cut into the soundtrack — "Calling Dr. Rendish . . . Dr. Rendish wanted immediately."

• • •

Two Grade XII girls in a Toronto collegiate, assigned to choose for themselves a problem in contemporary Canadian history decided to tackle the pros and cons of Prime Minister King's contribution to Canada just before the project was due, the anti-King girl telephoned her history teacher almost in tears.

"I'm sorry to trouble you at this time of night, but I'm desperate. I have read the Telegram every day for two months. I've read the Star whenever I could borrow it, and tonight I finished reading all the clippings about Mr. King in the Toronto reference library. And I can't find one single argument against Mr. King!"

Those three frustrated-looking gentlemen seen in a huddle at the corner of Bay and Melinda tonight should be the editors of the ultra-Conservative Toronto Telegram.







Less than [illegible] years the [illegible] amount of scraper pulled by a Diesel powered tractor has been automized and streamlined. It has helped to make it what it is today—the most economical and gigantic earth-moving machine ever built at any price.

A dozen Caterpillar Diesel Tractors and matching Caterpillar Scrapers could have built the old Erie Canal — Clinton's Ditch — in half the time it took the thousands of pick and shovel men employed on that project and at less cost. Today every citizen benefits by the vast accomplishments of these modern machines.

Moving quickly behind the [illegible] pace-setting Caterpillar Scraper [illegible] and [illegible] are [illegible] and [illegible] engineered [illegible] Caterpillar Diesel Engines [illegible] Caterpillar Tractors [illegible] Caterpillar Motor Graders [illegible] Caterpillar Earthmoving Equipment [illegible]

CATERPILLAR
DIESEL
ENGINES • TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

When MINUTES Count

"It'll take more than a split-second exposure to stop *these* bathing beauties!"

SHE: "Relax, darling, I'm giving the tub an 'Old Dutch *treatment*' right now.

HE: Just be sure you get it really shining. After what I'm going through, I want this picture to be *perfect!*

SHE: Never fear! Chasing dirt is what Old Dutch's Seismotite does *best.* And look, the greasy bath-tub ring is dissolved already!

HE: Hurray! And now if you'll take charge of these two wild Indians, I'll focus the camera.

SHE: We'll soon be ready to pose! And don't forget, when you shoot, credit for *this* picture goes to Old Dutch Cleanser!"



4205 Tests* Proved

Old Dutch Cleanser FASTEST-EASIEST

of ALL leading cleansers



WHEN MINUTES COUNT, make Old Dutch Cleanser *your* choice for faster, easier cleaning! Count the minutes you *save* on sinks, tubs, pans—thanks to Old Dutch's special combination of a fast grease-dissolver plus dirt-erasing Seismotite. Wonderfully easy on the hands, too!

*Cleansers widely known in the U. S. and Canada were tested on greasy, soiled surfaces. And Old Dutch cleaned fastest, easiest of all!

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Every Sunday on Mutual
See newspaper for time and station

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Made in Canada
CUDAHY
Plus Product
VALUE TESTED AND PROVED



IT'S BACK AGAIN! Wm. A. ROGERS A-1 PLUS QUALITY SILVERWARE

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY ONEIDA, LTD.

Order as many units as you like. Each unit requires 60¢ and windmill pictures from 2 Old Dutch labels.

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., Dept. S-2,
64 Macaulay Ave., West Toronto, Ontario

I am enclosing _____ windmill pictures from Old Dutch labels and _____¢, for which please send me (together with Illustrated Folder):

- ☐ 4 TEASPOONS
- ☐ 1 DINNER KNIFE AND FORK
- ☐ 2 OVAL BOWL SOUP SPOONS
- ☐ 2 SALAD FORKS
- ☐ 2 BUTTER SPREADERS
- ☐ 2 TABLESPOONS

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Here's your chance to build a matching service of beautiful quality silverware in the popular Croydon pattern! Pure silver plate, reinforced at wear points. Available in units of 4 Teaspoons; 1 Knife and Fork; 2 Oval Bowl Soup Spoons; 2 Tablespoons; 2 Salad Forks; or 2 Butter Spreaders. For each unit ordered, send 60¢ plus windmill pictures from 2 Old Dutch Cleanser labels. Prices subject to change without notice.



LOOK! 4 Teaspoons
(RETAIL VALUE $4.00 PER DOZEN)
FOR ONLY 60¢

PLUS WINDMILL PICTURES FROM 2 CANS OF OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

Don't miss this wonderful bargain! Get 2 cans of Old Dutch and order these lovely spoons today! Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada.